



*William Wordsworth (1805)*

*From a tinted pencil drawing by Henry Edridge, A.R.A.*

THE PRELUDE,  
OR  
GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND

BY  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

EDITED  
FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS  
WITH INTRODUCTION  
TEXTUAL AND CRITICAL NOTES

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TO  
GORDON WORDSWORTH  
IN GRATITUDE AND FRIENDSHIP



## PREFACE

THE object of this volume is to provide a complete critical text of *The Prelude*. On the right-hand pages is a reprint of the authorized text, as it appeared in 1850, a few months after the poet's death · on the left, the text of the poem as it was read to Coleridge at Coleorton, in the winter after his return from Malta (1806-7). These two versions are accompanied by an *apparatus criticus*, recording the readings of all MS. drafts of the poem known to exist, and tracing the development of the text from 1805 to 1850. All but the most trivial changes have been noted.

In the Introduction, *apparatus criticus*, and notes at the end of the volume (*v* especially pp. xlii, 50-1, 91, 287, 512, 521, 553-9, 563, 590, 592-4, 600-5) will be found several passages written for *The Prelude* but not finally incorporated in it, and hitherto unpublished. These are for the most part rough drafts rapidly written down and left imperfect, and Wordsworth would not have printed them before they had been carefully revised. But students of his poetry will be glad to possess them ; for they are contemporary with his best work and are eminently characteristic of his thought. Moreover, some of them contain the raw material of better poetry than he produced in the more finished but less inspired writings of his later years.

In the Introduction I have given a description of all the known manuscripts of *The Prelude*, and some account of its genesis and growth ; and I have discussed the general significance of the changes introduced into the text. A full expository commentary on *The Prelude* is hardly called for, and it would inevitably traverse ground already covered by many critics, in particular by Professor Legouis in his exhaustive and illuminating study of ' *La Jeunesse de Wordsworth* ' ; but in my notes, though I

have paid attention chiefly to the elucidation of the text and to the significance of the earlier readings, I have added some new matter on the topography of the poem and on the sources of the poet's inspiration, and have attempted to throw fresh light on the history of his mind in that obscure but highly important period of its development,—the years 1793–7.

The publication of this volume has been made possible through the kindness and generosity of the poet's grandson, Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, the owner of the manuscripts on which it is based. Mr. Wordsworth has not only allowed me free access to the manuscripts, but given constant help in deciphering what was almost illegible in them, and he has placed at my disposal his unrivalled knowledge of the details of the poet's life and of the country which will always be associated with him.

The portrait of Wordsworth, which appears as the frontispiece to this book, is the reproduction of a fine carnation-tinted pencil drawing by the miniature painter, Henry Edridge (b. 1769, A.R.A. 1820, d. 1821). Edridge was introduced to Wordsworth in 1804 by Sir George Beaumont, and may have executed the portrait early in the following year,<sup>1</sup> i.e. while Wordsworth was at work upon *The Prelude*. Sir George wrote of him to Wordsworth (March 3, 1805). 'I admire him both as a man and an artist, and wish he had drawn all your portraits when he was at Grasmere.' This is the only known portrait of the poet in his prime, and its suitability as an illustration to this volume needs no emphasis. For permission to include it I am greatly indebted to Mrs. Rawnsley, of Allan Bank, Grasmere, its present owner.

After more than thirty years during which Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, however, thinks that the date at the foot of the portrait should be read as 1806, not 1805. Edridge, he says, was in the Lake country in 1804, but there is no evidence that he went there in 1805, nor that W. W. went to London. But W. W. was in London from April 4 to May 25, 1806, for the greater part of the time staying with the Beaumonts at Grosvenor Square, where Edridge was a constant visitor (v. Farington Diary, vol. iii). On the other hand, the letter quoted above, in which Beaumont wishes 'he had drawn all your portraits when he was at Grasmere', suggests to me that he *had* drawn W. W.'s.

has been my constant companion, it is not easy for me to distinguish what I have learnt in direct study of the poems from what has reached me through the medium of his critics and editors, but wherever I have been conscious of an obligation I have acknowledged it. Of Professor Legouis I have already spoken. Professor Harper's admirable *Life of Wordsworth* is a mine of accurate biographical information of which I have frequently availed myself. The late Professor Knight collected a mass of material concerning the poet's life and work: it always needs careful verification, but when so verified often proves of considerable value. To Professor Garrod I am indebted, not only for his brilliant study of Wordsworth, which I have shared with a larger public, but for much private help and encouragement ungrudgingly bestowed. My colleague, Miss J. J. Milne, has given me valuable assistance in writing those notes that deal with Wordsworth's life in France. To my old pupil, Miss Darbishire, of Somerville College, Oxford, a profound and acute student of Wordsworth, this book owes much. Throughout its preparation I have had the advantage of discussing with her many of the problems raised by the earlier texts, and both my introduction and commentary are the richer for her suggestions; whilst her careful reading of the proofs has directed my attention to several errors that had escaped me.

The printing of a book of this character presents obvious technical difficulties, and I am deeply grateful to the staff of the Clarendon Press, and in particular to Mr. Kenneth Sisam, for the care and skill that they have devoted to it. Finally, I must express my thanks to the Research Committee of the University of Birmingham for their generous contribution to the expenses of its production.

E. DE S.

November 1925.

## PREFACE TO SECOND IMPRESSION

I HAVE taken the opportunity afforded me by the reissue of this book to correct a few misstatements and a number of smaller faults—chiefly errors of letter, numeral, or punctuation—which escaped my notice in reading the proofs of the first edition. Many of these have been pointed out to me by different friends and scholars, and I am especially grateful to Professor Beatty of Wisconsin, Mr. J. C. Smith, and Mr. R. H. Coats, for the care and vigilance with which they read the book and noted its imperfections. On pp. 608 A, B, I have placed a few supplementary notes.

E. de S.

*January 1928*

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pencil drawing by Henry Edridge, A.R. A.  
*Frontispiece*
- MS. B Title-page . . . . *facing page 1*
- MS. A. Book XIII [XIV] 1-16, with correc-  
tions in Wordsworth's hand  
*between pages xvi and xvii*
- MS. B Book III. 1-18 · on the opposite page  
is written a hitherto unpublished passage,  
II. 181 ff . . . *between pages xviii and xix*
- A page of the Autograph Notebook Y  
*facing page xxxviii*
- MS. E Book [XI. 316-40] . . . *facing page 588*
- MS. D. Book XIII 242-8 [XIV. 262-77]  
*facing page 607*

# TABLE OF SIGLA, ABBREVIATIONS, ETC., USED IN THE INTRODUCTION, APPARATUS CRITICUS, AND NOTES

A B C D E J M U V W X Y Z = the various MSS of *The Prelude*, or parts of *The Prelude*, as described on pp. xvi-xxv.

1850 = the text of the first printed edition of *The Prelude*

A<sup>1</sup> or B<sup>1</sup> = a first correction of A or B (and so with other letters).

A<sup>2</sup> etc. = a second correction of A etc.

A = a consensus of A and B.

[ ] A number in square brackets denotes the number of the line in 1850 :  
e.g. [175] = line 175 in 1850.

[ ] = a blank space in the MS.

[?] = an illegible word or words in the MS.

Letters or words enclosed in round brackets have been either added to the MS or taken from it, as the obvious sense requires.

A word followed by a ? and enclosed in round brackets is an editorial suggestion to fill a vacant or illegible space in the MS

A word enclosed in round brackets and printed in italics represents a rejected alternative in the MS

Unless otherwise stated in the apparatus criticus, it may be assumed that of the passage in question all MSS earlier than D have the reading of the A text, and that D and E have the reading of 1850.

W. W., D W., and M W = William Wordsworth, Dorothy Wordsworth, and Mary Wordsworth.

S. H. = Sarah Hutchinson : S. T. C. = Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Oxf. W. = The one volume edition of Wordsworth's Poems, ed. by Thomas Hutchinson, Oxford University Press.

Knight = *Poems of W. W.*, ed. by William Knight, 8 vols., 1896 (vol. iii contains *The Prelude*).

Nowell Smith = *Poems of W. W.*, ed. by Nowell Charles Smith, 3 vols., 1896 (vol. iii contains *The Prelude*).

Moore Smith = *The Prelude*, ed. by G. C. Moore Smith (Temple Classics).

Worsfold = *The Prelude*, ed. by Basil Worsfold, 1907.

Grosart = *The Prose Works of W. W.*, ed. by Alexander B. Grosart, 3 vols., 1876.

I F. notes = Notes on the different poems dictated by Wordsworth in later life to Miss Fenwick, and first printed in full in Grosart.

Letters = *Letters of the Wordsworth Family, 1787-1855*, collected and edited by William Knight, 3 vols. 1907.

Journals = *The Journals of D W.*, ed. by William Knight, 2 vols., 1897.

Memours = *Memours of W.*, by Christopher Wordsworth, 2 vols., 1851.

Legouis tra. = *The Early Life of W. W., 1770-99*, by Emile Legouis, translated by J. W. Matthews, 1897.

Harper = *W. W., his Life, Works, and Influence*, by George McLean Harper, 2 vols., 1916.

Garrod = *W. W. · Lectures and Essays*, by H. W. Garrod, 1923.

## INTRODUCTION

### § 1 *The Manuscripts*

*The Prelude* is the essential living document for the interpretation of Wordsworth's life and poetry, any details, therefore, that can be gathered of the manner and circumstances of its composition must be of interest alike to biographer and critic. But of more vital importance than these is a knowledge of its original text. It has long been known that Wordsworth revised *The Prelude* in his later years, and conjectures have been inevitable on the character and extent of that revision. How far does the authorized text, as it was given to the world by the poet's executors, actually represent what he had written nearly half a century before, when he was in the fullness of his powers? Did he confine himself to purely stylistic correction and embellishment, or did he go further, and in any real sense rehandle his theme, in the spirit of his later thought? A study of this volume will supply the answer. The original version may now for the first time be compared with the edition published in 1850, and the development from the one to the other traced through its successive stages. If the comparison does not show a change as fundamental as some critics have anticipated, it reveals much that is highly significant in the history of the poet's mind and art.

But first it is necessary to have some knowledge of the manuscripts, and of their relation with one another.

There are five almost complete extant MSS of *The Prelude* (A B C D E) covering the years 1805-39, as well as several notebooks and other MSS (M J U V W X Y Z) which contain drafts of parts of the poem, and belong to an earlier period. The main MSS fall clearly into two groups, according as they are more closely related to the first complete text or to the authorized version. A B C are thus related to the text of 1805-6, D E to the text of 1850. A description of all the MSS. follows.

## A and B.

(*The MSS on which the new text of this edition is based*)

On November 29, 1805, Dorothy Wordsworth wrote to Lady Beaumont 'I am now engaged in making a fair and final transcript of the Poem on his own Life I mean *final* till it is prepared for the press, which will not be for many years No doubt before that time he will have some alterations to make, but it appears at present to be finished'

On December 25 she wrote to Mrs Clarkson 'I have written Eight Books of his Poem'

During November and December Mrs Wordsworth was staying at Park House, near Dacre, Cumberland Sarah Hutchinson was with her, and Wordsworth appears to have divided his time between Dove Cottage and Park House Dorothy was much alone, looking after the two children with the help of a young servant On December 29 Mrs Wordsworth returned, accompanied by Sarah Hutchinson, who stayed at Grasmere till the following October, when the whole party left for Coleorton On March 2, 1806, Dorothy wrote to Mrs Clarkson 'We have been engaged in making two copies of William's poems, and I also in re-copying my Journal in a fair hand to be bequeathed to my Niece and namesake These works are finished, and also Sara's copy for Coleridge'

It seems certain the MSS of *The Prelude*, to which Dorothy alludes, are those referred to in this book as A and B Dorothy speaks of her copy as 'fair and final', and in her voluminous correspondence, in which she gives much detail of her daily life and occupations, there is no suggestion that she made any subsequent copy of *The Prelude* My view that B is the copy which Sarah Hutchinson made for Coleridge is corroborated by the fact that a blank page after Book VI is filled with annotations in Coleridge's handwriting These will be found, marked 'S T C', distributed among the other notes at the end of this volume

A. consists of 341 pages,  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$  inches in size, stitched together in small sections B comprises two notebooks (I-VII, VIII-*end*) of 345 pages,  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$ , bound in blue paper boards Both MSS are beautifully written,<sup>1</sup> with hardly a slip

<sup>1</sup> B's elaborately decorated title-page, which is reproduced to face the title-page of the 1850 ed., was the work of George Hutchinson, Sarah's brother. He also contributed the heading to each Book. A's title-page is missing.



A branching that resembles a flower,  
in a green hollow at the floor we found it.  
And young as the thistle, he long continued in  
young.

newly reached  
A College, seated <sup>near</sup> the mountains, bore  
the name a green hollow, of the glass door,  
you know it, and say it is the highest of the low  
we think it, but a fullfill was put upon  
- you sleep the higher it was by cutting the  
of the fire is the to <sup>rough</sup>  
At the seated at the mountains foot  
the <sup>rough</sup> ~~rough~~ hollow, at the floor  
the, the out it, and a being there are few  
True sleep the higher it was by cutting <sup>rough</sup>

These, neither known nor known, but of  
from black

Pragmatic

of office is the Strangers and good  
The, after that a great red  
fork

A College seated at the mountains, bore  
the name from that the higher it was by right  
of a rude College, near the mountain  
base,  
is some







of the pen or a writer's correction from one end of the poem to the other. This is all the more remarkable in B, for it would not be possible to remove a faulty page from a bound notebook and to substitute another without detection. Both MSS are easily legible except where the poet himself, in revising, has heavily scored out or written over the original lines. From this A has suffered more seriously than B, for it was written on one side of the paper only, and was therefore used more consistently for the insertion of corrections and additions. But with the help of B, A can generally be read, even where it has been most fiercely defaced. B has many pages left without an alteration upon them, but the number of corrections in it is larger towards the end of the poem than at the beginning. Most of these corrections correspond with those in A, but there are a few not found in A. The blank pages between the books, and at the beginning and end of the two volumes of which B consists, contain drafts in Wordsworth's hand of some of the passages that he wished to alter.

It would be natural to suppose that B would be simply copied from A; for when Sarah Hutchinson began her work Dorothy had already completed eight books, and her 'fair and final copy' must have been far more legible than the MS from which she took it. But though B's variations from A are few and slight they are enough to give to B some independent authority, and to support the view that both were taken from a common original, in which, for some few passages, either two readings had been preserved, or the text copied was illegible and Wordsworth had to be called in to solve the difficulty. No one who has attempted to decipher the poet's autograph MSS<sup>1</sup> will believe that two copies so perfect as A and B could have been made from a MS in his handwriting, unless he was constantly at the writers' elbow to instruct them.

The punctuation of both MSS errs, perhaps, on the side of

<sup>1</sup> W's handwriting was always bad, and he had a constitutional aversion to penmanship. Cf. his letter to De Quincey, March 6, 1804 (*Letters*, i 159) 'I have a derangement which makes writing painful to me, and indeed almost prevents me from holding correspondence with anybody and this (I mean to say the unpleasant feelings which I have connected with the act of holding a pen) has been the chief cause of my long silence.' As this letter dates from the time when several of the MS. notebooks were written (*v. infra*), and as the 'derangement' above referred to was constantly recurrent, the task of deciphering the MSS has not always been easy. Cf. also *Letters*, ii 67-8, 126-8.

lightness ; but except for the omission of stops at the end of the line, where the natural pause of the voice makes them less necessary to bring out the meaning of the passage, it is substantially correct. The original punctuation of A cannot always be determined ; sometimes it is very faint sometimes written over by an alteration in the text, sometimes darkened in at a later period (when it may or may not cover an original stop). But though Wordsworth admitted that he was not 'an adept' at punctuation, and though in writing his rough drafts he almost entirely omitted the stops, there is no doubt that these MSS represent his own intention in the matter far more accurately than either D or E.

My text (1805-6) is printed from A, with the help of B when A is illegible or defective, or when B seems more clearly to represent the poet's intention at the time the copies were made. In every case where I have followed B rather than A, except in the use of capitals or stops, the fact is recorded in the *apparatus criticus*.

In A and B the poem is divided into thirteen books ; Books X and XI of the 1850 edition form Book X in A and B.

### C.

C is a stout quarto volume of 333 pages,  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  inches, written on both sides, in the fine clerkly hand of John Carter. Its exact date is uncertain, but as Carter only entered the service of the Wordsworths, as gardener and handy man, in the year 1813, he is hardly likely to have been entrusted with this task, or indeed to have been equal to it, for some years afterwards. On the other hand, it must have been written before and not after the separate publication of *Vaudracour and Julia* in 1820, for its version of this story, omitted altogether by D and E, has many pencil corrections which were incorporated in the 1820 version. Elsewhere in C there are very few readings that are not found in A and its corrections. Its importance lies in the help it gives us in determining the relative dates of corrections found in A. For the evidence is incontestable that C was copied from the corrected A, and therefore corrections in A not incorporated in C must be regarded as later than C. I should be inclined to attribute it to the years 1817-19, and to regard those alterations of A that imply a change of spirit, or point of view, as introduced after



[illegible]





the publication of *The Excursion*. Some, at least, of those changes which are purely stylistic were certainly made earlier, possibly soon after the poem had been read to Coleridge. C stops abruptly at XII 187 [XIII 188]. It contains, especially in the latter part of the volume, a number of pencil corrections, written, obviously, when Wordsworth was preparing D, these have, therefore, no independent interest, and are not recorded in the *apparatus criticus*.

#### D.

D is written on both sides of the paper on small quarto sheets ( $7\frac{1}{2} \times 6$  in.) sewn together in separate books, each book paged separately. It is in the handwriting of Miss Wordsworth. The watermarks on the paper show the dates 1824-8, the work was therefore completed in or after 1828. At the beginning of the MS is a note stating that it was corrected in 1832, but this can only refer to a few minor changes, for the bulk of them were made early in 1839. This is proved conclusively by a letter of Miss Fenwick's<sup>1</sup> dated March 28 of that year. 'Our journey was postponed for a week, that the beloved old poet might accomplish the work that he had in hand, the revising of his grand autobiographical poem, and leaving it in a state fit for publication. At this he has been labouring for the last month, seldom less than six or seven hours a day, or rather one ought to say the whole day, for it seemed always in his mind—quite a possession, and much, I believe, he has done to it, expanding it in some parts, retrenching it in others, and perfecting it in all. I could not have imagined the labour that he has bestowed on all his works, had I not been so much with him at this time.'

The labour here spoken of must be the revision of D, for the changes made in E are so few that they would not represent the work of more than a few days. Moreover E is in Dora W's handwriting, whereas, in another place, Miss Fenwick speaks of Mrs. W. as the amanuensis.

The changes introduced into the D text are very numerous and important, and a new version is often stuck, by means of wafers, over the old one. In such places it is reasonable to conjecture that the obliterated reading is that of C.

The punctuation of D is deficient, and much of it was added at a later date.

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor*, p. 87 (cited Harper, ii. 407).



## E.

E is in the handwriting of the poet's daughter Dora. It is written on one side of the paper ( $7\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$  in.), and from marks and instructions upon it is proved to be the copy from which the text of 1850 was printed. E contains a few corrections of D, and was obviously intended to be the final fair copy. On Book XIV is written 'reviewed July 1839'. The MS. must therefore have been written between that date and the end of the previous March.

E is not quite so carefully copied as the previous MSS., and has a few errors, obviously due either to misreading D, or mishearing a dictation of D. Its punctuation is very deficient and sometimes incorrect, and stops have in many places been added later in pencil.

Apart from punctuation and the use of capitals, in which the editor allowed himself a very free discretion, the text of 1850 represents, with few exceptions, the reading of E. Some of its divergences from E are clearly printers' errors: for other changes either Carter, who saw the poem through the press, or the poet's nephew Christopher, must have been responsible. In the biography of Christopher Wordsworth (Overton and Wordsworth, p. 151) it is stated that 'as his uncle's literary executor he was entrusted with the publication of *The Prelude*'. The first part of this statement is an error, as is proved by the poet's will, but it is highly probable that he supervised Carter's work, and he is more likely than Carter to have deliberately made changes in the text. Anyhow these changes have no MS. authority behind them.

In correcting proofs for the press the use both of capitals and stops must have been strenuously revised. In E the punctuation is deficient: the text of 1850 is throughout overpunctuated.

*MSS. A-E fall clearly into two groups—A B C and D E. In the apparatus criticus, therefore, unless otherwise stated, it may be assumed that B and C are in agreement with A; and D and E with 1850.*

## M.

M is a stout vellum bound volume ( $6\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  in.) containing a miscellany of poems. It opens with *The Ruined Cottage* (*Excursion* I), copied by D. W., which is followed by sonnets and other short pieces (copied by D. W. and S. H.), composed after 1800 and for the most part included in the 1807 volumes.

Then comes the *Ode Intimations, etc*, and *Peter Bell* (D W) and *Prelude* I-V, I-III (D W), IV-V (S H)

The copying of this volume was probably finished towards the end of March 1804. Books IV and V of *The Prelude* must have been entered after March 6, because at that date a *Prelude* complete in five books was contemplated, and the five here given are the first five of *The Prelude* as we know it, on the other hand they were certainly written before November 1805, when Dorothy began her 'fair and final copy', for though in the main the readings of M and A are identical, M preserves here and there an earlier version.

It is highly probable that M is a duplicate of the volume written out for Coleridge to take abroad. In a letter to Mrs Clarkson, March 24, 1804, D W writes 'We have been engaged, Mary and I, in making a complete copy of William's poems for poor Coleridge, to be his companion in Italy. . . There are about eight thousand lines. I ought to tell you that besides copying the poems for Coleridge, we have recopied them entirely for ourselves as we went along.' Sarah Hutchinson stayed some days with them about this time and may easily have taken away with her some MSS to copy. Anyhow the contents of M correspond with the description above quoted from D W.

#### ALFOXDEN NOTEBOOK.

This is a small leather bound notebook ( $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4$  in.), beginning with a few lines of D W's Journal for January 20, 1798, which are followed by a quotation from Boswell's *Life of Johnson* on the subject of blank verse. Then come a few blank pages. Beginning at the other end of the book are drafts of passages for *The Old Cumberland Beggar*, a version of *Prelude* IV 450-70, and lines descriptive of the Wanderer, some of them afterwards incorporated in *Excursion* I, others adapted to *The Prelude* (VII 721-9, II 326-41), and all in the poet's writing.

The verse in this book clearly belongs to the period between January 20, when Wordsworth appropriated it from Dorothy, and March 5, when Dorothy wrote to Mary Hutchinson telling her of the growth of *The Ruined Cottage* to 900 lines (v. p. xxxii.) Its chief importance lies in the help it affords in dating the first draft of some lines in *The Prelude*.

As this notebook only came to light after my *apparatus criticus* was in type, its variants are recorded in the notes at the end of this volume.

## V.

V is made up of 21 pages (8½ × 5½ in.) with the watermark 'Curtis and Sons 1798'. It is in the hand of D W, with corrections by W W. It is the earliest extant draft of any considerable part of *The Prelude*, and seems to have been written soon after the return from Germany; for it includes lines that we know to have been written at Goslar. It contains a version of Books I and II, with the exception of I 1-271 and II. 1-54, but the order of its contents is not exactly the same as in the later MSS. Interspersed among Books I and II are other episodes of the poet's childhood which were later transferred to later books of *The Prelude*. Thus its contents run as follows. I 271-441, 490-503, 435-509, 534-69, V. 450-72, XI 258-316, 346-89, I 571-663, 525-33, 520-3. II. 55-144, followed by the lines on which VIII [558-75] are based (*v* notes, p 563), followed by the rest of Book II. This MS should probably be dated 1799-1800.

## U.

U is closely related to V and was obviously copied from the same MS. Its contents are given in the same order, and correspond substantially with those of V, except that U gives the first 55 lines of Book II, which V omits. Its text varies from V in very few places, but it does not contain the corrections found in V. As the MS. only came to light at the same time as the Alfoxden MS. its readings are quoted in the notes at the end of this volume.

U occupies the later pages of a small quarto vellum bound notebook, the first part of which is given to an early and much corrected version of *The Borderers*, prefaced by the essay on that poem, hitherto regarded as lost. It is in the writing of Mrs. Wordsworth.

## J.

J is an oblong leather bound notebook which contains D. W.'s Journal for May-December 1802. Leaves have been torn from the front of the book. The first eight extant pages contain fragments of blank verse in W.'s handwriting. Several of these are evidently lines thrown out of *Michael*, but there is also a passage related to *Prelude* VII 699-712, and a draft of XII 185-204.

After three pages of D W's Journal follows *Prelude* VIII.

221-310, a passage originally intended to form a part of *Michael*. It is clear that this verse was written into the book before Dorothy appropriated it for her Journal, i.e. that it must be prior to May 1802, and it is more than probable that it is the work of Oct-Dec 1800, when the poet was engrossed in *Michael*.

#### W.

W is a rough notebook covered in thin blue cardboard, consisting, in its present state, of 80 pages ( $6\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{8}$  in). Leaves have here and there been torn out. The book opens with a copy of Marvell's *Horatian Ode* (written by W. W.), followed by a Tale in imitation of Gower, and thirteen sonnets written 1802-3, copied by D. W. W. W. then used the book for rough drafts of *The Prelude*, and entered in it passages corresponding to IV 270-304, 353-65, 305-45, 351-2, V 1-48, 294-376, 445-515, 590-4, 630-7. These are followed by XIII. 1-131 (1-65 copied by M. W.), incorporating a long hitherto unpublished passage (*v* notes). Then, after some pages torn out, XIII. 154-65, followed by a rejected passage, and drafts of XI 176-84, 138-52, 316-37, a passage corresponding to 342-5, and 199-257.

The part of the notebook devoted to *The Prelude* belongs to February-March 1804. For evidence of this, and for the light it throws on the composition of the poem, *v* p. xxxvii.

#### X.

A notebook similar to W, consisting in its present state of 64 pages ( $6 \times 4$  in.). Some leaves have been torn out. It opens with a rough draft of passages from VII 90-218 (four pages have been torn out which may be assumed to have contained ll 136-80) followed by a draft of *Excursion* II 741 ff. Then comes *Prelude* VIII 741-50, on which follows, without a break, VII 75 to the end of VII. Some of this is copied by M. W., some by D. W., some by W. W., but it is corrected throughout by W. W. It is mostly legible and shows few variations from A. This occupies half the book, the rest is given to a draft of *Excursion* II, probably added to the book later, for it begins with a passage used in Y for the opening of *Prelude* VIII.

The work on *The Prelude* contained in this book may be dated April and October or November 1804 (*v* pp. xxxviii-ix).

## Y.

A notebook similar to W and X, consisting of 102 pages,  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4$  in. It is in very bad condition, for it had evidently been left out in the rain and then dried before a hot fire. In consequence, several lines on many pages of the book, and sometimes half the page, are quite obliterated, and in one or two places the top of the page has been scorched and has crumbled away. It is often possible, however, to read a word or two in an otherwise obliterated line, which enables one to identify the passage, and so trace the sequence of the draft.

The first legible passage contains lines corresponding with VIII 68-73, then, after an illegible page, follows, more carefully written, IX 293-520, and as the next few pages have been torn out it is reasonable to suppose that this passage was still further continued. The next page is only legible from the middle, but what can be read gives the end of the first draft of the lines which now stand as the opening to VII. From them the MS runs without a break into XIII 333-67. This may originally have been intended for the opening of VIII, and with what follows represents, probably, the first draft of that book. Its chief variations from the A version are

1. In place of 1-61 stand the lines afterwards adapted for *Excursion* II 1-25.
2. In place of 159-72 there is a long passage occupying fifteen pages (*v. notes*, pp. 553-9).
3. Between 497 and 498 is a deleted passage (*v. notes*, p. 562) afterwards utilized for *Excursion* IV. 404-12, IX 437-48.
4. In place of 661-823 are two and a half almost entirely illegible pages, and some pages have been torn out.
5. At the end of VIII follow lines related to XI 9-14, XII. 111-276; and after some illegible pen and pencil jottings of odd lines, XIII 374-85. All this may have been added later; but the lines would not be out of place in a book entitled *Retrospect*. Or again it is possible that at the time Y was written this book was intended to complete the poem.

## Z.

Z consists of twenty-two sheets ( $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  in.) stitched together. It is a fair copy (written by M. W., corrected by W. W.) of Books XI and XII [XII and XIII], run together into one book and headed 'Book 12th'. The first page is

numbered 366, which suggests that the MS is a fragment of a complete *Prelude* earlier than A, and perhaps the MS from which A was copied. The first four pages have been stitched on in place of others that had been cut away. They contain Book X 689-710 followed by the words 'Back again 9 leaves', and XI 1-41. The book, therefore, originally began at 1 42. On the top of the page is written 'This whole book wants retouching, the subject is not sufficiently brought out'.

The heading 'Book 12th' suggests that originally Book X of A was divided into two as it is in 1850, and that the division found in D, E, and 1850 was a reversion to the older plan.

## § 2. *Origin, Growth, and Structure of 'The Prelude'*

It was in the early months of 1798 that Wordsworth conceived the idea of writing a history of the growth of his own mind. Partly on the suggestion of Coleridge,<sup>1</sup> and spurred on by his enthusiastic encouragement, he had determined to compose a great philosophic poem to be entitled *The Recluse, or Views on Man, Nature, and Society*. It seems probable that a rough draft of those lines afterwards printed as the *Prospectus to the Excursion* was struck off in the first heat of this resolve. He had already written *The Ruined Cottage* and other verse which would naturally find its place in his comprehensive scheme, 'indeed', he wrote, 'I know not anything which will not come within the scope of my plan'. In the eager confidence with which he embarked on the enterprise he anticipated its completion in less than two years, but the 'paramount impulse not to be withstood' soon gave way to doubt. 'Has he the strength to assume so awful a burthen?' 'Would it not be wiser to await those 'mellowed years' that 'bring a ripener mind'?' Are his misgivings justly founded, or are they mere timidity and laziness, a subtle form of selfishness cloaked in 'humility and modest awe'?<sup>2</sup> The answer can only be found by taking stock of himself and examining how far Nature and Education have qualified him for his task. And so he wrote *The Prelude*.

It is clear that in its initial stages Wordsworth regarded his

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge, *Table Talk*, July 21, 1832.

<sup>2</sup> *Prelude* I. 235-51.

spiritual autobiography as an integral part of *The Recluse*, and not as a separate poem preparatory to it. More than a year later, in October 1799, Coleridge refers to it as *The Recluse* and it seems likely that until the early months of 1800, when *Home in Grasmere* was written to form the introductory book of his great poem, the history of his early life was not viewed as an independent work. Even then it was given no definite title. Wordsworth refers to it as 'a poem on my own earlier life'.<sup>1</sup> Dorothy calls it 'the poem to C' or 'the poem on his own earlier life'. Coleridge, as late as February 1804, still speaks of it as *The Recluse*, and in *The Friend* (1808-9) refers to it as 'an unpublished Poem on the Growth and Revolutions of an Individual Mind'. Only on publication after the poet's death did it receive, from Mrs. Wordsworth, the name by which it is known to-day.

Its independence of the larger poem followed naturally from its growth under his hand to a length he had not foreseen. It is possible that even in the five books which, as late as March 1804, were to complete the poem, he had already exceeded his original conception of it. This shorter *Prelude* would have taken his history no further than his first Long Vacation, and its culminating episode was to be the consecration of his life to poetry upon the heights above Hawkshead (IV 320-45). But though this was, perhaps, the great moment of his life, he realized that to stop there would not fulfil his purpose. The experiences of the next six years,—his hopes and his despair for the Revolution in France, his life in London and in the country, homeless, and without means of livelihood, his sudden glad release from the bondage of circumstance, his settling at Racedown with Dorothy and his friendship with Coleridge,—had all 'borne a part, and that a needful one', in making him the poet that he was. And eight more books were added.

But in writing thus fully of himself he encroached inevitably upon his first design. *The Recluse*, 'as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement', was itself essentially autobiographical—even in *The Excursion*, which was intended to be dramatic, not only the hero but also the Solitary and the Vicar were thinly veiled.

<sup>1</sup> As late as 1843 (I. F. note to *The Norman Boy*) W. refers to it as 'the poem on the growth of my own mind'.

portraits of their author,—and much of the poetry he wrote would, in fact, be equally well suited to either. There can be no doubt that the wealth of *The Prelude* impoverished *The Recluse*. But this cannot be regretted. The ambitious design of *The Recluse* demanded a philosophy and unity which Coleridge, indeed, might confidently anticipate, but which it was not in Wordsworth to supply, from the basis it was doomed to failure. In *The Prelude*, which had a high-springing directly from the poet's own mind and person to his Wordsworth produced a masterpiece.

As it stands *The Prelude* has not merely a unity of design, it has something of epic structure. It opens with an outbreak of joy that after years of anxiety the poet is at last free to devote his life to its true vocation. Its 'last word of personal concern' records his gratitude for the gift which brought him that freedom. Within this frame he places the history of his life from the seedtime of infancy to those days when, chaunting alternate songs with Coleridge as they roamed the Quantock hills together, he was first fully conscious that his genius was bearing fruit. Books I–IV lead up, through an account of his early life, to the first great climax, his poetic consecration, after which there is a pause in the narrative, whilst he reviews, in Book V, his early debt to literature. Books VI and VII resume his life's history, and carry it down to the moment before the second great climax—the awakening of his passionate interest in man (Book IX). But before this, the narrative pauses once more, whilst in Book VIII he gives a philosophic retrospect of his whole period of preparation. Book X leads up to and records the catastrophe—the destruction of his hopes for man in so far as they were identified with the French Revolution, and his consequent despair of mind. Books XI–XIII give the reconciliation, his recovery from despair, the rebuilding of his hopes for man upon a sounder basis and, as a consequence, his entrance into his poetic heritage.

Wordsworth was in evident agreement with Milton on the true nature of the epic subject. Both of them repudiated military exploits, 'hitherto the only argument heroic deemed', in the desire to bring within its confines a more spiritual conflict. Only the pedant will dissent from their conception,

<sup>1</sup> As a matter of fact several passages originally written for *The Excursion* were included in *The Prelude*, and vice versa. Cf. notes to II. 321–41, VII. 721–9, VIII. 1–61, 159–72, 496.



spiritual, who regard the mind of Wordsworth as both great not as a and essentially representative of the highest, the later, intuitive type of mind, will recognize its adventures as and it home for epic treatment. But Wordsworth himself. *Home*, he claimed this dignity for *The Recluse*, where his of his was the 'mind of man', was humbler in his comments as in the *Prelude*. He admitted, indeed, that 'it was a thing pedented in literary history that a man should talk so life'<sup>1</sup> about himself. 'It is not self-conceit', he wrote truly, own, it has induced me to do this, but real humility. I began spe work because I was unprepared to treat any more arduous to itect, and diffident of my own powers. Here, at least, of apled that to a certain degree I should be sure of succeeding, dea I had nothing to do but describe what I had felt and whyaught, therefore could not easily be bewildered. This lght certainly have been done in narrower compass by a man of more address, but I have done my best.<sup>1</sup> Yet, in truth, Wordsworth was never more eloquent than when he spoke of himself, and his best in *The Prelude* has never been rivalled in its own kind.

### § 3. *Preparation for writing 'The Prelude'*

For the task before him Wordsworth was well equipped by his wide knowledge of the literature of the past. The servant-maid at Rydal Mount, who told a visitor that her master's study was in the fields, touched unquestionably upon the main source of his inspiration, but her pretty epigram did not comprise the whole truth of the matter, and the poet who spoke of books as 'Powers only less than Nature's self, which is the breath of God', was not likely to neglect them. Yet the superficial critic has always tended to underrate their influence upon him. *The Prelude* foresaw this error, but gave some countenance to it, for the section entitled 'Books' takes us no further than his school-days, and is rather a general discourse on the value of imaginative literature than a detailed account of his actual reading. Yet it tells us, at least, that as a boy he read voraciously, and no habit acquired in childhood is easily discarded. As a matter of fact he retained the habit till his middle age, and only gave it up when his eyes

<sup>1</sup> To Sir George Beaumont, May 1, 1805 (*Letters*, i. 186)

declined their office. At Cambridge 'many books were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused',—in Greek and Latin, Italian, French and Spanish, as well as in his mother tongue,—and not poetry alone, but history also. There is evidence that when he settled at Racedown he not only read widely, but was convinced that success in his art could not be acquired otherwise. In his search for a metaphysical basis to his theory of life he studied the philosophers of the eighteenth century.<sup>1</sup> De Quincey bore witness later to his extensive knowledge of ancient history. He had at all times a passion for the literature of travel, and insisted on its value in widening his outlook and enriching his experience. 'If', he wrote to a friend in March 1798, 'you could collect for me any books of travels, you would render me an essential service, as without much of such reading my present labours cannot be brought to a conclusion', and the pages of *The Prelude* are studded with simile, metaphor, and allusion drawn from the narratives of famous navigators, and explorers of unknown continents. But naturally his chief reading was in English poetry. Few poets could equal Wordsworth in a knowledge of their forerunners. Of his intimacy with the minor poets of the eighteenth century *The Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches* bore painful witness. In *The Prelude* he was to show his true ancestry. 'When I began', he says, 'to give myself up to the profession of a poet for life, I was impressed with a conviction that there were four poets whom I must have continually before me as examples—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser and Milton. These I must study, and equal *if I could*. I need not think of the rest.'<sup>2</sup> He was true to his conviction. The quintessence of Spenser's charm he could distil into two perfect lines

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven  
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,

and the fragrance of Spenser is recalled on several pages of *The Prelude*. The poem abounds in reminiscence of Shake-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Beatty, W. W. *His Doctrine and Art*. University of Wisconsin Studies, 1922.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs*, II 470. Cf. also letter to Alaric Watts, Nov. 16, 1824. 'I am disposed strenuously to recommend to your habitual perusal the great poets of our own country, who have stood the test of ages. Shakespeare I need not name, nor Milton, but Chaucer and Spenser are apt to be overlooked. It is almost painful to think how far these surpass all others' (*Letters*, II 228).

spearman scene and phrasing Of Milton there is still more It was his avowed ambition to be the Milton of his age, nor, as Keats recognized, was that ambition ill-founded He had the same lofty conception of his art, the same passionate devotion to it, and like Milton, though in his own way, he strove 'to justify the ways of God to man' Throughout *The Prelude* there are signs of devout Miltonic study Not only does the style of the poem in its more eloquent passages take on a distinctly Miltonic manner, but constantly, in places when they would least be expected, Miltonic echoes can be heard That Wordsworth himself was probably unconscious of them is only a proof of the completeness with which he had absorbed his master, so that Milton's phrase and cadence had become a natural and inseparable element in his own speech

This study of the supreme artists was supported by prolonged meditation on both the principles and the technical minutiae of his art<sup>1</sup> He chose the metre for his poem with a full consciousness of its pitfalls It is significant to find copied into the notebook that contains the earliest fragments of *The Prelude* the warnings which Dr Johnson had uttered on the peculiar dangers incident to the writing of blank verse<sup>2</sup> From the contorted and unnatural phrasing of the *Descriptive Sketches* he was already in revolt *The Prelude* was not written, like some of *The Lyrical Ballads*, to illustrate a theory of poetic diction, yet it demonstrates clearly enough that 'a selection from the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure',—at least when the man Wordsworth is addressing his closest

<sup>1</sup> In 1831 J. S. Mill noted that 'when you get Wordsworth on the subjects which are peculiarly his, such as the theory of his own art, no one can converse with him without feeling that he has advanced that great subject beyond any other man, being probably the first man who ever combined, with such eminent success in the practice of the art, such high powers of generalization and habits of meditation on its principles' The foundations of this achievement were laid in 1797-8

<sup>2</sup> 'Dr Johnson observed, that in blank verse, the language suffered more distortion to keep it out of prose than any inconvenience to be apprehended from the shackles and circumspection of rhyme This kind of distortion is the worst fault that poetry can have, for if once the natural order and connection of the words is broken, and the idiom of the language violated, the lines appear manufactured, and lose all that character of enthusiasm and inspiration, without which they become cold and insipid, how sublime soever the ideas and the images may be which they express.' *Alforden MS. Notebook*, 1798.

friend For its language is selected from the whole of his experience, and the style to which he moulds it rises with the character and the intensity of the emotion it has to express<sup>1</sup> And with Coleridge he had not only discussed the cardinal points of poetry,<sup>2</sup> but had argued upon matters of form and style His main conclusions, despite occasional overstatement, the natural reaction from the false ideals of his youth, kept him, as Coleridge himself admitted, in the great tradition The epithets 'simple' and 'natural', commonly applied to Wordsworth's poetry, alike for praise and blame, suggest a general ignorance of the intense study and careful artistry that lay behind it But the popular view is in itself a tribute to the powerful originality of his mind and manner His style is Wordsworthian as truly as Milton's is Miltonic

#### § 4 *Chronology of the Composition of 'The Prelude'*

The bare statement made in the Preface to the original edition of *The Prelude* that the poem 'was commenced in the beginning of the year 1799 and completed in the summer of 1805' has been corrected and largely supplemented by later scholars, and Professor Garrod, in an acutely reasoned and illuminating essay on *The Composition of The Prelude* (Garrod, pp 186 ff), carried our knowledge of the matter to the furthest point possible on the evidence available to him An examination of the MSS already described (pp xvi-xxv) enables me often to corroborate and sometimes to correct Mr Garrod's conclusions He proved, I think, beyond question, that the Preamble to the poem (I 1-54) was written in September 1795, when Wordsworth, with a modest but assured income from the legacy of Raisley Calvert, set out from Bristol to

<sup>1</sup> 'In these little poems he wrote, at times, too much with a sectarian spirit, in a sort of bravado But now he is at the helm of a noble bark, now he sails right onward, it is all open ocean and a steady breeze, and he drives before it, unfretted by short tacks, reefing and unreefing his sails, hauling and disentangling the ropes His only disease is the having been out of his element, his return to it is food to famine, it is both the specific remedy and the condition of health' Coleridge on *The Prelude*, *Anima Poetae*, p 30

<sup>2</sup> *Biographia Literaria*, chap xiv In July 1802 Coleridge told Southey that 'the Preface' (i.e. of *The Lyrical Ballads*) 'is half a child of my own brain'.

take up his abode at Racedown. Thus it anticipates the conception of the main work by two and a half years, and, as Garrod remarks, 'stands at the beginning of *The Prelude* only as a quotation standing in the forefront of the poem'. It must be admitted that an objection to this view is raised by the first four lines of Book VII, written in 1804, where Wordsworth states that six years have passed since he 'poured out' the preamble,<sup>1</sup> but Mr Garrod meets this quite convincingly by the suggestion that 'Wordsworth has here lapsed into an easily intelligible carelessness. Instead of saying that six years have gone by since he began *The Prelude*, he has been betrayed into saying that it is six years since he poured out the preamble'. This view is further strengthened by the fact that six years before 1804 Wordsworth was not 'issuing' from any 'City's walls'. He was comfortably settled at Alfoxden, and had been there since July 1797. It is significant that in the A text he wrote 'five' years and not 'six', and his alteration<sup>2</sup> proves definitely that he wished to associate the beginning of the poem with 1798, and not with his departure from Goslar in 1799.

Some clues to the dates at which the poem was conceived and the first parts of it written are to be gathered from the following extracts from the correspondence of Coleridge and the Wordsworths.

(1) *March 5th, 1798*.—You desire me to send you a copy of *The Ruined Cottage*. This is impossible, for it has grown to the length of 900 lines. I will however send you a copy of that part which is immediately and solely connected with the cottage. The Pedlar's character now makes a very, certainly the most considerable part of the poem. You have the rest to the end of the story. There is much more about the Pedlar. (Dorothy W to Mary Hutchinson)

(2) *March 6th*—I have written 1300 lines of a poem in which I contrive to convey most of the knowledge of which I am possessed. My object is to give pictures of Nature, Man, and Society. Indeed, I know not anything which will not come within the scope of my plan.

<sup>1</sup> Six changeful years have vanished since I first  
Poured out (saluted by that quickening breeze  
Which met me issuing from the City's walls)  
A glad preamble to this Verse [VII 1-4]

<sup>2</sup> It is worth noting that in many places in the poem Wordsworth revised his statement of dates, and in almost every case correctly.

. . The work of composition is carved out for me, for at least a year and a half to come (W W to James Tobin)

(3) *March 8th* —He has written more than 1,200 lines of a blank verse, superior, I hesitate not to aver, to anything in our language which any way resembles it (Coleridge to Joseph Cottle)

(4) *March 11th* —I have been tolerably industrious within the last few weeks I have written 706 lines of a poem which I hope to make of considerable utility Its title will be *The Recluse*, or, *Views of Nature, Man, and Society*. (W W to James Losh)

It is difficult to resist concluding, from the wording of (2) and (3), that a first draft of the lines 'On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life', etc., afterwards printed as the 'Prospectus' of *The Excursion*, formed a part of the 706 written 'within the last few weeks', and from the statement made in (2) of the all-embracing scope of the projected poem, that all the blank verse written at this time was intended for it. From (1) we learn that *The Ruined Cottage* had grown to 900 lines, more than 450 of which must have been written since the poem was read to Coleridge and Lamb in the previous summer, and the *Alforden Notebook* proves that of this a good deal was the work of the last few weeks, together with some of *The Old Cumberland Beggar* and of the story of the meeting with the discharged soldier (*Prelude* IV 363-504). This story, together with a few lines (II 321-41, VII 721-9) originally written for the character of the Pedlar, but transferred to form part of the poet's own experience, must have been among the earliest lines of *The Prelude* (except the Preamble) to be composed. If we allow 900 lines for the enlarged *Ruined Cottage*, and take the other passages already mentioned in their final form, we have about fifty lines in excess of the 1,300 attributed by Wordsworth to this time, but the earlier versions of them may possibly have been shorter<sup>1</sup>. It will be noted that the tone of (2) and (4) is confident, there is no trace of those misgivings out of which *The Prelude* took its rise (v p xxv). It is natural, therefore, to suppose that some time soon after March 11 Wordsworth decided definitely to write his autobiography, took ll 1-54 as

<sup>1</sup> Though some version of *The Old Cumberland Beggar* and *The Discharged Soldier* must be included in the 1,300 lines, they need not all be included in the 706. Wordsworth himself states that *The Old Cumb B* was begun at Racedown (I F note) and so may have been *The D S*, for the lines found in the *Alforden Notebook* come near the end of that tale.

his preamble, and started forthwith to write a rough draft of the following lines, which describe the genesis of the poem, perhaps also he began then the account of his infancy and early childhood (I 55-271 ? -371 ?) The lines originally written for *Nutting* (i.e. XI 15-22, XII 47-52) must also belong to this time. But from April to September 1798 he can hardly have done much to *The Prelude*.<sup>1</sup> For he wrote then more than half the 140 pages which were his contribution to the *Lyrical Ballads*, he had to see that volume through the press, and in addition he wrote *Peter Bell* (begun on April 20), a poem of over 1,100 lines. The months spent in Germany, mid-September 1798 to end of February 1799, rank among his most productive periods, and then it was that the larger part of Books I and II were composed. In a letter dated December 1798-January 1799, Dorothy sent Coleridge some verse 'out of the mass of what William has written' (clearly, written since they had parted in September), 'and because you have now a lake before your eyes'. The blank verse sent was a version of *Nutting*,<sup>2</sup> originally intended for *The Prelude*, and the episodes of the stolen boat and of skating on the lake from Book I (372-427, 452-89), and the 'mass' from which they were taken can hardly have been anything but parts of *Prelude* I and II, together with other reminiscences of boyhood afterwards incorporated in later books. From the *Memoirs* we learn that the invocation to the 'Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe' (I 428-41) was written at Goslar, and also the lines in V (389 ff.), 'There was a boy', etc., which were sent to Coleridge in a previous letter, and acknowledged by him on December 10.

It is highly probable that Books I and II were completed in the latter half of 1799. The words of farewell with which Book II concludes may have been written in July, when Wordsworth definitely decided to settle in the North of England, or, more likely, after October, when the two friends separated from their walking tour in the Lake Country. The

<sup>1</sup> This view is also supported by Book VII. 1-13. Before the stream of his verse 'broke forth once more and flowed awhile in strength', as it did at Goslar (v. *infra*), it had been 'interrupted'. This interruption must therefore have been in the months before he reached Goslar.

<sup>2</sup> The copy of *Nutting* sent in the letter to Coleridge does not contain the lines already referred to. Hence my justification for attributing them to the previous spring or summer.

earliest known manuscript (V) of any long consecutive part of *The Prelude* seems to belong to this period. It is a fair copy of I 271 to *end*, followed by II 54 to *end*, whilst U, which was taken from the same MS as V, has the whole of Book II. In these two books, as given in U and V, are interspersed certain episodes which were afterwards transferred to later books of *The Prelude*, i.e. V 450-81, XI 279-389, and the passage on which [VIII 458-75] was founded. These were therefore written by 1799, probably in Germany, and I should be inclined to add to them XIII 1-65.

After 1799 there was a pause in the composition of *The Prelude*. 'The stream that flowed awhile in strength' at Goslar 'stopped for years' (VII 9-10). In the Journal and letters of 1800-3 there are only three references to the poem—viz. on December 26, 1801, on December 27 ('Mary wrote some lines of the third part of his poem'), and on January 11, 1803 ('W working at his poem to C'). Obviously very little was done, probably not more than 100 to 200 lines of Book III, and certain odd passages of verse which were afterwards incorporated in later books. Among these must certainly be reckoned VII 699-712, VIII 221-310, and XII 185-204, for they are found in J (q v), and are therefore certainly prior to May 1802, and probably belong to 1800. Wordsworth took up *The Prelude* again in earnest 'a little space Before last primrose time', 1804 (VII 12-13). To put it more prosaically, he resumed work in January.

For the composition of the rest of *The Prelude* (in 1804-5) we have the following external evidence.

(1) At a date shown by Mr. Garrod to be between January 23 and February 18, 1804, Wordsworth wrote to Wrangham, 'At present I am engaged in a poem on my own earlier life, which will take five parts, or books, to complete, three of which are nearly finished.'

(2) *Feb 13th, 1804*—William is cheerfully engaged in composition, and goes on with great rapidity. He is writing the poem on his own early life. (Dorothy W. to Mrs. Clarkson.)

(3) *March 6th*—(a) The poem 'on my own life is better than half complete, viz. four books, amounting to about 2,500 lines' (W. W. to De Quincey). (b) I finished five or six days ago another book of my poem, amounting to 650 lines. When the next book is done, which I shall begin in two or three days, I shall consider the work as finished. (W. W. to Coleridge.)

(4) *March 24th*—A great addition to the poem on my brother's life



has been made since C. left us (i. e. since January 10), 1,500 lines. (D. W. to Mrs. Clarkson.)

(5) *March 29th.*—(a) William has begun another part of the poem addressed to you. He has written some very affecting lines, which I wish you could have taken with you (i. e. to Malta). (D. W. to Coleridge.) (b) I am now, after a halt of nearly three weeks, started again, and I hope to go forward rapidly. (W. W. to Coleridge.) Another part of the same letter proves that Coleridge was already in possession of Book V.

(6) *April 29th.*—I have been very busy these last ten weeks, having written between two and three thousand lines—accurately near three thousand—in that time; namely four books, and a third of another, of my poem on my own early life. I am at present in the seventh book. (W. W. to Sharp.)

(7) *Dec. 25th.*—I have written upwards of 2,000 verses during the last ten weeks. I expect to have finished before the month of May. (W. W. to Sir George Beaumont.)

(8) *Feb. 1805 (first week).*—My poem advances, quick or slow, as the fit comes. (W. W. to Sharp.)

(9) *May 1st.*—I have added 300 lines (to the poem of my own life) in the course of last week. Two more books will conclude it. It will not be much less than 9,000 lines. (W. W. to Beaumont.)

(10) *June 3rd.*—I finished my poem about a fortnight ago. (W. W. to Beaumont.)

To this may be added the following internal evidence :

(11) Book VII. 1–13, from which we learn that after being ‘stopped for years’ the work had been resumed in the early months of 1804.

(12) Book VI. 61–2.—Wordsworth is thirty-four years old this week (born April 7, 1770).

(13) Book VII. 17–54.—He has been at rest all the summer, but has resumed work in the autumn.

(14) Book X. 947–51 refer to Coleridge as in Sicily. He was there in October and early November 1804.

(15) Book X. 933–4.—A reference to the summons of the Pope to crown Napoleon. (December 2, 1804.)

The manuscript notebooks W, X, and Y throw fresh light on the progress of composition. W contains drafts of IV. 270–365, V. 1–48, 294–376 (this passage is considerably longer in A than in the 1850 text), 445–515, 590–4, and eight lines which conclude Book V in A, but are not found in 1850 text. Then follows a version of what now stands as Book XIII. 1–131 (a version differing from 1850 and containing a long passage not found even in A). Then, after some torn-out pages, come

XIII 154-65, and drafts of XI 138-52, 176-85, 316-37, a passage corresponding to 342-5, and 199-223. The page which begins XIII is headed '5th Book'. Obviously, therefore, W is the work of late February and early March 1804, when five books were to complete the poem, and what follows the words '5th Book' is an attempt at the concluding book. What precedes '5th Book' must have been intended for Book IV (i.e. the 216 lines of Book V above mentioned). The first four books as they stand in A contain 2,332 lines, if we add 216 we have a number closely corresponding to the 2,500 mentioned to De Quincey on March 6 (3*a*), while the 650 lines of which Book IV originally consisted (3*b*) would be made up by the 216 from Book V and some 450 from Book IV as it stands in A.

Immediately after March 6 Wordsworth must have embarked on '5th Book'. It seems likely that the account of the ascent of Snowdon was written at some earlier date, possibly at Goslar, for it is carefully copied into the notebook by an amanuensis, but he now added some 300 new lines, 130 of which he rejected, and then, deciding on a more elaborate scheme for his poem than five books would permit of, he threw this notebook aside and started at once on Book V as we know it, incorporating in it 216 lines from the first draft of IV, and two other passages which had been written in 1798 (389-422, 450-81, and possibly more of those lines which deal with his youthful experience). As the A text of Book V contains 637 lines, he had not more than 370 to write before the 'halt of nearly three weeks' referred to on March 29 (5). The reason of this 'halt' at a time of such great activity is explained by Dorothy a week before, when she relates how she and Mrs Wordsworth are occupied in making two copies of the poems written up to that date—one for Coleridge and one for themselves. She adds that the manuscripts are 'in such a wretched condition and so tedious to copy from—besides requiring William's almost constant superintendence—that we considered it as almost necessary to save them alive that we should re-copy them'. My study of such manuscripts as survive fully corroborates Dorothy's statement, fresh composition was impossible while the poet was employed in trying to read his own writing. The 1,500 lines written since January 11 (4) will thus be that part of Book III not written in 1801-3, say

350 lines, Books IV and V as in the A text, but *minus* the lines written in 1797-8—about 950 lines—and some 170 which follow the Snowdon passage headed '5th Book' in W total 1,470 lines

On March 29 he has begun another part of the poem (5)—the Book VI. The 'very affecting lines' which Dorothy wishes Coleridge could take with him are doubtless the beautiful address to Coleridge found at VI 246-331. In the next week he is writing VI 56-79 (12). On April 29 he has written near 3,000 lines since February 17, 4½ books, and is at present in the seventh (6). Now Books IV, V, and VI were obviously three of the four, but which was the other? Not Book III, which was finished in the middle of February. Notebooks X and Y here come to our aid.

X opens with a rough draft of Book VII 81-219, followed by a page given up to *Excursion* II 741 ff, which obviously indicates a break in the composition of *The Prelude*. Then comes Book VIII 741-50 (a passage dealing with London, the subject of Book VII, and first written for that book), and from VIII 750 the manuscript runs without a break on to VII 75, and so to the end of that book. The rest of MS X is given up to a version of *Excursion* II.

Notebook Y has at some time been left out in the rain, or dropped into the lake, so that in places its writing is completely washed out. Its first legible passage corresponds with VIII 68-73, then follows, more carefully written, and hence not a first draft, Book IX 293-520, and it is reasonable to suppose that the next few pages, which have been torn out, contained more of IX. The next page, of which a facsimile is given, is only legible from the middle, where can be read:

No[r is t]hat invitation thrown away,  
The last night's genial feeling overflows  
Upon this morning efficacious more  
By reason that my Song must now return  
If she desert not her appointed path  
Back into Nature's bosom Since the time  
When with reluctance I withdrew from France

and so on, as XIII 334-67. Then follows a continuous version of Book VIII, introduced, however, not with the episode of Helvellyn Fair, but with a draft of the first twenty-five lines of *Excursion* II.

Let evolution throw a curve  
The next night's guest feeling only  
Upon this morning's effluence <sup>thin</sup> born  
By reason that my song must  
If I desert will <sup>now return</sup> have up & intimate  
Back into Nature's bosom.

Since the time  
When with reluctance I withdrew  
from peace



Now the first two lines above quoted form the end of that passage (VII 12-54) which speaks of his resumption of work after the summer's holiday, and of the preceding lines in the manuscript enough words are legible here and there to identify the passage as a whole. Anything, therefore, entered in Y *before* these lines must be the work of the spring. I conjecture, then, that as soon as Wordsworth had finished Book VI (middle of April) he plunged into the account of his life in France, intending his London experiences to follow, and certainly the time spent in London after his return from France, of which little is told in *The Prelude*, was of greater importance to him than his previous sojourn there; then, changing his mind, he broke off when he had more or less completed one book on France, and wrote a part of a book on London before he stopped work for the summer. The  $4\frac{1}{2}$  books, therefore, referred to in (6) will be IV, V, VI, IX, and a part of VII, and the 'near 3,000 lines' will be IV, V, VI (as in A, but *minus* about 200 lines written in 1797-8), i.e. 1645, of IX, 935 lines, of VII, some 250 lines, and the lines headed in MS W '5th Book', say 170, total 3,000.

We hear no more of *The Prelude* till December 25. Mr. Gaird is right in asserting that the 1,300 lines said, in a letter dated September 8, to have been added to *The Recluse*, belong to *The Excursion* and not to *The Prelude*. For there is no place in *The Prelude* where they can be fitted in, and without them the whole *Prelude* is accounted for. But on December 25 'upwards of 2,000 lines have been written in the last ten weeks'. What were they? Not, as we shall see later, the last three books. Clearly, therefore, they are two-thirds of VII, say 550 lines, VIII as in the A text (but omitting 90 lines copied in from J), 779 lines, and Book X (i.e. X and XI of 1850), 1,036 lines, total, 2,368 lines. If we add to this the passage found in Y but not included in A the total will be 2,608. It is impossible to determine the order in which this work was accomplished. It seems likely that after starting in notebook Y with Book VIII Wordsworth would go some way with it, even if he did not finish it, before turning back to notebook X and completing Book VII. But VII and VIII were probably more or less finished before he started upon X. Book X, ll 933-4 could hardly have been written before December 2, when the coronation of Napoleon took place.  
ends

It will be noted that X 947-9 speaks of Coleridge in Syracuse, which he left early in November. But posts were not then as rapid as they are to-day. A letter from Coleridge, dated Malta, June 5, reached Keswick at the end of August, so that we can well believe that the close of Book X was not written till near the end of December. Ten weeks from December 25 takes us back to mid-October, and there is no reason to suppose that Wordsworth resumed work on *The Prelude* after the summer before then<sup>1</sup>. It would be a natural time for him to hear the choir of redbreasts (VII 24), and if it may seem a little late for the glow-worm (*ib* 39) we may note that the poet himself seems to feel that the glow-worm is lingering beyond her usual time with a special message for him. Besides, the naturalist Hudson is our authority for the statement that the glow-worm shines long after it is dead (*v Hampshire Days*, p 78).

From the letter quoted as (9) we learn that Wordsworth did nothing to *The Prelude* between the first week in February 1805, when he heard of the death of his brother John, and the last week in April, when he added 300 lines, and had two more books to write to conclude the poem. It is natural to suppose these 300 to be the last 300 of Book XI, which in the A text has 399 lines. In the six weeks following December 25, 1804, therefore, he must have written about 100 lines of that book and may also have been occupied in revising his previous months' work. At this time, *c g*, he may have substituted the opening lines of Book VIII (Helvellyn Fair) as they stand in A for the opening found in notebook Y. In the first two weeks of May he wrote the last two books, or, rather, completed them, for, as we have seen, drafts of a considerable portion of them were already in existence. It is worth noting that Wordsworth approximated more closely to the 9,000 lines mentioned in the letter to Beaumont (9) than has been supposed. For the A text contains 8,584 lines, as against 7,883 of the printed version, and if the extra passage found in Y (Book VIII) be included, the total amounts to 8,824.

<sup>1</sup> This is corroborated by D W.'s letter to Mrs Clarkson, dated Oct 13 'W is quite well and goes on with his work again, but he has had a long interruption from summer company, Mary's confinement, *etc*, *etc*.'

§ 5 ' *The Prelude* ' a posthumous work, but much  
revised throughout the poet's life

Some time before *The Prelude* was finished Wordsworth had given up all ideas of immediate publication. His high hopes in the poetic future that lay before him, and the spiritual history on which those hopes were founded, might indeed be confided to the friend who was his second self, but could not, without arrogance, be proclaimed to the world before he had given some solid earnest of their fulfilment. 'This poem', he wrote to De Quincey (March 6, 1804), 'will not be published these many years, and never during my lifetime, till I have finished a larger and more important work to which it is tributary' <sup>1</sup> Moreover, he was himself dissatisfied with it. 'When I looked back upon it', he wrote only a fortnight after its completion, 'it seemed to have a dead weight about it—the reality so far short of the expectation. It was the first long labour that I had finished, and the doubt whether I should ever live to write *The Recluse* and the sense which I had of this poem being so far below what I had seemed capable of executing depressed me much' <sup>2</sup> Nearly ten years later, as a first instalment of *The Recluse*, he published *The Excursion*, and there can be no doubt that his depression sank deeper, even as it was more fully justified. *The Prelude* had at least won the enthusiastic praise of Coleridge, but Coleridge made it quite clear that he was disappointed with *The Excursion*, and as Wordsworth read his friend's cool and measured commendation of this later work, and recalled the glowing tribute accorded to the earlier

an Orphic song indeed,

To its own music chanted' <sup>1</sup>

he had little heart to continue his great task. How soon the scheme of *The Recluse* was definitely abandoned we do not know, <sup>3</sup> but its abandonment would only strengthen his



resolve that *The Prelude* should remain in manuscript till after his death

But *The Prelude* was not laid aside and forgotten. Though he thought it inferior to what it might have been, he was fully conscious of its worth. The vital intimacy of its theme, which, doubtless, had made him peculiarly sensitive to its shortcomings, made him all the more anxious to perfect it. His resolve that the poem was to appear posthumously did not lessen his interest, for he knew that the destiny of all his writings lay with posterity, not with his immediate public, it only gave him a larger leisure in which to review it. For thirty-five years he continually went back to *The Prelude*, retouching and revising. The poem which appeared in 1850 differed in many respects from that which he read to Coleridge in 1806. From the MSS, now for the first time examined in detail, we are able to note the nature and the extent of the alterations introduced into the text, and a fresh light is thrown, not only upon the changes which came over the poet's mind, but also upon his principles and methods as an artist.

Even if Wordsworth had published *The Prelude* on its completion in 1805, it would not have appeared exactly as it is found in the A text, for no poet ever revised his work for press more meticulously than he. Writing in 1816 of some minor pieces which he had just composed he calls them 'effusions rather than compositions, though in justice to myself I must say that upon the correction of the style I have bestowed, as I always do, great labour'.<sup>1</sup> 'The composition of verse',<sup>2</sup> he wrote later, 'is infinitely more an art than men are prepared to believe, and absolute success in it depends on innumerable *minutiae*'. Milton speaks of pouring "easy his unpremeditated verse". It would be harsh, untrue, and odious to say there is anything like cant in this, but it is not *true* to the letter, and tends to mislead'. He might have added that his own description of poetry as 'the spontaneous overflow of

powerful feelings ' was liable to the same misconstruction For experience had taught him that this 'spontaneous overflow' was no more than the raw material of art It was easy enough to give those feelings a loose impressionistic language adequate to record them for himself But such language was not poetry it had not really expressed them, and could not transmit them to others The poet, Wordsworth knew well, was a craftsman, who must toil with unremitting patience at every detail of his work, till it has gained a clearer outline, a fuller substance not otherwise could it acquire that organic power which is the sure touchstone of art

The vital spirit of a perfect form <sup>1</sup>

The labour that Wordsworth bestowed on revision was at least equal to that of first composition, and was pursued when less scrupulous artists would have been well content to leave their work untouched To Coleridge in 1798 *The Ruined Cottage* was 'superior to anything in our language which any

<sup>1</sup> Cf the following fragment of verse, found in an (unpunctuated) autograph manuscript belonging to 1798-1800, which shows how fully Wordsworth understood a principle underlying all great art

nor had my voice  
 Been silent oftentimes, had I burst forth  
 In verse which, with a strong and random light  
 Touching an object in its prominent parts,  
 Created a memorial which to me  
 Was all sufficient, and, to my own mind  
 Recalling the whole picture, seemed to speak  
 An universal language Scattering thus  
 In passion many a desultory sound,  
 I deemed that I had adequately clothed  
 Meanings at which I hardly hinted, thought  
 And forms of which I scarcely had produced  
 A monument and arbitrary sign

[*There is a lacuna in the MS here the argument clearly requires some such words as* When I reviewed this random and desultory verse I saw its worthlessness, and came to realize that an artist reveals his true power only]

In that considerate and laborious work  
 That patience which, admitting no neglect  
 By slow creation, doth impart(s) to speech  
 Outline and substance even, till it has given  
 A function kindred to organic power,  
 The vital spirit of a perfect form

So, in a letter to Beaumont (July 24, 1804, *Letters*, i 167), he praises Reynolds for his 'deep conviction of the necessity of unwearied labour and diligence, and the reverence for the great men of his art' Wordsworth's own reverence for the great masters, and his strenuous efforts to gain perfection of form, are seldom sufficiently realized. Cf also VI 600-5

way resembles it', yet three years later Wordsworth is found wearing himself out in trying to make it better. The slightness of the difference between many passages found in the rough notebooks, where they were jotted down in the hurry of immediate inspiration, and the form they have assumed in the A text, affords ample proof that Wordsworth was postponing correction rather than that he was satisfied with his work as it stood. It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that had he prepared it for press in 1805 he would have introduced into the text many of those changes which made their first appearance at a much later date<sup>1</sup>

§ 6 *Comparison of the texts in point of style*  
—later improvements

No one would doubt that the 1850 version is a better composition than the A text. Weak phrases are strengthened, and its whole texture is more closely knit. The A text leaves often the impression of a man writing rapidly, thinking aloud or talking to his friend without waiting to shape his thought into the most concise and telling form, satisfied for the moment if he can put it into metre by inverting the prose order of the words. It is not difficult to point in A to halting lines, and to tame or diffuse expressions, which called for drastic treatment. Thus tricks of speech, such as 'I mean', 'we might say', 'for instance', 'with regret sincere I mention this', and the like, tend later to disappear. The awkward circumlocution

Yet do not deem, my Friend, though thus I speak  
Of Man as having taken in my mind  
A place thus early which might almost seem  
Pre-eminent, that it was really so, (VIII. 471-4.)

is shortened to

Yet deem not, Friend! that human kind with me  
Thus early took a place pre eminent,

And in the same way the verbose

Officers  
That to a regiment appartained which then  
Was station'd in the City (IX 126-8.)

is later, with no loss to the sense, cut down to

Officers, Then stationed in the city.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the statement made by D. W. on November 29, 1805, quoted on p. xvi

The 1850 version, while bracing the limp style of the earlier text, often gives form and outline to a thought before but vaguely suggested. The feeble statement

Where good and evil never have that name,  
That which they ought to have, but wrong prevails,  
And vice at home (IX 358-60)

is strengthened to

Where good and evil interchange their names,  
And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is paired  
With vice at home

Here he has carried to a further stage the idea which was at the back of his mind in 1805, but which never reached expression. Such changes as these exemplify no difference in theory of style, but simply the difference between good and bad writing. The desire for an exacter and more vivid picture leads him more than twenty times in the poem to substitute, for the auxiliary 'to be', a verb with more definite meaning. No better example of this could be given than the description of the morning of his poetic dedication. In the first version it runs

Magnificent

The morning was, in memorable pomp,  
More glorious than I ever had beheld  
The Sea was laughing at a distance, all  
The solid Mountains were as bright as clouds (IV. 330-4)

Many a poet would have rested satisfied with those lines as they stood, but no one can miss the gain in strength and vividness effected by the simple changes

Magnificent

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,  
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front  
The sea lay laughing at a distance, near,  
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A well known example of the same change is found in the sonnet 'It is a beauteous evening' etc (1802), where the line 'The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea' originally read 'is on' for 'broods o'er'. Wordsworth seems at this time to have had an almost mystical feeling for the verb 'to be'. Cf a remark he makes on an early reading in *Resolution and Independence* 'What is brought forward? A lonely place, "a pond by which the old man was, far from all house or home," not stood, nor sat, but was—the figure presented in the most naked simplicity possible'. But here as elsewhere 'naked simplicity' is resigned for the sake of vividness.

In the same way he gets rid of other auxiliaries which tend to weaken his sentence of this the change from 'did soon become a patriot' to 'erelong became a patriot' is a typical example. Moreover, on re-reading his work, he detected many a jingle or inharmonious phrase, and for the sake of euphony altered 'betwixt' to 'between', 'itself' to 'herself', and 'which' to 'that', wherever it could be done without confusion to the sense. He noticed, too, an unfortunate predilection for the words 'sweet' and 'beauteous', and banished them from many lines in favour of a more exact appropriate epithet<sup>1</sup>. The cumulative effect of such changes, each one perhaps trifling in itself, cannot easily be over-estimated.

Wordsworth retained his critical acumen far longer than his creative energy, and some of his best corrections, in *The Prelude* as in other poems, are among the last. And to the end he was capable of writing a superb line. Those who accept with too much literalness the obvious truth that what is great in Wordsworth belongs to a single decade (1798-1807), will do well to note that two lines on the statue of Newton

The marble index of a mind for ever

Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone, [III 62-3]

were written when he was over sixty years of age, and that only about the same time a fine description of autumn in the Lake Country reached its climax in the lovely phrase

Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern [VI 11.]

To study the development of this and other passages<sup>2</sup> from their first conception is a lesson in the craftsmanship of letters.

*The Prelude*, as Wordsworth left it, had reached a high level of workmanship,—so high indeed, that the few remaining banalities, such as 'My drift, I fear, is scarcely obvious', or 'Alas, I fear that I am trifling', stand out conspicuous, making us wonder how they escaped his vigilance. Little survived that was slovenly or careless. Flats, of course, there are, such flats as are inevitable to so comprehensive a design as 'his', for some of the elements that went to make up the

<sup>1</sup> Hutchinson notes that in 1827 the word 'sweet' was removed from ten places in the poems, in 1836 from ten, in 1840 from one, in 1845 from three, = 24 in all.

<sup>2</sup> Note, e.g., the development through succeeding texts of VI. 63-4:  
And yet the morning gladness is now gone  
Which then was in my mind.

poet's mind were refractory to poetic handling. His lines drag their slow length along whilst he labours to express in exact intellectual terms a philosophic position which, when all is said, is more truly a faith than a philosophy. And there was a matter-of-fact side to his nature which no truthful autobiography could gloss over, and which would only be falsified by the coloured draperies of fancy. But alike from what is too abstract for poetry and from what is too commonplace, he can rise without effort to his noblest flights of song, and not seldom his most pregnant reflections spring from what seemed barren soil. Viewed as a whole the style is adequate to its theme. It has often been falsely judged. Wordsworth has been ridiculed for failing to attain to the great manner when he was not attempting it, but was playing upon his youthful foibles that gentle mockery which naturally takes a mock-heroic form.<sup>1</sup> more often he has been attacked as prosaic when his simple matter called for the plainest speech. His first aim, as it was his great achievement, was sincerity, and the sole stylistic error of his later revision lies in a too generous concession to the vulgar taste for poetical ornament.

§ 7 *Comparison of texts in point of style—  
later deterioration*

Not all the changes of manner introduced into the final text are for the better. In the years when his inspiration was flagging, Wordsworth tended to fall back on that same abstract and artificial language from which his own theories, and his own best practice, had been a reaction. His true disciple, who has learnt from him to recognize the unmistakable ring of sincerity in style, will be the first to detect the false note in his master's work, the last to be cajoled into the delusion that prose can be turned into poetry by the use of unnatural diction or elaborate periphrasis. Nothing is gained poetically by changing the word 'friend' into 'the partner of those varied walks', nor 'human creature, be he who he may', to 'human creature howsoever endowed'. 'Thought and quietness' is a more truly Wordsworthian phrase than 'meditative peace'.<sup>2</sup> I find it hard to understand or to

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Book III 15-54, and notes

<sup>2</sup> And also more suited to the context, a description of his state of feeling as a youth of eighteen.

forgive the transformation of 'the woman, and her garments vex'd and toss'd' (XI 315) into a 'female' The account of how, when he was 'dead to deeper hope', he could yet rejoice in the life that is in nature

Plants, insects, beasts in field, and birds in bower, (XI 28)  
makes less impression upon us when the birds are pompously described as

boldly seeking pleasures nearer heaven  
On wings that navigate cerulean skies

Such lines would have adorned *The Seasons* *The Prelude* can spare them In the last version of the poem there is a fine but somewhat mannered description of how, with his sister, he lay upon the battlements of Brougham Castle,

Catching from tufts of grass and hare bell flowers  
Their faintest whisper from the passing breeze,  
Given out while mid day heat oppressed the plains,

but the voice of the authentic Wordsworth is more distinctly heard in the delicate simplicity of the rejected lines

Lay listening to the wild flowers and the grass,  
As they gave out their whispers to the wind (VI 231-2)

In the A text his encounter with the discharged soldier has this preface

A favourite pleasure hath it been with me,  
From time of earliest youth, to walk alone  
Along the public Way, when, for the night  
Deserted, in its silence it assumes  
A character of deeper quietness  
Than pathless solitudes (IV 363-8.)

The sentence opens lamely enough, though by the third line it has recovered, but as it stands, it is more in key with the bare impressive narrative that is to follow than is the grandiloquent exordium of the later version

When from our better selves we have too long  
Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,  
Sick of its business, of its pleasure tired,<sup>1</sup>  
'How gracious, how benign is Solitude'

and so on, succeeded by far-sought similes of the watchman and the hermit—sixteen lines in all, of good but inappropriate

<sup>1</sup> This line is, indeed, admirable in the antithetical style of the eighteenth century.

writing, in the place of five and a half which needed but slight emendation to make them wholly adequate<sup>1</sup> This anxiety to write up his poem, and give it a more definitely literary flavour, creates in places the impression of pompous phrase-making, which is farther removed than overbald simplicity from the true Wordsworthian spirit

### § 8 *Changes in the text due to change of audience*

Other changes in the text, though in part matters of style, are more properly regarded as due to a change in the audience for whom the poem was destined The A text was not merely dedicated to Coleridge, it was *addressed* to him, as to one

Who in my thoughts art ever at my side ,

its whole atmosphere is suggested by the parenthesis inserted in the tale of his sufferings during the Reign of Terror

(I speak bare truth

As if to thee alone in private talk ,)

it has the tone of intimate conversation, or of a personal letter written without reserve, in the confidence that no detail will be accounted too trivial among friends 'who love as we do', that no confession about himself will be misconstrued as vain or empty egoism<sup>2</sup> *The Prelude* never lost this intimate character, but it was inevitable that when the poet reviewed it with an eye to publication, he should desire to tone down or to omit matter which, to a wider and less sympathetic audience, might seem irrelevant or superfluous Thus the pronoun 'I', common in the A text, often gives way to a passive construction In the A text we find a reference to his slender means in London, so that theatre-going, though a 'dear delight', was but a rare luxury with him, we have an explicit statement of his reasons both for going to France and for returning to England, we are told the name of the companion that he lost on the Penrith moor, and we learn that the lake on which he had his momentous adventure in the

<sup>1</sup> This change in the text is all the more regrettable as it led to the omission of ll 375-95, a passage of great beauty and penetrating psychology.

<sup>2</sup> Cf also VI 269-71 Throughout this narrative

*Else sooner ended*, I have known full well

For whom I thus record *etc* (The italics are mine )



stolen boat was not Esthwaite, as has so often been surmised, but Ullswater, for he was staying at the time at Patterdale, on his way home for the holidays. Throughout the later versions he tends to eliminate place-names. An early reviewer of *The Prelude* remarked, with some naïveté, that finding the place-names of his district unsuited for verse the poet was obliged 'to make up for this by descriptive circumlocution', but if Wordsworth could begin a sonnet with the name of Jones, he would hardly boggle at Cockermouth, or Patterdale, or Hawkshead, names endeared to him by rich associations. Of a still deeper interest are those early readings which shed light upon his character. To Coleridge he can write lines protesting his innocence of the passions of envy and dissolute pleasure (III 532-6), and allude more than once to that strain of constitutional melancholy (VI 192, X 869-70) which often destroyed his peace of mind, but while we appreciate the motives that led him to suppress these confidences, we may yet be glad to recover them. Poetically, indeed, much of this detail is nugatory, and some of it, as Wordsworth himself was inclined to think, 'beneath the dignity of verse'. But we value it in no spirit of mere vulgar curiosity. *The Prelude* is a great poem, but it is also the frank autobiography of a great man. It cannot be judged solely by poetic canons, any more than a letter can be judged by the same criteria as an essay. Like a letter, it owes its peculiar charm to intimate revelation of the writer. Over many of his readers Wordsworth exerts a truly personal spell. To them he is not a poet only, but a friend, and among our friends the most trivial admissions are often welcomed because, in their very triviality, they seem to bring us nearer to the object of our love.

### § 9 *The ideal text of 'The Prelude'.*

The ideal text of *The Prelude*, which the lover of Wordsworth may construct for himself from the material here presented to him, would follow no single manuscript. It would retain from the earliest version such familiar details as have any autobiographical significance. Of purely stylistic changes from that text, it would accept those only which Wordsworth might have made (and some he would certainly

have made), had he prepared the poem for the press in his greatest period, changes designed to remove crudities of expression, and to develop or clarify his original meaning but it would reject those later excrescences of a manner less pure, at times even meretricious, which are out of key with the spirit in which the poem was first conceived and executed. Most firmly would it reject all modifications of his original thought and attitude to his theme.

### § 10 *Changes of idea* (a) *Life at Cambridge*

To the student of the poet's mind the first version of *The Prelude* is chiefly valuable because it presents us with the history of his spiritual growth as he saw it when his powers were still at their height, and when he was writing those poems on which his greatness rests most securely. No man is the same at seventy years of age as he was at thirty-five, and Wordsworth, perhaps, changed more than most of us. For though, like others, he descended into the vale of years, he descended from far more glorious heights. The Wordsworth who, when the conversation turned upon Orleans, could say to his wife 'I wonder how I came to stay there so long, and at a period so exciting', was either a very different man from his younger self, or he had a keener sense of humour than is usually allowed him. When he wrote *The Prelude* he was gifted with a penetrative imagination that none of our poets save Shakespeare, can surpass, but even then the gift came to him fitfully.

I see by glimpses now, as age comes on  
May scarcely see at all

The pathetic prophecy was fulfilled, as age came on, his sight was dimmed, and not only did he see less, but he tended to lose complete confidence in his earlier vision. He still towered above his fellows. As late as 1841 he could impress John Stuart Mill with the 'extensive range of his thoughts and the expansiveness of his feelings'. But compared with what he had once been he was narrow, and he was timid, and many of the later changes in the text of *The Prelude* are criticisms directed by a man of seventy winters against his own past.

It is not to be expected that he would find much to alter in his reminiscences of childhood nor had he written anything of Cambridge that would seriously disquiet his more prudent age. He knew the darker side to the picture, for he told De Quincey that 'the manners of the young men were very frantic and dissolute at that time', but to this he barely alludes in *The Prelude*. For there 'his tale was of himself', and the 'baser pleasures of the place' were 'by him unshared, and only now and then observed'. There could hardly be stronger testimony to the soundness of his early education and the strength of his character than that he could pass unscathed through the Cambridge of his day.

For me, I grieve not, happy is the man,  
Who only misses what I miss'd, who falls  
No lower than I fell

The University had, in fact, little of academic worth to offer him, but the very apathy of those in authority, and the barren curriculum which they prescribed, had justified him in indulging his incorrigible passion for liberty. He had re-echoed in his heart the comment passed on Cambridge by his latest poetic predecessor—'If these are the profits of the place, give me the amusements of it', but looking back from a maturer manhood, he saw little in this to regret. If his reading had been desultory, it had been far wider than is generally supposed. At Cambridge, too, he had learnt one of the supporting truths of his life, 'the spiritual presences of absent things'. Moreover he never ceased to recognize that he 'was not for that hour, or for that place'. But when he revised the book he made some slight concessions to the susceptibilities of his Alma Mater. He retained his attack on compulsory College chapel, but compensated for it by inserting here and there a few phrases which give the book a more religious flavour. He now defends his own idleness with less defiance, and exonerates his University from some of her responsibility for it. The later omission of lines, such as

Why should I grieve? I was a chosen son .  
I was a Freeman, in the purest sense  
Was free, and to majestic ends was strong,

and the inclusion of others—

Yet why take refuge in that plea? the fault  
This, I repeat, was mine, mine be the blame.

sufficiently indicate a change of tone, befitting one who had sons of undergraduate age, and whose brother was Master of Trinity

§ 11 *Changes of idea* (b) *Attitude to the  
French Revolution*

From the first he was uncertain how he should deal with those fateful years that followed his departure from Cambridge. His original intention was to leave them out of *The Prelude* altogether, and reserve all reflections upon the French Revolution for more dispassionate and impersonal treatment in *The Recluse*, and when he saw that to follow this course would leave the history of his mind's growth incomplete, he seems to have hesitated as to the amount of detail he should introduce. After recounting his return to England, the narrative, up to this point clear and consecutive, becomes involved and wavering, he goes backwards and forwards, so that the progress of events is not easy to trace. The order in which Books VII and IX were written suggests, at least, that at one time the book devoted to London was to follow and not precede the account of his residence in France, had it done so it must have included not merely the first impressions of an eager, bewildered stranger 'in the vast metropolis', but some details of those exciting months when, with his revolutionary ardour at its height, he was associating with the English radical leaders, and also of that later time when, in the bitter mood of disenchantment, he clung to such straws of hope as he could clutch from the abstract principles of Godwin. There is no part of his life of which we know so little as that which intervened between his departure from France and his settlement at Racedown, there is none of which we would fain know more. His references to it in later years were often vague and misleading, but even when he wrote *The Prelude* he felt no inclination to say more of it than was barely necessary to explain his recovery and release from it.

Critics who approach Wordsworth with a strong revolutionary bias have sometimes expected that the first version of *The Prelude* would reveal a poet far more after their own heart than they have found in the version of 1850. They forget that in the year 1804 he was already heart and soul with his own

country in her struggle with Napoleon, convinced that the cause of true liberty depended on her ultimate triumph. Then, as later, in speaking of his Revolutionary ardour, 'juvenile errors' were his theme (X 54). The words with which in 1821 he met the charge of apostasy express a conviction that he held as firmly when he wrote *The Prelude* 'You have been deluded by places and persons, while I have stuck to principles. I abandoned France and her rulers when they abandoned Liberty, gave themselves up to tyranny, and endeavoured to enslave the world'. In point of fact his renunciation of France preceded the full blossoming of his poetic genius. All later political changes came gradually, insensibly to himself. He never regretted his enthusiasm for the Revolution in its early days of promise, and retained to the last that democratic idealism, inherent in his nature, which had first attracted him to it. Nor was he ever in theory the solid Tory that he became in practice. There was always, he said, something of the Chartist in him. But with the passage of years, as he himself admitted, he lost courage, and his revision of *The Prelude* shows clear signs of his growing conservatism.

Book IX, which relates his conversion, under the inspired guidance of Beaupuy, to the cause of France, he could leave almost untouched.<sup>1</sup> He revised more drastically those books which recorded a sympathy with the Revolution that seemed less justifiable. As time passed, he grew more severe upon France, more indulgent to English foreign policy, more apologetic for himself. *The Prelude* records how the September massacres, though they appalled him, did not damp his ardour, for he was buoyed up by the faith that one great man might still save France from the Jacobins and restore her to her ideals. 'Enflamed with hope', the phrase with which he describes this faith in 1804, gives probably a truer impression of his emotion at the time than the more sober 'Cheered with this hope' which later he substituted for it. Moreover, in 1804 he could still endorse it in the pregnant words

Creed which ten shameful years have not annulled

The removal of this line from his text not only points to a loss of faith, it removes the implication that his own country bore

<sup>1</sup> His omission of *Vaudracour and Julia* from Book IX is discussed in the notes at the end of the volume (v. p. 573).

her part in the shame which those years brought forth. The originally bare account of his reluctant return homewards was elaborated into a passionately patriotic tribute to Albion's sacred shores, which was hardly his sentiment at the time of which it was written. To the motives which he had given for the French declaration of a republic (September 1792) he now added others that were less worthy, and were quite foreign to his thoughts either then or in 1804, and though he admitted in later years to his sturdy radical friend, James Losh, that he had 'disapproved of the war against France at its commencement, thinking, which was, perhaps, an error, that it might have been avoided' (note the 'perhaps', he is not sure of it even in 1821), he could not leave unmitigated the terms in which, in the A text, he had denounced it. In 1804 he had attributed it to 'the unhappy counsel of a few weak men', and laid greater stress on the extent of English sympathy with the Revolutionary cause, whilst his condemnation of the government for their persecution of the English radicals, severe, indeed, in the final text, was before at once more passionate and more contemptuous.

Our Shepherds (this say merely) at that time  
Thurst to make the guardian Crook of Law  
A tool of Murder, they who ruled the State,  
Though with such awful proof before their eyes  
That he who would sow death, reaps death, or worse,  
And can reap nothing better, child like long'd  
To imitate, not wise enough to avoid,  
Giants in their impiety alone,  
But, in their weapons and their warfare base  
As vermin working out of reach, they leagu'd  
Their strength perfidiously, to undermine  
Justice, and make an end of Liberty (X 646-57)

This is strong language to use against an English cabinet, and we cannot be surprised that it was modified upon revision.

But more significant, perhaps, is the introduction into Book VII, some time after 1820, of an enthusiastic tribute to Burke. There is no trace of this eulogy in the original text. Burke's oratory would, doubtless, have stirred the poet on his visits to London in either 1791 or 1793, but it would have stirred him to very different emotions from those which inspired the added lines. It is possible that even in 1804 he

might have written them, but then insertion in the account of his early impressions of London, when he had lately returned from a holiday across a Europe which

was thrilled with joy,  
France standing on the top of golden hours,  
And human nature seeming born again,

creates a misleading impression as to the state of his mind in that period of which the book professes to be the record

### § 12 *Changes of idea* (c) *Philosophy of life and religion*

But most to be regretted are those alterations in the text which have obscured the statement of that religious faith which is reflected in all the poet's greatest work. When Wordsworth wrote *The Prelude* he had in nothing swerved from the faith that inspired the *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*. This faith need only be referred to here in the barest outline. Starting from a fervid belief in the inherent goodness of human nature, Wordsworth attributes the growth of the whole moral and intellectual being,—from infancy through the stages of childhood and adolescence, to maturity,—to impressions made upon the senses, bound together, reacting on one another, and ever growing in fullness and intensity by means of the law of association. The philosophical parentage of this conception is unmistakable, it is the direct offspring of the sensationalism of the eighteenth century, and in particular of David Hartley,

he of mortal kind  
Wiseest, he first who marked the ideal tribes  
Up the fine fibres of the sentient brain,<sup>1</sup>

but it is Hartley transcendentalized by Coleridge, and at once modified and exalted by Wordsworth's own mystical experience. For to him there was always this great paradox, that though it is simply by the proper exercise of eye and ear that

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge, *Religious Musings*. Wordsworth's debt to the philosophy of the eighteenth century has been exhaustively worked out by Professor Beatty in *W. W. His Doctrine and Art*.

man reaches his full moral and intellectual stature, so that he can recognize

In Nature and the language of the sense  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being,

yet revelation flashes upon him when 'the light of sense goes out', and 'laid asleep in body', he becomes deeply conscious of the presence of God within him. In the highest mood of ecstasy this consciousness of complete oneness with God is so overwhelming, that his other attributes as man seem to fall from him, and he knows only that

one interior life  
In which all beings live with God, themselves  
Are God, existing in the mighty whole,  
As indistinguishable as the cloudless east  
Is from the cloudless west, when all  
The hemisphere is one cerulean blue<sup>1</sup>

How far this intense mystical experience is compatible with Christianity let theologians determine. Coleridge, whether, like a bee that draws its food from many different flowers, he took his nourishment from the Neo-Platonists, or Hartley, or Spinoza, or, as later, from the German metaphysicians, always contrived to give his honey some Christian flavour, and Wordsworth himself strayed no further from orthodoxy than Coleridge had done in *Religious Musings* and *The Eolian Harp*. When Coleridge described his friend as a semi-atheist he was not objecting to his positive faith, but rather reflecting on what he regarded as its incompleteness. Certainly at this time Wordsworth's faith was in no way tinged with dogmatic Christianity. It is doubtful whether ever, except in those dark years of scepticism when he had wholly lost his bearings, he would have regarded himself as an opponent to Christianity, but Christianity had no special message for him. With Coleridge's attempt to fuse philosophy and religion he was wholly unconcerned. His philosophy, as far as he was a philosopher, *was* his religion, he never examined its logical implications, and any analysis that seemed to disturb its integrity he would have set down to 'that false secondary power by which we multiply distinctions', appealing against

<sup>1</sup> From a fragment found in a MS notebook containing *Peter Bell* (v. notes, p. 512)



it to the tribunal of his own deepest experience His faith was a passionate intuition of God present in the Universe and in the mind of man, his philosophy no more than the struggle of his reason to account for it And to the end of his life this intuition remained the living centre of his creed, something

Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy.

He always resented that cruder orthodoxy 'which considers the Supreme Being as bearing the same relation to the Universe as a watchmaker bears to a watch' The Temple in which he worshipped most devoutly was still one not made with hands, the Bible in which he read the deepest lessons was still 'the Bible of the Universe, as it speaks to the ear of the intelligent, and as it lies open to the eyes of the humble-minded' But later the vision grew dim, and though at times it was 'by miracle restored', it was no longer sufficient to meet his needs Gradually, therefore, he turned more consciously to the Christian faith This change was the almost inevitable outcome of his experience of life The Wordsworth of 1798-1804 was the exultant champion of 'man's unconquerable mind'. 'dignity', 'majesty', 'sovereignty' are words again and again applied to the human mind in the early *Prelude*, and again and again qualified in the later texts Inspired by a passionate sense of the spiritual greatness of man, he forgot man's natural weakness But the inevitable yoke brought by the years taught him the need of humility We may resent the intrusion into a passage which in magnificent verse eulogizes man as 'of all visible natures crown' (VIII 630-9) of what seems the unnecessary reminder that he is 'born of dust and kindred to the worm'<sup>1</sup> But the inserted phrase tells something that was essential to Wordsworth's later thought. Christian meekness had come to have a real meaning for him,

<sup>1</sup> Cf also the lines

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows  
Like harmony in music (I 351 [340].)

which were first written (with no reference to our dusty origin)

The mind of man is framed even like the Breath  
Of harmony in music

Here, unquestionably, the passage has gained by the fine contrast introduced between the body and the spirit of man.

and the more so because, of all the Christian virtues, it was for him the hardest to achieve

Moreover, he felt a deep sense of responsibility as a teacher, and he had good reason to know that he was misunderstood. Both *Lines composed above Tintern Abbey* and the *Ode Intimations of Immortality* had proved a stumbling-block to many. He was accused, even by readers of *The Excursion*, of not distinguishing 'Nature as the work of God and God himself', and he felt it incumbent on him to remove from *The Prelude* all that might be interpreted as giving support to the heresy, and to bring that poem into accord with the later modifications of his faith. He took pains to relate, as far as possible, his naturalistic religion to a definitely Christian dogma. He toned down passages that savoured too much of independence. He inserted lines here and there which might lull asleep the watchful eye of the heresy hunter. Sometimes these are merely what might be called pietistic embroidery, in no way affecting the argument, but creating, by the use of conventional phraseology, a familiar atmosphere of edification. In this spirit he adds a reference to matins and vespers [I 45], includes among possible themes for poetic treatment 'Christian meekness hallowing youthful loves' [I 185], changes the simple phrase 'as were a joy to hear of' into the more elaborate

To which the silver wands of saints in Heaven  
Might point with rapturous joy, [X 485-6]

qualifies a statement that seems to him overbold with the line

So, with devout humility be it said, [X 447]

and adds, as a reason for the respect due for man as man,  
that he is

Here placed to be the inheritor of Heaven [VIII 336]

These are small matters in themselves, but they give a new colour to his work, and are foreign to its original spirit

He is, throughout, careful, by a small change in word or phrase, or the addition of a sentence, to cover up the traces of his early pantheism. Thus

A soul divine which we participate,  
A deathless spirit (V 16-17)

becomes

As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,  
A deathless spirit,

and

God and nature's single sovereignty (IX 237)

becomes

Presences of God's mysterious power  
Made manifest in Nature's sovereignty

Most noticeable is his relapse from that religion of joy which springs from feeling, the reward of 'glad hearts without reproach or blot', to a less spontaneous, a disciplined emotion. The spirit of the early *Prelude* is that of one who, with God and nature communing,

saw one life and felt that it was joy (II 430)

But even to this simple utterance he adds the gloss

Communing in this sort through earth and heaven  
With every form of creature, as it looked  
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance  
Of adoration, with an eye of love

Nothing could be more significant than the change of

I worshipped then among the depths of things  
As my soul bade me  
I felt and nothing else (XI 234-8.)

to

Worshipping then among the depths of things  
As piety ordained  
I felt, observed, and pondered.

(Of 'natural piety', indeed, the original *Prelude* is full of what is ordinarily called piety there is nothing)

In the same way

The feeling of life endless, the great thought  
By which we live, Infinity and God (XIII 183-4)

becomes later

Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought  
Of human Being, Eternity and God

The highest achievement of that Power which he has learnt to reverence in Nature was, in the A text, that it 'lifts the being into magnanimity', i.e. to that greatness of soul which raises us above our petty selves to realize the 'Godhead that is ours, as natural beings in the strength of nature'. In the later version this same power

Trains to meekness and exalts by humble faith

And so, that imaginative rapture, that is 'balanced by a Reason which indeed is reason' (XIII 264-5), is later presented as

balanced by pathetic truth, by trust  
In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay  
Of Providence,

and its lasting inspiration, 'sanctified by reason and by truth' (ib 443-4), is later

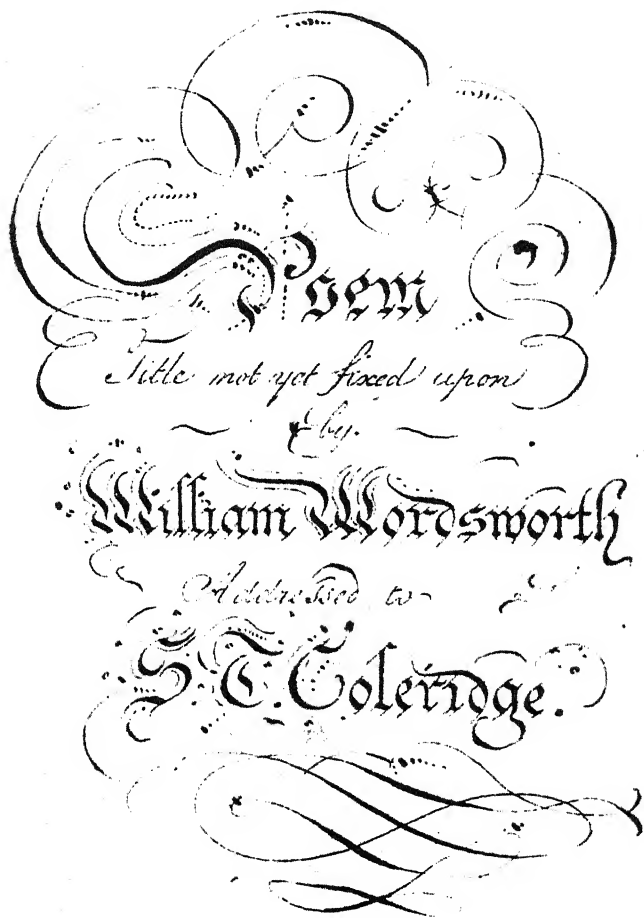
sanctified by reason, blest by faith

By changes such as these, the last Book in particular, which is the philosophical conclusion of the whole matter, leaves a totally different impression from that created by the earlier text. The ideas he has introduced are from the brain that wrote the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, they were entirely alien to his thought and feeling, not only in that youth and early manhood of which *The Prelude* recounts the history, but in that maturer period when it was written, and they have no rightful place in the poem. Whether he ought to have felt them, or wished, when he was reviewing his work, that he had felt them, is another matter. The essential point for us to realize is that their intrusion has falsified our estimate of the authentic Wordsworth, the poet of the years 1798-1805.

The first signs of the change which dictated this revision are seen in the very months during which he was completing the poem—in the *Ode to Duty*, where he renounces his reliance on the genial sense of youth.

not for him a false position. He was sincere, now as ever. But if he was conscious of a change, as it is abundantly clear that he was, he would surely have done better to leave as it stood what he had first written for Coleridge, and, instead of disguising his former faith, to have expounded in a book of *The Recluse*, or elsewhere, the reasons that led him to move from it, and the manner in which it could be reconciled with the tenets of an historic Church. In truth that compromise, which provided so secure a haven for his later years, was worthy of a finer exposition than he was ever able to give it. It may have brought him peace, but it never stirred him to that rapture of which great art is born. When his poetry was commended for the purity of its morals he insisted that he, on the other hand, valued it according to the power of the mind which it presupposed in the writer and excited in the hearer. That work of his which most triumphantly stands this test belongs to the years 1798-1807, and of the vital source and hiding-places of its power the original *Prelude* is the frankest and most direct confession.





# THE PRELUDE,

OR

GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM,

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LONDON

EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET

1850

B



## BOOK FIRST

### INTRODUCTION—CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL TIME

- Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze  
 That blows from the green fields and from the clouds  
 And from the sky it beats against my cheek,  
 And seems half-conscious of the joy it gives
- 5 O welcome Messenger! O welcome Friend!  
 A captive greets thee, coming from a house  
 Of bondage, from yon City's walls set free,  
 A prison where he hath been long immured  
 Now I am free, enfranchis'd and at large
- 10 May fix my habitation where I will  
 What dwelling shall receive me? In what Vale [10]  
 Shall be my harbour? Underneath what grove  
 Shall I take up my home, and what sweet stream  
 Shall with its murmur lull me to my rest?
- 15 The earth is all before me with a heart  
 Joyous, not scar'd at its own liberty, [15]  
 I look about, and should the guide I chuse  
 Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,  
 I cannot miss my way I breathe again,
- 20 Trances of thought and mountings of the mind  
 Come fast upon me it is shaken off, [20]  
 As by miraculous gift 'tis shaken off,  
 That burthen of my own unnatural self,  
 The heavy weight of many a weary day
- 25 Not mine, and such as were not made for me  
 Long months of peace (if such bold word accord  
 With any promises of human life), [25]  
 Long months of ease and undisturb'd delight  
 Are mine in prospect, whither shall I turn
- 30 By road or pathway or through open field,  
 Or shall a twig or any floating thing  
 Upon the river, point me out my course? [30]

[MSS for Bk I M A B C D E for ll 271-663 V for ll 452-89 Letter to Coleridge, Dec-Jan, 1798-9 also, for ll 427-89 *The Friend*]

Book First B Part First A

5 welcome] grateful A<sup>2</sup> 6 coming] issuing A<sup>2</sup> C<sup>2</sup> 9 I am free] do  
 I walk A<sup>2</sup> C<sup>2</sup> 14 murmur B D<sup>2</sup> murmurs A C D 14-49 D stuck over.  
 D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 17 guide I chuse] A<sup>2</sup> C<sup>2</sup> as 1850 18 wandering] vagrant  
 A<sup>2</sup> C<sup>2</sup>, 23 not in M.

## BOOK FIRST

### INTRODUCTION—CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL TIME

O THERE is blessing in this gentle breeze,  
 A visitant that while it fans my cheek  
 Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it brings  
 From the green fields, and from yon azure sky  
 Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze can come 5  
 To none more grateful than to me, ' escaped  
 From the vast city, where I long had pined  
 A discontented sojourner now free,  
 Free as a bird to settle where I will  
 What dwelling shall receive me ' in what vale 10  
 Shall be my harbour ' underneath what grove  
 Shall I take up my home ' and what clear stream  
 Shall with its murmur lull me into rest ?  
 The earth is all before me With a heart  
 Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty, 15  
 I look about, and should the chosen guide  
 Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,  
 I cannot miss my way I breathe again !  
Trances of thought and mountings of the mind  
Come fast upon me it is shaken off, 20  
That burthen of my own unnatural self,  
 The heavy weight of many a weary day  
 Not mine, and such as were not made for me  
 Long months of peace (if such bold word accord  
 With any promises of human life), 25  
 Long months of ease and undisturbed delight  
 Are mine in prospect, whither shall I turn,  
 By road or pathway, or through trackless field,  
 Up hill or down, or shall some floating thing  
 Upon the river point me out my course ? 30

29-32

Whither shall we turn

Ye airy Spirits that attend my steps,  
 Unseen though not inaudible impart  
 Your wish in whispers, whither shall we turn  
 By road ? or pathway ? or through open field ?  
 Yon upland shall we cross, or shall this wild  
 And wandering Rivulet point me out my course ? A<sup>2</sup> *deleted*

- Enough that I am free , for months to come  
 May dedicate myself to chosen tasks ,  
 35 May quit the tiresome sea and dwell on shore,  
 If not a Settler on the soil, at least  
 To drink wild water, and to pluck green herbs,  
 And gather fruits fresh from their native bough  
 Nay more, if I may trust myself, this hour  
 40 Hath brought a gift that consecrates my joy ,  
 For I, methought, while the sweet breath of Heaven  
 Was blowing on my body, felt within  
 A corresponding mild creative breeze, [35]  
 A vital breeze which travell'd gently on  
 45 O'er things which it had made, and is become  
 A tempest, a redundant energy  
 Vexing its own creation 'Tis a power  
 That does not come unrecogniz'd, a storm,  
 Which, breaking up a long-continued frost [40]  
 50 Brings with it vernal promises, the hope  
 Of active days, of dignity and thought,  
 Of prowess in an honorable field,  
 Pure passions, virtue, knowledge, and delight,  
 The holy life of music and of verse [45]
- 55 Thus far, O Friend ! did I, not used to make  
 A present joy the matter of my Song,  
 Pour out, that day, my soul in measur'd strains  
 Even in the very words which I have here  
 Recorded to the open fields I told [50]  
 60 A prophecy : poetic numbers came  
 Spontaneously, and cloth'd in priestly robe  
 My spirit, thus singled out, as it might seem,  
 For holy services great hopes were mine ;  
 My own voice cheer'd me, and, far more, the mind's [55]  
 65 Internal echo of the imperfect sound ,  
 To both I listen'd, drawing from them both  
 A cheerful confidence in things to come.

Whereat, being not unwilling now to give  
 A respite to this passion, I paced on [60]

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33-4 Enough that I am free, embrace the day  
 An uncontroul'd enfranchisement , for months  
 'To come may live a life of chosen tasks M.

33-8 *not in D, reappear in E (with pure waters for wild water), but are  
 deleted.* 38 bough B A<sup>c</sup> C. tree A

Dear Liberty ! Yet what would it avail  
 But for a gift that consecrates the joy ?  
 For I, methought, while the sweet breath of heaven  
 Was blowing on my body, felt within  
A correspondent breeze, that gently moved 35  
With quickening virtue, but is now become  
A tempest, a redundant energy,  
Vexing its own creation Thanks to both,  
And their congenial powers, that, while they join  
In breaking up a long-continued frost, 40  
 Bring with them vernal promises, the hope  
 Of active days urged on by flying hours,—  
 Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought  
 Abstruse, nor wanting punctual service high,  
Matins and vespers of harmonious verse ! 45

Thus far, O Friend ! did I, not used to make  
 A present joy the matter of a song,  
 Pour forth that day my soul in measured strains  
 That would not be forgotten, and are here  
 Recorded to the open fields I told 50  
A prophecy & poetic numbers came  
Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe  
A renovated spirit singled out,  
Such hope was mine, for holy services  
My own voice cheered me, and, far more, the mind's  
Internal echo of the imperfect sound,  
 To both I listened, drawing from them both  
 A cheerful confidence in things to come.

Content and not unwilling now to give  
 A respite to this passion, I paced on 60

33-52 *A has this deleted attempt at redrafting*

33-7 Enough that I am free—relief more glad  
 Feels not the sickly Mariner, allowed  
 To quit the tiresome sea and dwell on shore  
 Where he, long parched beneath a torrid clime,  
 May drink clear water and may etc

44-8 A vital breeze which quickened as it passed  
 Smoothly along the surface of the mind  
 Myriads of buds and blooms and is become  
 A tempest a redundant energy  
 Vexing its own creation 'Tis a power  
 That agitates but injures not—a storm

51-2 Of active days and stirring thought, the love  
 Of cheerful labour in productive fields

- 70 Gently, with careless steps, and came, ere long,  
 To a green shady place where down I sat  
 Beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts by choice,  
 And settling into gentler happiness  
 'Twas Autumn, and a calm and placid day, [65]
- 75 With warmth as much as needed from a sun  
 Two hours declined towards the west, a day  
 With silver clouds, and sunshine on the grass,  
 And, in the shelter'd grove where I was couch'd  
 A perfect stillness On the ground I lay [70]
- 80 Passing through many thoughts, yet mainly such  
 As to myself pertain'd I made a choice  
 Of one sweet Vale whither my steps should turn  
 And saw, methought, the very house and fields  
 Present before my eyes nor did I fail
- 85 To add, meanwhile, assurance of some work  
 Of glory, there forthwith to be begun,  
 Perhaps, too, there perform'd Thus long I lay [80]  
 Cheer'd by the genial pillow of the earth  
 Beneath my head, sooth'd by a sense of touch
- 90 From the warm ground, that balanced me, else lost  
 Entirely, seeing nought, nought hearing, save  
 When here and there, about the grove of Oaks  
 Where was my bed, an acorn from the trees  
 Fell audibly, and with a startling sound [85]
- 95 Thus occupied in mind, I linger'd here  
 Contented, nor rose up until the sun  
 Had almost touch'd the horizon, bidding then  
 A farewell to the City left behind,  
 Even with the chance equipment of that hour
- 100 I journey'd towards the Vale that I had chosen.  
 It was a splendid evening, and my soul  
 Did once again make trial of the strength [90]  
 Restored to her afresh, nor did she want  
 Eolian visitations, but the harp

- 
- 70 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 82 steps] feet A<sup>2</sup>
- \* 83 And saw methought the fields and very house  
 Its porch, its casements, and its curling smoke A<sup>2</sup>
- 91-3 . Entirely, seeing nought else, lost mid the intense  
 And absolute silence, hearing nothing, save  
 When here and there within the grove of Oaks,  
 The lightest of whose ripe and yellow leaves  
 No zephyr stirred, an acorn etc A<sup>2</sup>  
 Of outward things nought seeing, hearing nought

With brisk and eager steps , and came, at length,  
 To a green shady place, where down I sate  
 Beneath a tree, slackening my thoughts by choice,  
 And settling into gentler happiness  
 'Twas autumn, and a clear and placid day, 65  
 With warmth, as much as needed, from a sun  
 Two hours declined towards the west , a day  
 With silver clouds, and sunshine on the grass,  
 And in the sheltered and the sheltering grove  
 A perfect stillness Many were the thoughts 70  
 Encouraged and dismissed, till choice was made  
 Of a known Vale, whither my feet should turn,  
 Nor rest till they had reached the very door  
 Of the one cottage which methought I saw  
 No picture of mere memory ever looked 75  
 So fair , and while upon the fancied scene  
 I gazed with growing love, a higher power  
 Than Fancy gave assurance of some work  
 Of glory there forthwith to be begun,  
 Perhaps too there performed Thus long I mused, 80  
 Nor e'er lost sight of what I mused upon,  
 Save when, amid the stately grove of oaks,  
 Now here, now there, an acorn, from its cup  
Dislodged, through sere leaves rustled, or at once  
To the bare earth dropped with a startling sound 85  
 From that soft couch I rose not, till the sun  
 Had almost touched the horizon , casting then  
 A backward glance upon the curling cloud  
 Of city smoke, by distance ruralised  
 Keen as a Truant or a Fugitive, 90  
 But as a Pilgrim resolute, I took,  
 Even with the chance equipment of that hour,  
 The road that pointed toward the chosen Vale  
 It was a splendid evening, and my soul  
 Once more made trial of her strength, nor lacked 95  
 Æolian visitations , but the harp

Save where, amid the grove, on that side now  
 And now on this, an acorn from its cup D: D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 Dislodged came rustling through sere leaves or dropped  
 At once to earth and with a startling sound D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

93 trees] bough A<sup>2</sup>.

99-100 Even on the strong temptation of that hour  
 And with its chance equipment, I resolved  
 To journey etc B

102 the A C her B 102-3 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- 105 Was soon defrauded, and the banded host  
 Of harmony dispers'd in straggl'g sounds  
 And, lastly, utter silence 'Be it so,  
 It is an injury' said I, 'to this day  
 To think of any thing but present joy' [100]
- 110 So like a Peasant I pursued my road  
 Beneath the evening sun nor had one wish  
 Again to bend the sabbath of that time  
 To a servile yoke What need of many words? [105]  
 A pleasant loitering journey, through two days
- 115 Continued, brought me to my hermitage  
 I spare to speak, my Friend, of what ensued,  
 The admiration and the love, the life  
 In common things, the endless store of things  
 Rare, or at least so seeming, every day [110]
- 120 Found all about me in one neighbourhood,  
 The self-congratulation, the complete  
 Composure, and the happiness entire  
 But speedily a longing in me rose  
 To brace myself to some determin'd aim, [115]
- 125 Reading or thinking, either to lay up  
 New stores, or rescue from decay the old  
 By timely interference, I had hopes  
 Still higher, that with a frame of outward life,  
 I might endue, might fix in a visible home
- 130 Some portion of those phantoms of conceit [120]  
 That had been floating loose about so long,  
 And to such Beings temperately deal forth  
 The many feelings that oppressed my heart.  
 But I have been discouraged, gleams of light
- 135 Flash often from the East, then disappear [125]  
 And mock me with a sky that ripens not  
 Into a steady morning if my mind,  
 Remembering the sweet promise of the past,  
 Would gladly grapple with some noble theme,
- 140 Vain is her wish, where'er she turns she finds [130]  
 Impediments from day to day renew'd  
 And now it would content me to yield up  
 Those lofty hopes awhile for present gifts  
 Of humbler industry But, O dear Friend!

108-35 *A C D* *D*<sup>2</sup> as 1850100 joy *A C D* good *D*<sup>2</sup>114 two *A C D E* *corr in pencil to three E*<sup>2</sup>

126-31 New stores, or animate the old conven'd

Was soon defrauded, and the banded host  
 Of harmony dispersed in straggling sounds,  
 And lastly utter silence ! ' Be it so ,  
 Why think of any thing but present good ? ' 100  
 So, like a home-bound labourer I pursued  
 My way beneath the mellowing sun, that shed  
 Mild influence , nor left in me one wish  
 Again to bend the Sabbath of that time  
 To a servile yoke What need of many words ? 105  
 A pleasant loitering journey, through three days  
 Continued, brought me to my hermitage  
 I spare to tell of what ensued, the life  
 In common things—the endless store of things,  
 Rare, or at least so seeming, every day 110  
 Found all about me in one neighbourhood—  
 The self-congratulation, and, from morn  
 To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene  
 But speedily an earnest longing rose  
 To brace myself to some determined aim, 115  
 Reading or thinking , either to lay up  
 New stores, or rescue from decay the old  
 By timely interference and therewith  
 Came hopes still higher, that with outward life  
 I might endue some airy phantasies 120  
 That had been floating loose about for years,  
 And to such beings temperately deal forth  
 The many feelings that oppressed my heart  
 That hope hath been discouraged , welcome light  
 Dawns from the east, but dawns to disappear 125  
 And mock me with a sky that ripens not  
 Into a steady morning if my mind,  
 Remembering the bold promise of the past,  
 Would gladly grapple with some noble theme,  
 Vain is her wish , where'er she turns she finds 130  
 Impediments from day to day renewed

And now it would content me to yield up  
 Those lofty hopes awhile, for present gifts  
 Of humbler industry But, oh, dear Friend !

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128-9      Unto some common purpose I had hopes  
              Still higher, that I might give a life to shapes  
              And phantoms which I long had marshall'd forth M  
              Still higher that I might with outward life  
              Endue and station in a visible home B



- 145 The Poet, gentle creature as he is, [135]  
 Hath, like the Lover, his unuly times,  
 His fits when he is neither sick nor well,  
 Though no distress be near him but his own  
 Unmanageable thoughts. The mind itself  
 150 The meditative mind best pleased, perhaps, [140]  
 While she, as dutious as the Mother Dove,  
 Sits brooding, lives not always to that end  
 But hath less quiet instincts, goadings on  
 That drive her as in trouble through the groves  
 155 With me is now such passion, which I blame  
 No otherwise than as it lasts too long [145]

- When, as becomes a man who would prepare  
 For such a glorious work, I through myself  
 Make rigorous inquisition, the report  
 160 Is often cheating, for I neither seem  
 To lack, that first great gift! the vital soul, [150]  
 Nor general truths which are themselves a sort  
 Of Elements and Agents, Under-Powers,  
 Subordinate helpers of the living mind  
 165 Nor am I naked in external things,  
 Forms, images, nor numerous other aids [155]  
 Of less regard, though won perhaps with toil,  
 And needful to build up a Poet's praise  
 Time, place, and manners, these I seek, and these  
 170 I find in plenteous store, but nowhere such  
 As may be singled out with steady choice, [160]  
 No little Band of yet remember'd names  
 Whom I, in perfect confidence, might hope  
 To summon back from lonesome banishment  
 175 And make them inmates in the hearts of men  
 Now living, or to live in times to come [165]  
 Sometimes, mistaking vainly, as I fear,  
 Proud spring-tide swellings for a regular sea,  
 I settle on some British theme, some old  
 180 Romantic tale, by Milton left unsung,  
 More often resting at some gentle place [170]  
 Within the groves of Chivalry, I pipe  
 Among the Shepherds, with reposing Knights

149, 153 A C D. D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

170 store] growth M

160 cheating] friendly M.

175 inmates A C D. D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

The Poet gentle creature as he is, 135  
 Hath, like the Lover, his unruly times ,  
 His fits when he is neither sick nor well,  
 Though no distress be near him but his own  
 Unmanageable thoughts his mind, best pleased  
 While she as duteous as the mother dove 140  
 Sits brooding, lives not always to that end,  
 But like the innocent bird, hath goadings on  
 That drive her as in trouble through the groves ,  
 With me is now such passion, to be blamed  
 No otherwise than as it lasts too long 145

When, as becomes a man who would prepare  
 For such an arduous work, I through myself  
 Make rigorous inquisition, the report  
 Is often cheering , for I neither seem  
 To lack that first great gift, the vital soul, 150  
 Nor general Truths, which are themselves a sort  
 Of Elements and Agents, Under-powers,  
 Subordinate helpers of the living mind  
 Nor am I naked of external things,  
 Forms, images, nor numerous other aids 155  
 Of less regard, though won perhaps with toil  
 And needful to build up a Poet's praise  
 Time, place, and manners do I seek, and these  
 Are found in plenteous store, but nowhere such  
 As may be singled out with steady choice , 160  
 No little band of yet remembered names  
 Whom I, in perfect confidence, might hope  
 To summon back from lonesome banishment,  
 And make them dwellers in the hearts of men  
 Now living, or to live in future years 165  
 Sometimes the ambitious Power of choice, mistaking  
 Proud spring-tide swellings for a regular sea,  
 Will settle on some British theme, some old  
Romantic tale by Milton left unsung,  
 More often turning to some gentle place 170  
 Within the groves of Chivalry, I pipe  
 To shepherd swains, or seated harp in hand,  
 Amid reposing knights by a river side

177 Sometimes the Power of choice mistaking vainly D· D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

181 resting at A C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

- Sit by a Fountain-side, and hear their tales  
 185 Sometimes, more sternly mov'd, I would relate  
 How vanquish'd Mithridates northward pass'd,  
 And, hidden in the cloud of years, became  
 That Odin Father of a Race, by whom  
 Perish'd the Roman Empire how the Friends [100]  
 190 And Followers of Sertorius, out of Spain  
 Flying, found shelter in the Fortunate Isles,  
 And left their usages, their arts, and laws,  
 To disappear by a slow gradual death,  
 To dwindle and to perish one by one [195]  
 195 Starved in those narrow bounds but not the Soul  
 Of Liberty, which fifteen hundred years  
 Surviv'd, and, when the European came  
 With skill and power that could not be withstood,  
 Did, like a pestilence, maintain its hold, [200]  
 200 And wasted down by glorious death that Race  
 Of natural Heroes or I would record  
 How in tyrannic times some unknown man,  
 Unheard of in the Chronicles of Kings,  
 Suffer'd in silence for the love of truth, [205]  
 205 How that one Frenchman, through continued force  
 Of meditation on the inhuman deeds  
 Of the first Conquerors of the Indian Isles,  
 Went single in his ministry across  
 The Ocean, not to comfort the Oppress'd, [210]  
 210 But, like a thirsty wind, to roam about,  
 Withering the Oppressor: how Gustavus found

184

and hear their Tales

Of hard adventures brought to happy end

And recompensed by faithful lady's loves B (*added later*)[173-85] D *stuck over*

Among the shepherds, mid reposing knights

Sit by a fountain, then with eager hand

Seizing the harp involve within a song

Of war, or dangerous quest with spear and shield,

Their Christian meekness and their patient zeal

Their firm devotion to the God of Heaven

'Their courteous courage and their loyal loves' D<sup>2</sup>So D<sup>2</sup> E (*but their undaunted truth for to the God of Heaven*).

To shepherd swans or seated harp in hand

By a clear fountain mid reposing knights

Their converse share and hear their sage reports

Of dire *etc.* E<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Or fountain, listen to the grave reports  
 Of dire enchantments faced and overcome 175  
 By the strong mind, and tales of warlike feats,  
 Where spear encountered spear, and sword with sword  
 Fought, as if conscious of the blazonry  
 That the shield bore, so glorious was the strife,  
 Whence inspiration for a song that winds 180  
 Through ever changing scenes of votive quest  
 Wrongs to redress, harmonious tribute paid  
 To patient courage and unblemished truth,  
 To firm devotion, zeal unquenchable,  
 And Christian meekness hallowing faithful loves 185  
 Sometimes, more sternly moved, I would relate  
 How vanquished Mithridates northward passed,  
 And, hidden in the cloud of years, became  
 Odin, the Father of a race by whom  
 Perished the Roman Empire how the friends 190  
 And followers of Sertorius, out of Spain  
 Flying, found shelter in the Fortunate Isles,  
 And left their usages, their arts and laws,  
 To disappear by a slow gradual death,  
 To dwindle and to perish one by one, 195  
 Starved in those narrow bounds but not the soul  
 Of Liberty, which fifteen hundred years  
 Survived, and, when the European came  
 With skill and power that might not be withstood,  
 Did, like a pestilence, maintain its hold 200  
 And wasted down by glorious death that race  
 Of natural heroes or I would record  
 How, in tyrannic times, some high-souled man,  
 Unnamed among the chronicles of kings,  
 Suffered in silence for Truth's sake or tell, 205  
 How that one Frenchman, through continued force  
 Of meditation on the inhuman deeds  
 Of those who conquered first the Indian Isles,  
 Went single in his ministry across  
 The Ocean, not to comfort the oppressed, 210  
 But, like a thirsty wind, to roam about  
 Withering the Oppressor how Gustavus sought

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In [181] E has Through ever varying scenes of perilous quest, and in  
 [183] dauntless for patient E<sup>1</sup> as 1850  
 203-6 A C D · D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 205 Frenchman] Spaniard M.

- Help at his need in Dalecarlia's Mines  
 How Wallace fought for Scotland left the name  
 Of Wallace to be found like a wild flower, [215]  
 215 All over his dear County, left the deeds  
 Of Wallace, like a family of Ghosts,  
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,  
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul  
 Of independence and stern liberty [220]  
 220 Sometimes it suits me better to shape out  
 Some Tale from my own heart, more near akin  
 To my own passions and habitual thoughts,  
 Some variegated story, in the main  
 Lofty, with interchange of gentler things [225]  
 225 But deadening admonitions will succeed  
 And the whole beauteous Fabric seems to lack  
 Foundation, and, withal, appears throughout  
 Shadowy and unsubstantial Then, last wish  
 My last and favourite aspiration ! then  
 230 I yearn towards some philosophic Song  
 Of Truth that cherishes our daily life , [230]  
 With meditations passionate from deep  
 Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse  
 Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre ,  
 235 But from this awful burthen I full soon  
 Take refuge, and beguile myself with trust [235]  
 That mellow years will bring a riper mind  
 And clearer insight Thus from day to day  
 I live, a mockery of the brotherhood  
 240 Of vice and virtue, with no skill to part  
 Vague longing that is bred by want of power  
 From paramount impulse not to be withstood, [240]  
 A timorous capacity from prudence ,  
 From circumspection, infinite delay  
 245 Humility and modest awe themselves  
 Betray me, serving often for a cloak  
 To a more subtle selfishness, that now [245]  
 Doth lock my functions up in blank reserve,  
 Now dupes me by an over-anxious eye  
 250 That with a false activity beats off  
 Simplicity and self-presented truth  
 —Ah ! better far than this, to stray about [250]  
 Voluptuously through fields and rural walks,  
 And ask no record of the hours, given up

Help at his need in Dalecarlia's mines .  
 How Wallace fought for Scotland , left the name  
 Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower, 215  
 All over his dear Country left the deeds  
 Of Wallace, like a family of Ghosts,  
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,  
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul  
 Of independence and stern liberty 220  
 Sometimes it suits me better to invent  
 A tale from my own heart, more near akin  
 To my own passions and habitual thoughts ,  
 Some variegated story, in the main  
 Lofty, but the unsubstantial structure melts 225  
 Before the very sun that brightens it,  
 Mist into air dissolving ! (Then a wish,  
My best and favourite aspiration, mounts  
With yearning toward some philosophic song  
Of Truth that cherishes our daily life , 230  
With meditations passionate from deep.  
 Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse  
 Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre ,  
 But from this awful burthen I full soon  
 Take refuge and beguile myself with trust 235  
 That mellow years will bring a riper mind  
 And clearer insight Thus my days are past  
 In contradiction , with no skill to part  
 Vague longing, haply bred by want of power,  
 From paramount impulse not to be withstood, 240  
 A timorous capacity from prudence,  
 From circumspection, infinite delay  
 Humility and modest awe themselves  
 Betray me, serving often for a cloak  
 To a more subtle selfishness , that now 245  
 Locks every function up in blank reserve,  
 Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye  
 That with intrusive restlessness beats off  
 Simplicity and self-presented truth  
 Ah ! better far than this, to stray about 250  
 Voluptuously through fields and rural walks,  
 And ask no record of the hours, resigned

212, 220 A C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

224-30 A C D . Lofty, but deadening admonitions lurk

Near, and full soon the rising Fabric seems

To lack foundation and appears throughout etc as A, D<sup>s</sup>

D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

241 that is A C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

248-50, 254, 259 A C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850.

- 255 To vacant musing, unprov'd neglect  
Of all things, and deliberate holiday,  
Far better never to have heard the name [255]  
Of zeal and just ambition, than to live  
Thus baffled by a mind that every hour
- 260 Turns recreant to her task, takes heart again,  
Then feels immediately some hollow thought  
Hang like an interdict upon her hopes [260]  
This is my lot, for either still I find  
Some imperfection in the chosen theme,
- 265 Or see of absolute accomplishment  
Much wanting, so much wanting, in myself,  
That I recoil and droop, and seek repose [265]  
In listlessness from vain perplexity,  
Unprofitably travelling towards the grave,
- 270 Like a false steward who hath much received  
And renders nothing back — Was it for this  
That one, the fairest of all Rivers, lov'd [270]  
To blend his murmurs with my Nurse's song,  
And from his alder shades and rocky falls,
- 275 And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice  
That flow'd along my dreams? For this, didst Thou,  
O Derwent! travelling over the green Plains [275]  
Near my 'sweet Birthplace', didst thou, beauteous Stream,  
Make ceaseless music through the night and day
- 280 Which with its steady cadence, tempering  
Our human waywardness, compos'd my thoughts  
To more than infant softness, giving me,  
Among the fretful dwellings of mankind,  
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
- 285 That Nature breathes among the hills and groves [281]  
When, having left his Mountains, to the Towers  
Of Cockermouth that beauteous River came,  
Behind my Father's House he pass'd, close by,  
Along the margin of our Terrace Walk [286]
- 290 He was a Playmate whom we dearly lov'd  
Oh! many a time have I, a five years' Child,  
A naked Boy, in one delightful Rill,  
A little Mill-race sever'd from his stream,

279-81 *ACD* D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

284 foretaste *ACD<sup>a</sup>E* knowledge *VMD* 285 hills] fields *VM*.

286-90 D *stuck over*

When he had scarcely left these Norman towers

That yet survive, a shattered Monument

Of feudal pomp and power, the River passed etc D<sup>a</sup> · D<sup>a</sup> as 1850.

To vacant musing, unreprieved neglect  
 Of all things, and deliberate holiday  
 Far better never to have heard the name 255  
 Of zeal and just ambition, than to live  
 Baffled and plagued by a mind that every hour  
 Turns recreant to her task; takes heart again,  
 Then feels immediately some hollow thought  
 Hang like an interdict upon her hopes 260  
 This is my lot, for either still I find  
 Some imperfection in the chosen theme,  
 Or see of absolute accomplishment  
 Much wanting, so much wanting, in myself,  
 That I recoil and droop, and seek repose 265  
 In listlessness from vain perplexity,  
 Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,  
 Like a false steward who hath much received  
 And renders nothing back

Was it for this

That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved 270  
 To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,  
 And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,  
 And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice  
 That flowed along my dreams? For this, didst thou,  
 O Derwent! winding among grassy holms 275  
 Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,  
 Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts  
 To more than infant softness, giving me  
 Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind  
 A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm 280  
 That Nature breathes among the hills and groves  
 When he had left the mountains and received  
 On his smooth breast the shadow of those towers  
 That yet survive, a shattered monument  
 Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed 285  
 Along the margin of our terrace walk,  
 A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved  
 Oh, many a time have I, a five years' child,  
 In a small mill-race severed from his stream,

286-94 *not in V, which reads*

Beloved Derwent, fairest of all streams,  
 Was it for this that I, a four years child,  
 A naked boy among thy silent pools

289 Chafing his waves against our terrace walk M

2925

C



- Made one long bathing of a summer's day, [290]  
 295 Bask'd in the sun, and plunged, and bask'd again  
 Alternate all a summer's day, or cours'd  
 Over the sandy fields, leaping through groves  
 Of yellow grunsel, or when crag and hill,  
 The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height, [295]  
 300 Were bronz'd with a deep radiance, stood alone  
 Beneath the sky, as if I had been born  
 On Indian Plains, and from my Mother's hut  
 Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport,  
 A naked Savage, in the thunder shower [300]  
 305 Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up  
 Foster'd alike by beauty and by fear,  
 Much favour'd in my birthplace, and no less  
 In that beloved Vale to which, erelong,  
 I was transplanted Well I call to mind [305]  
 310 ('Twas at an early age, ere I had seen  
 Nine summers) when upon the mountain slope  
 The frost and breath of frosty wind had snapp'd  
 The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy  
 To wander half the night among the Cliffs  
 315 And the smooth Hollows, where the woodcocks ran  
 Along the open turf In thought and wish  
 That time, my shoulder all with springes hung, [310]  
 I was a fell destroyer On the heights  
 Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied  
 320 My anxious visitation, hurrying on,  
 Still hurrying, hurrying onward; moon and stars  
 Were shining o'er my head, I was alone, [315]  
 And seem'd to be a trouble to the peace  
 That was among them Sometimes it befel  
 325 In these night-wanderings, that a strong desire  
 O'erpower'd my better reason, and the bird  
 Which was the captive of another's toils [320]  
 Became my prey, and, when the deed was done  
 I heard among the solitary hills  
 330 Low breathings coming after me, and sounds  
 Of undistinguishable motion, steps  
 Almost as silent as the turf they trod [325]

295 and plunged, *etc* ] or plunged into thy stream V

297 leaping through groves] and dashed the flowers V

298 crag R C D · rock D<sup>2</sup> 305-11 Not in V, which reads ·

Nor without kindred self reproach can I

Recall to mind how in a later day

Though early, when upon the mountain slope

Made one long bathing of a summer's day , 290  
 Basked in the sun, and plunged and basked again  
 Alternate, all a summer's day, or scoured  
 The sandy fields, leaping through flowery groves  
 Of yellow ragwort , or when rock and hill,  
 The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height, 295  
 Were bronzed with deepest radiance, stood alone  
 Beneath the sky, as if I had been born  
 On Indian plains, and from my mother's hut  
 Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport  
 A naked savage, in the thunder shower 300

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up—  
 Fostered alike by beauty and by fear—  
 Much favoured in my birth-place, and no less  
 In that beloved Vale to which erelong  
 We were transplanted—there were we let loose 305  
For sports of wider range (Ere I had told  
 Ten birth-days, when among the mountain slopes  
 Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped  
 The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy  
 With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung 310  
To range the open heights where woodcocks run  
Along the smooth green turf Through half the night,  
Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied  
 That anxious visitation,—moon and stars  
 Were shining o'er my head I was alone, 315  
 And seemed to be a trouble to the peace  
 That dwelt among them Sometimes it befel  
 In these night wanderings, that a strong desire  
 O'erpowered my better reason, and the bird  
 Which was the captive of another's toil 320  
 Became my prey, and when the deed was done  
 I heard among the solitary hills  
 Low breathings coming after me, and sounds  
 Of undistinguishable motion, steps  
 Almost as silent as the turf they trod` 325

- 313-16 [309-12] *D stuck over* 'twas my joy  
 When the full moon shone brightly, to go forth  
 With store *etc* as 1850,  
 And range the mountain heights *etc*  
 Along the *etc* as 1850 *D*<sup>3</sup>  
 318-19 On the heights Scudding away] Gentle Powers  
 Who give us happiness and call it peace  
 When scudding on *V (deleted)*

- Nor less in springtime when on southern banks  
 The shining sun had from his knot of leaves  
 335 Decoy'd the primrose flower, and when the Vales  
 And woods were wain, was I a plunderer then  
 In the high places, on the lonesome peaks  
 Where'er among the mountains and the winds,  
 The Mother Bird had built her lodge Though mean  
 340 My object, and inglorious, yet the end  
 Was not ignoble Oh ! when I have hung [330]  
 Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass  
 And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock  
 But ill sustain'd, and almost, as it seem'd,  
 345 Suspended by the blast which blew amain,  
 Shouldering the naked crag, Oh ! at that time, [335]  
 While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,  
 With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind  
 Blow through my ears ! the sky seem'd not a sky  
 350 Of earth, and with what motion mov'd the clouds !  
 The mind of Man is fram'd even like the breath  
 And harmony of music There is a dark [341]  
 Invisible workmanship that reconciles  
 Discordant elements, and makes them move  
 355 In one society Ah me ! that all  
 The terrors, all the early miseries [345]  
 Regrets, vexations, lassitudes, that all  
 The thoughts and feelings which have been infus'd  
 Into my mind, should ever have made up  
 360 The calm existence that is mine when I  
 Am worthy of myself ! Praise to the end ! [350]  
 Thanks likewise for the means ! But I believe  
 That Nature, oftentimes, when she would frame  
 A favor'd Being, from his earliest dawn  
 365 Of infancy doth open up the clouds,  
 As at the touch of lightning, seeking him  
 With gentlest visitation, not the less,  
 Though haply aiming at the self-same end,  
 Does it delight her sometimes to employ

336 Was I a plunderer V<sup>1</sup>, R C D Roved we as plunderers D<sup>2</sup> E For  
 plunderer V has rover

338-40 Where'er end]

Among the mountains and the winds Though mean  
 And though inglorious were my views, the end V (*deleted*)  
 351-72 The mind of man is fashioned and built up  
 Even as a strain of music : I believe  
 That there are Spirits which, when they would form  
 A favored being, from his very dawn

(2) Nor less when spring had warmed the cultured Vale,  
 Moved we as plunderers where the mother bird  
 Had in high places built her lodge, though mean  
 Our object and inglorious yet the end  
 Was not ignoble Oh! when I have hung 330  
 Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass  
 And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock  
 But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)  
 Suspended by the blast that blew amain,  
 Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time 335  
 While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,  
 With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind  
 Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky  
 Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

(Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows 340  
 Like harmony in music, there is a dark  
 Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles  
 Discordant elements, makes them cling together  
 In one society How strange that all  
 The terrors, pains, and early miseries, 345  
 Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused  
 Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,  
 And that a needful part, in making up  
 The calm existence that is mine when I  
 Am worthy of myself! Praise to the end! 350  
 Thanks to the means which Nature deigned to employ,  
 Whether her fearless visitings, or those  
 That came with soft alarm, like hurtless light  
 Opening the peaceful clouds, or she may use

Of infancy do open out the clouds  
 As at the touch of lightning, seeking him  
 With gentle visitations, quiet Powers!  
 Retired and seldom recognized, yet kind  
 And to the very meanest not unknown  
 With me though rarely in my boyish days  
 They communed, others too there are who use  
 Yet haply aiming at the self same end  
 Severer interventions, ministry  
 More palpable, and of their school was I  
 They guided me one evening led by them V

351-4 (elements)] D as 1850, 354-62 D as R, followed by  
 That Nature sometimes when her love would frame  
 A being destined for no common tasks  
 A favoured being from his earliest dawn  
 Of life is prompt to open out the clouds D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.  
 354-60 R C D (but D has life for mind) D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 366-71 D as A, followed by A pupil needing various discipline

370 Severe interventions, ministry [355]  
More palpable, and so she dealt with me

One evening (surely I was led by her)  
I went alone into a Shepherd's Boat,  
A Skiff that to a Willow tree was tied  
375 Within a rocky Cave, its usual home  
'Twas by the shores of Patterdale, a Vale  
Wherein I was a Stranger, thither come  
A School-boy Traveller, at the Holidays  
Forth rambled from the Village Inn alone  
380 No sooner had I sight of this small Skiff,  
Discover'd thus by unexpected chance,  
Than I unloos'd her tether and embark'd [360]  
The moon was up, the Lake was shining clear  
Among the hoary mountains, from the Shore  
385 I push'd, and struck the oars and struck again  
In cadence, and my little Boat mov'd on  
Even like a Man who walks with stately step  
Though bent on speed It was an act of stealth [361]  
And troubled pleasure, not without the voice  
390 Of mountain-echoes did my Boat move on,  
Leaving behind her still on either side  
Small circles glittering idly in the moon, [365]  
Until they melted all into one track  
Of sparkling light A rocky Steep uprose  
395 Above the Cavern of the Willow tree  
And now, as suited one who proudly row'd  
With his best skill, I fix'd a steady view  
Upon the top of that same craggy ridge [370]  
The bound of the horizon, for behind  
400 Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky  
She was an elfin Pinnacle, lustily  
I dipp'd my oars into the silent Lake,  
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my Boat  
Went heaving through the water, like a Swan, [375]  
405 When from behind that craggy Steep, till then  
The bound of the horizon, a huge Cliff,  
As if with voluntary power instinct,  
Uprear'd its head I struck, and struck again, [380]  
And, growing still in stature, the huge Cliff  
410 Rose up between me and the stars, and still,  
With measur'd motion, like a living thing,

Severer interventions, ministry 355  
More palpable, as best might suit her aim

(One summer evening (led by her) I found  
 A little boat tied to a willow tree  
 Within a rocky cave, its usual home  
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in 360  
Pushed from the shore It was an act of stealth  
 And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice  
 Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on,  
 Leaving behind her still, on either side,  
 Small circles glittering idly in the moon, 365  
 Until they melted all into one track  
 Of sparkling light But now, like one who rows,  
 Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point  
 With an unswerving line, I fixed my view  
 Upon the summit of a craggy ridge, 370  
 The horizon's utmost boundary, far above  
 Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky  
 She was an elfin pinnace, lustily  
 I dipped my oars into the silent lake,  
 And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat 375  
 Went heaving through the water like a swan,  
 When, from behind that craggy steep till then  
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,  
As if with voluntary power instinct  
Upreared its head I struck and struck again, 380  
 And growing still in stature the grim shape  
 Towered up between me and the stars, and still,  
 For so it seemed, with purpose of its own  
 And measured motion like a living thing,

372-4, 380-4 D as A D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

376-82 Not in V (text), but 376-7 added to V on separate page, and for 378-82

By chance in travel to my father's house  
 I from the village Inn had wandered forth  
 And finding this small vessel in its cave  
 I had embarked without the owner's leave

394-407 D stuck over D<sup>2</sup>, after correction, as 1850

399 for R C D far E

401 lustily] twenty times V

407-9 not in B

[381] grim D<sup>2</sup> E huge D

Strode after me With trembling hands I turn'd, [385]  
 And through the silent water stole my way  
 Back to the Cavern of the Willow tie  
 415 There, in her mooring place, I left my Bark,  
 And, through the meadows homeward went, with grave  
 And serious thoughts, and after I had seen [390]  
 That spectacle, for many days, my brain  
 Work'd with a dim and undetermin'd sense  
 420 Of unknown modes of being, in my thought,  
 There was a darkness, call it solitude,  
 Or blank desertion, no familiar shapes [395]  
 Of hourly objects, images of trees,  
 Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields,  
 425 But huge and mighty Forms that do not live  
 Like living men mov'd slowly through the mind  
 By day and were the trouble of my dreams [400]

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe !  
 Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought !  
 430 That giv'st to forms and images a breath  
 And everlasting motion ! not in vain  
 By day or star-light thus from my first dawn [405]  
 Of Childhood didst Thou intertwine for me  
 The passions that build up our human Soul,  
 435 Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man,  
 But with high objects, with enduring things,  
 With life and nature, purifying thus [410]  
 The elements of feeling and of thought,  
 And sanctifying, by such discipline,  
 440 Both pain and fear, until we recognize  
 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart

Nor was this fellowship vouchsaf'd to me [415]  
 With stinted kindness In November days,  
 When vapours, rolling down the valleys, made  
 445 A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods  
 At noon, and 'mid the calm of summer nights,  
 When, by the margin of the trembling Lake, [420]  
 Beneath the gloomy hills I homeward went

412 hands A C D E oars E<sup>r</sup>. 414 cavern A C D covert D<sup>a</sup>  
 416 homeward *not in* B 417, 423 A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850  
 420-1 in . was A D E o'er hung E<sup>r</sup>  
 428-33 Ah not in vain, ye Beings of the hills,  
 And ye that walk the woods and open heaths

Strode after me With trembling oars I turned, 385  
 And through the silent water stole my way  
 Back to the covert of the willow tree,  
 There in her mooring-place I left my bark,—  
 And through the meadows homeward went, in grave  
 And serious mood, but after I had seen 390  
That spectacle, for many days, my brain  
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense  
Of unknown modes of being, o'er my thoughts  
There hung a darkness, call it solitude  
Or blank desertion No familiar shapes 395  
 Remained, no pleasant images of trees,  
 Of sea or sky no colours of green fields,  
 But huge and mighty forms, that do not live  
 Like living men, moved slowly through the mind  
 By day, and were a trouble to my dreams) 400

(Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!  
 Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought,  
 That givest to forms and images a breath  
 And everlasting motion, not in vain  
 By day or star-light thus from my first dawn 405  
 Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
 The passions that build up our human soul,  
 Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,  
But with high objects, with enduring things—  
With life and nature, purifying thus 410  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying, by such discipline.  
Both pain and fear, until we recognise  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart)  
 Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me 415  
 With stinted kindness In November days,  
 When vapours rolling down the valley made  
 A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,  
 At noon and mid the calm of summer nights,  
 When, by the margin of the trembling lake, 420  
 Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went

By moon or starlight, thus from my first dawn  
 Of childhood, did ye love to intertwine V



In solitude, such intercourse was mine ,  
 450 'Twas mine among the fields both day and night,  
 And by the waters all the summer long

And in the frosty season, when the sun [425]  
 Was set, and visible for many a mile  
 The cottage windows through the twilight blaz'd,  
 455 I heeded not the summons —happy time  
 It was, indeed, for all of us , to me  
 It was a time of rapture clear and loud [430]  
 'The village clock toll'd six , I wheel'd about,  
 Proud and exulting, like an untired horse,  
 460 That cares not for his home —All shod with steel,  
 We hiss'd along the polish'd ice, in games  
 Confederate, imitative of the chace [435]  
 And woodland pleasures, the resounding horn,  
 The Pack loud bellowing, and the hunted hare  
 465 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
 And not a voice was idle , with the din,  
 Meanwhile, the precipices rang aloud, [440]  
 The leafless trees, and every icy crag  
 Tinkled like iron, while the distant hills  
 470 Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,  
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west [445]  
 The orange sky of evening died away

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
 475 Into a silent bay, or sportively  
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
 To cut across the image of a star [450]  
 That gleam'd upon the ice and oftentimes  
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
 480 And all the shadowy banks, on either side,  
 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still [455]  
 The rapid line of motion , then at once  
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
 Stopp'd short, yet still the solitary Cliffs  
 485 Wheeled by me, even as if the earth had roll'd  
 With visible motion her diurnal round ; [460]

454, 464, 467, 469 *A C D* *D* as 1850.

455-7 happy . rapture] *added to V*

477 image] shadow *V*, *Letter to S T. C* , 1798-9.

In solitude, such intercourse was mine,  
 Mine was it in the fields both day and night,  
 And by the waters, all the summer long

And in the frosty season, when the sun 425  
 Was set, and visible for many a mile  
 The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,  
 I heeded not their summons happy time  
 It was indeed for all of us—for me  
 It was a time of rapture! (Clear and loud 430  
 The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,  
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
 That cares not for his home All shod with steel,  
 We hissed along the polished ice in games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase 435  
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,  
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
 And not a voice was idle, with the din  
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud, 440  
 The leafless trees and every icy crag  
 Tinkled like iron, while far distant hills  
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
 Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars  
 Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west 445  
 The orange sky of evening died away  
 Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
 Into a silent bay, or sportively  
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
 To cut across the reflex of a star' 450  
 That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed  
 Upon the glassy plain, and oftentimes,  
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
 And all the shadowy banks on either side  
 Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still 455  
 The rapid line of motion, then at once  
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
 Stopped short, yet still the solitary cliffs  
 Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled  
 With visible motion her diurnal round 460

Behind me did they stretch in solemn train  
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watch'd  
 Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep

- 490 Ye Presences of Nature, in the sky  
 And on the earth ' Ye Visions of the hills ' [465]  
 And Souls of lonely places ' can I think  
 A vulgar hope was yours when Ye employ'd  
 Such ministry, when Ye through many a year  
 495 Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,  
 On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills [470]  
 Impress'd upon all forms the characters  
 Of danger or desire, and thus did make  
 The surface of the universal earth  
 500 With triumph, and delight, and hope, and fear,  
 Work like a sea ? [475]

Not uselessly employ'd,  
 I might pursue this theme through every change  
 Of exercise and play, to which the year  
 Did summon us in its delightful round

- 505 We were a noisy crew, the sun in heaven [480]  
 Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours,  
 Nor saw a race in happiness and joy  
 More worthy of the ground where they were sown  
 I would record with no reluctant voice  
 510 The woods of autumn and their hazel bowers  
 With milk-white clusters hung, the rod and line, [485]  
 True symbol of the foolishness of hope,  
 Which with its strong enchantment led us on  
 By rocks and pools, shut out from every star  
 515 All the green summer, to forlorn cascades  
 Among the windings of the mountain brooks [490]  
 —Unfading recollections ' at this hour  
 The heart is almost mine with which I felt  
 From some hill-top, on sunny afternoons

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489 dreamless sleep] summer sea *Letter to S. T. C. & M. Friend, B. leaves*  
*blank space*

- 490-2 Ye Powers of earth, ye genn of the Springs  
 And ye that have your voices in the clouds  
 And ye that are familiars of the Lakes  
 And standing pools, Ah, not for trivial ends  
 Through snow and sunshine, through the sparkling plains  
 Of moonlight frost and in the stormy day

Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky  
And on the earth ! Ye Visions of the hills ! 465  
And Souls of lonely places ! can I think  
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed  
Such ministry, when ye through many a year  
Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,  
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills, 470  
Impressed upon all forms the characters  
Of danger or desire, and thus did make  
The surface of the universal earth  
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,  
Work like a sea ? 475

Not uselessly employed,  
Might I pursue this theme through every change  
Of exercise and play, to which the year  
Did summon us in his delightful round

We were a noisy crew, the sun in heaven  
Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours, 480  
Nor saw a band in happiness and joy  
Richer, or worthier of the ground they trod  
I could record with no reluctant voice  
The woods of autumn, and their hazel bowers  
With milk-white clusters hung, the rod and line, 485  
True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose strong  
And unreprieved enchantment led us on  
By rocks and pools shut out from every star,  
All the green summer, to forlorn cascades  
Among the windings hid of mountain brooks 490  
—Unfading recollections ! at this hour  
The heart is almost mine with which I felt,  
From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,

Did ye with such assiduous love pursue  
Your favourite and your joy. I may not think V,  
*but last four lines corr to* Ye visions of the mountains and ye Souls  
Of lonely places never may I think

495 Thus by the agency of boyish sports V V<sup>2</sup> as R.

500 With meanings of delight, of hope and fear V

510 hazel R V<sup>2</sup> hidden V 512, 513, 516 R C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

514-15 shut . summer] where never summer star Impressed its  
shadow V 517-19 *not in V*

720 The Kite high up among the fleecy clouds  
 Pull at its rein, like an impatient Courser, [495]  
 Or, from the meadows sent on gusty days,  
 Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly  
 Dash'd headlong, and rejected by the storm

525 Ye lowly Cottages in which we dwelt,  
 A ministration of your own was yours, [500]  
 A sanctity, a safeguard, and a love !  
 Can I forget you, being as you were  
 So beautiful among the pleasant fields  
 530 In which ye stood ? Or can I here forget  
 The plain and seemly countenance with which  
 Ye dealt out your plain comforts ? Yet had ye [505]  
 Delights and exultations of your own  
 Eager and never weary we pursued  
 535 Our home amusements by the warm peat-fire  
 At evening, when with pencil and with slate  
 In square divisions parcell'd out, and all [510]  
 With crosses and with cyphers scribbled o'er,  
 We schemed and puzzled, head opposed to head,  
 540 In strife too humble to be named in Verse  
 Or round the naked table, snow-white deal,  
 Cherry or maple, sate in close array, [515]  
 And to the combat, Loo or Whist, led on  
 A thick-ribbed Army, not as in the world  
 545 Neglected and ungratefully thrown by  
 Even for the very service they had wrought,  
 But husbanded through many a long campaign [520]  
 Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few  
 Had changed their functions, some, plebeian cards,  
 550 Which Fate beyond the promise of their birth  
 Had glorified, and call'd to represent  
 The persons of departed Potentates [525]  
 Oh ! with what echoes on the Board they fell !  
 Ironc Diamonds, Clubs, Hearts, Diamonds, Spades,  
 555 A congregation piteously akin  
 Cheap matter did they give to boyish wit,

520-3 The kite in sultry calms from some high hill  
 Sent up, ascending thence till it was lost  
 Among the fleecy clouds, in gusty days  
 Launched from the lower grounds and suddenly V

The paper kite high among fleecy clouds  
 Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser ; 495  
 Or, from the meadows sent on gusty days,  
 Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly  
 Dashed headlong, and rejected by the storm

Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,  
 A ministration of your own was yours , 500  
 Can I forget you, being as you were  
 So beautiful among the pleasant fields  
 In which ye stood ? or can I here forget  
 The plain and seemly countenance with which  
 Ye dealt out your plain comforts ? Yet had ye 505  
 Delights and exultations of your own  
 Eager and never weary we pursued  
 Our home-amusements by the warm peat-fire  
 At evening, when with pencil, and smooth slate  
 In square divisions parcelled out and all 510  
 With crosses and with cyphers scribbled o'er,  
 We schemed and puzzled, head opposed to head  
 In strife too humble to be named in verse  
 Or round the naked table, snow-white deal,  
 Cherry or maple, sate in close array, 515  
 And to the combat, Loo or Whist, led on  
 A thick-ribbed army , not, as in the world,  
 Neglected and ungratefully thrown by  
 Even for the very service they had wrought,  
 But husbanded through many a long campaign 520  
 Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few  
 Had changed their functions , some, plebeian cards  
 Which Fate, beyond the promise of their birth,  
 Had dignified, and called to represent  
 The persons of departed potentates 525  
 Oh, with what echoes on the board they fell !  
 Ironie diamonds,—clubs, hearts, diamonds, spades,  
 A congregation piteously akin !  
 Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit,

524 followed in V by episode of drowned man (Bk V 450 ff) q v

527 safeguard] presence M This line deleted from D

536 and with A C D and smooth D<sup>s</sup>

548 It was a motley host of which no few M

554-5 Ironie Diamonds, Clubs, Hearts, Spades, alike

All furnish'd out in chimney sweeper garb M

554 Ironie Diamonds, hearts of sable hue V black funereal hearts V<sup>s</sup>

555-9 not in V.

Those sooty knaves, precipitated down [530]  
 With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out of Heaven,  
 The paramount Ace, a moon in her eclipse,  
 560 Queens, gleaming through their splendour's last decay,  
 And Monarchs, surly at the wrongs sustain'd  
 By royal visages Meanwhile, abroad [535]  
 The heavy rain was falling, or the frost  
 Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth,  
 565 And, interrupting oft the impassion'd game,  
 From Esthwaite's neighbouring Lake the splitting ice,  
 While it sank down towards the water, sent,  
 Among the meadows and the hills, its long [541]  
 And dismal yellings, like the noise of wolves  
 570 When they are howling round the Bothnic Main

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace  
 How Nature by extrinsic passion first [545]  
 Peopled my mind with beauteous forms or grand  
 And made me love them, may I here forget  
 575 How other pleasures have been mine and joys  
 Of subtler origin, how I have felt,  
 Not seldom, even in that tempestuous time, [550]  
 Those hallow'd and pure motions of the sense  
 Which seem, in their simplicity, to own  
 580 An intellectual charm, that calm delight  
 Which, if I eri not, surely must belong  
 To those first-born affinities that fit [555]  
 Our new existence to existing things,  
 And, in our dawn of being, constitute  
 585 The bond of union betwixt life and joy.

Yes, I remember, when the changeful earth,  
 And twice five seasons on my mind had stamp'd [560]  
 The faces of the moving year, even then,  
 A Child, I held unconscious intercourse  
 590 With the eternal Beauty, drinking in

561 Knaves wrapt in one assimilating gloom  
 And Kings indignant at the shame incur'd V  
 563, 565 *A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850* 566-9 *D stuck over D<sup>a</sup> as 1850*  
 569-70 And frequent yellings imitative some  
 Of wolves that howl along the Bothnic Main V · V<sup>a</sup> as *A*.  
 570 *In B, there follows*  
 And sometimes not unlike the sound that issues  
 From out the deep chest of a lonely bull  
 By no apparent enmity provoke(d)  
 To bend his head, and mutter with a tone

Those sooty knaves, precipitated down 530  
 With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out of heaven  
 The paramount ace, a moon in her eclipse,  
 Queens gleaming through their splendour's last decay,  
 And monarchs surly at the wrongs sustained  
 By royal visages Meanwhile abroad 535  
 Incessant rain was falling, or the frost  
 Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth,  
 And, interrupting oft that eager game,  
 From under Esthwaite's splitting fields of ice  
 The pent-up air, struggling to free itself, 540  
 Gave out to meadow grounds and hills a loud  
 Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves  
 Howling in troops along the Bothnic Main

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace  
How Nature by extrinsic passion first 545  
Peopled the mind with forms sublime or fair,  
 And made me love them, may I here omit  
 How other pleasures have been mine, and joys  
 Of subtler origin, how I have felt,  
 Not seldom even in that tempestuous time, 550  
Those hallowed and pure motions of the sense  
Which seem, in their simplicity, to own  
An intellectual charm, that calm delight  
 Which, if I eir not, surely must belong  
 To those first-born affinities that fit 555  
 Our new existence to existing things,  
 And, in our dawn of being, constitute  
 The bond of union between life and joy

Yes, I remember when the changeful earth,  
 And twice five summers on my mind had stamped 560  
 The faces of the moving year, even then  
 I held unconscious intercourse with beauty  
 Old as creation, drinking in a pure

Suddenly answered by the hollow ground  
 So growled the frozen element, or yelled  
 Startling the valley and our bright fireside

*In V here follows Bk XI 347-91 [XII 287-332]*

572-3 How Nature by collateral interest  
 And by extrinsic passion peopled first  
 My mind with forms or beautiful or grand V  
 589, 591 A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850



A pure organic pleasure from the lines  
 Of curling mist, or from the level plain [565]  
 Of waters colour'd by the steady clouds

The Sands of Westmoreland, the Creeks and Bays  
 595 Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell  
 How when the Sea threw off his evening shade  
 And to the Shepherd's huts beneath the crags [570]  
 Did send sweet notice of the rising moon,  
 How I have stood, to fancies such as these,  
 600 Engrafted in the tenderness of thought,  
 A stranger, linking with the spectacle [575]  
 No conscious memory of a kindred sight,  
 And bringing with me no peculiar sense  
 Of quietness or peace, yet I have stood,  
 605 Even while mine eye has mov'd o'er three long leagues  
 Of shining water, gathering, as it seem'd,  
 Through every hair-breadth of that field of light,  
 New pleasure, like a bee among the flowers [580]

Thus, often in those fits of vulgar joy  
 610 Which, through all seasons, on a child's pursuits  
 Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy bliss  
 Which, like a tempest, works along the blood  
 And is forgotten, even then I felt [585]  
 Gleams like the flashing of a shield, the earth  
 615 And common face of Nature spake to me  
 Rememberable things, sometimes, 'tis true,  
 By chance collisions and quaint accidents  
 Like those ill-sorted unions, work suppos'd [590]  
 Of evil-minded faines, yet not vain  
 620 Nor profitless, if haply they impress'd  
 Collateral objects and appearances,  
 Albeit lifeless then, and doom'd to sleep [595]  
 Until maturer seasons call'd them forth  
 To impregnate and to cleave the mind  
 625 —And if the vulgar joy by its own weight  
 Worned itself out of the memory,  
 The scenes which were a witness of that joy [600]  
 Remained, in their substantial lineaments

598, 609 *A C D* *D*<sup>2</sup> as 1850 599 fancies such as] images like *V*

600 *not in V* 602 No body of associated forms *V*

604 stood,] stood *A*

Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths  
Of curling mist, or from the level plain 585  
Of waters coloured by impending clouds

The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks and bays  
 Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell  
How, when the Sea threw off his evening shade,  
And to the shepherd's hut on distant hills 570  
Sent welcome notice of the rising moon,  
 How I have stood, to fancies such as these  
 A stranger, linking with the spectacle  
 No conscious memory of a kindred sight,  
 And bringing with me no peculiar sense 575  
 Of quietness or peace, yet have I stood,  
 Even while mine eye hath moved o'er many a league  
 Of shining water, gathering as it seemed  
 Through every hair-breadth in that field of light  
 New pleasure like a bee among the flowers 580

Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar joy  
Which, through all seasons, on a child's pursuits  
Are prompt attendants, 'mid that giddy bliss  
 Which, like a tempest, works along the blood 585  
 And is forgotten, even then I felt  
 Gleams like the flashing of a shield,—the earth  
 And common face of Nature spake to me  
 Rememberable things,) sometimes, 'tis true,  
 By chance collisions and quaint accidents  
 (Like those ill-sorted unions, work supposed 590  
 Of evil-minded fairies), yet not vain  
 Nor profitless, if haply they impressed  
 Collateral objects and appearances,  
 Albert lifeless then, and doomed to sleep  
 Until maturer seasons called them forth 595  
 To impregnate and to elevate the mind  
 —And if the vulgar joy by its own weight  
 Worned itself out of the memory,  
 The scenes which were a witness of that joy  
 Remained in their substantial lineaments 600

607 every hair-breadth] the wide surface V

617-20 By quaint associations, yet not vain  
 Nor profitless *etc* V

- Depicted on the brain, and to the eye  
 630 Were visible, a daily sight, and thus  
 By the impressive discipline of fear,  
 By pleasure and repeated happiness,  
 So frequently repeated, and by force [605]  
 Of obscure feelings representative  
 635 Of joys that were forgotten, these same scenes,  
 So beauteous and majestic in themselves,  
 Though yet the day was distant, did at length  
 Become habitually dear, and all [610]  
 Their hues and forms were by invisible links  
 640 Allied to the affections
- I began
- My story early, feeling as I fear  
 The weakness of a human love, for days  
 Disown'd by memory, ere the birth of spring [615]  
 Planting my snowdrops among winter snows  
 645 Not will it seem to thee, my Friend! so prompt  
 In sympathy, that I have lengthen'd out,  
 With fond and feeble tongue, a tedious tale  
 Meanwhile, my hope has been that I might fetch [620]  
 Invigorating thoughts from former years,  
 650 Might fix the wavering balance of my mind,  
 And haply meet reproaches, too, whose power  
 May spur me on, in manhood now mature,  
 To honorable toil Yet should these hopes [625]  
 Be vain, and thus should neither I be taught  
 655 To understand myself, nor thou to know  
 With better knowledge how the heart was fram'd  
 Of him thou lovest, need I dread from thee  
 Harsh judgments, if I am so loth to quit [630]  
 Those recollected hours that have the charm  
 660 Of visionary things, and lovely forms  
 And sweet sensations that throw back our life  
 And almost make our Infancy itself  
 A visible scene, on which the sun is shining? [635]

631 discipline] agency v

637-43 A C D D<sup>a</sup> E as 1850, but in 640 [612] Were tied and bound to the affections and in [613] hope for trust [613] My story early I began not misled I trust E<sup>a</sup> (unmetrically)

643-4 [615-16] ere the birth of spring

Planting the flowers of spring mid winter snows D<sup>a</sup> E

E deletes and writes over top

fancying flowers where none

Not even the sweetest do or can survive

For him at least whose dawning day they cheered

Depicted on the brain, and to the eye  
 Were visible, a daily sight, and thus  
By the impressive discipline of fear,  
By pleasure and repeated happiness,  
 So frequently repeated, and by force 605  
 Of obscure feelings representative  
 Of things forgotten, these same scenes so bright,  
 So beautiful, so majestic in themselves,  
 Though yet the day was distant, did become  
 Habitually dear, and all their forms 610  
 And changeful colours by invisible links  
 Were fastened to the affections

I began

My story early—not misled, I trust,  
 By an infirmity of love for days  
 Disowned by memory—ere the breath of spring 615  
 Planting my snowdrops among winter snows  
 Nor will it seem to thee, O Friend! so prompt  
 In sympathy, that I have lengthened out  
 With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale  
 Meanwhile, my hope has been, that I might fetch 620  
 Invigorating thoughts from former years,  
 Might fix the wavering balance of my mind,  
 And haply meet reproaches too, whose power  
 May spur me on, in manhood now mature,  
 To honourable toil Yet should these hopes 625  
 Prove vain, and thus should neither I be taught  
 To understand myself, nor thou to know  
 With better knowledge how the heart was framed  
 Of him thou lovest, need I dread from thee  
 Harsh judgments, if the song be loth to quit 630  
Those recollected hours that have the charm  
Of visionary things, those lovely forms  
 And sweet sensations that throw back our life,  
 And almost make remotest infancy  
 A visible scene, on which the sun is shining 635

649-52 Reproaches from my former years, whose power  
 May spur me on V

653-4 Yet should it be  
 That this is but an impotent desire  
 That I by such inquiry am not taught V

662-3 And make our infancy a visible scene  
 On which the sun is shining V (V here goes on at II 55.)  
 D as A. D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

One end hereby at least hath been attain'd,  
665 My mind hath been revived, and if this mood  
Desert me not, I will forthwith bring down,  
Through later years, the story of my life  
The road lies plain before me , 'tis a theme [640]  
Single and of determin'd bounds , and hence  
670 I chuse it rather at this time, than work  
Of ampler or more varied argument

---

666 A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850.

[644-6] M D E added to A in later hand

One end at least hath been attained , my mind  
Hath been revived, and if this genial mood  
Desert me not, forthwith shall be brought down  
Through later years the story of my life  
The road lies plain before me,—'tis a theme 640  
Single and of determined bounds , and hence  
I choose it rather at this time, than work  
Of ampler or more varied argument,  
Where I might be discomfited and lost  
And certain hopes are with me, that to thee 645  
This labour will be welcome, honoured Friend !

## BOOK SECOND

### SCHOOL TIME—(CONTINUED)

- Thus far, O Friend ! have we, though leaving much  
 Unvisited, endeavour'd to retrace  
 My life through its first years, and measured back  
 The way I travell'd when I first began
- 5 To love the woods and fields , the passion yet [5]  
 Was in its birth, sustain'd, as might befall,  
 By nourishment that came unsought , for still,  
 From week to week, from month to month, we liv'd  
 A round of tumult duly were our games
- 10 Prolong'd in summer till the day-light fail'd , [10]  
 No chair remain'd before the doors, the bench  
 And threshold steps were empty , fast asleep  
 The Labourer, and the Old Man who had sate,  
 A later lingerer, yet the revelry
- 15 Continued, and the loud uproar at last, [15]  
 When all the ground was dark, and the huge clouds  
 Were edged with twinkling stars, to bed we went,  
 With weary joints, and with a beating mind  
 Ah ! is there one who ever has been young,
- 20 Nor needs a monitory voice to tame [20]  
 The pride of virtue, and of intellect ?  
 And is there one, the wisest and the best  
 Of all mankind, who does not sometimes wish  
 For things which cannot be, who would not give,
- 25 If so he might, to duty and to truth [25]  
 The eagerness of infantine desire ?  
 A tranquilizing spirit presses now  
 On my corporeal frame so wide appears  
 The vacancy between me and those days,
- 30 Which yet have such self-presence in my mind [30]  
 That, sometimes, when I think of them, I seem  
 Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself  
 And of some other Being A grey Stone

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[MSS for Bk II M A B C D E , for ll. 54—end V ]

<sup>3</sup> A C D A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

<sup>4</sup> A C And shew'd by what inducement I began A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> , Shewing etc.  
 A<sup>2</sup>

## BOOK SECOND

### SCHOOL TIME—(CONTINUED)

THUS far, O Friend ! have we, though leaving much  
 Unvisited, endeavoured to retrace  
 The simple ways in which my childhood walked ,  
 Those chiefly that first led me to the love  
 Of rivers, woods, and fields    The passion yet                      5  
 Was in its birth, sustained as might befall  
 By nourishment that came unsought , for still  
 From week to week, from month to month, we lived  
 A round of tumult    Duly were our games  
 Prolonged in summer till the day-light failed                      10  
 No chair remained before the doors , the bench  
 And threshold steps were empty , fast asleep  
 The labourer, and the old man who had sate  
 A later lingerer , yet the revelry  
 Continued and the loud uproar    at last,                      15  
 When all the ground was dark, and twinkling stars  
 Edged the black clouds, home and to bed we went,  
 Feverish with weary joints and beating minds.  
 Ah ! is there one who ever has been young,  
 Nor needs a warning voice to tame the pride                      20  
 Of intellect and virtue's self-esteem ?  
 One is there, though the wisest and the best  
 Of all mankind, who covets not at times  
 Union that cannot be,—who would not give,  
 If so he might, to duty and to truth                      25  
 The eagerness of infantine desire '  
 A tranquillising spirit presses now  
 On my corporeal frame, so wide appears  
 The vacancy between me and those days  
 Which yet have such self-presence in my mind,                      30  
 That, musing on them, often do I seem  
 Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself  
 And of some other Being    A rude mass

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[3-5] The simple ways that led me first to love

The woods and fields , the kindly passion yet    D<sup>1</sup>    D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 13 had B hade (sic) A                      18-24 J C D    D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 30 mind] heart M                      31 them B A<sup>2</sup> C    it A  
 33 grey Stone] rude mass A' D<sup>2</sup>    grey mass D



Of native rock, left midway in the Square  
 35 Of our small market Village, was the home  
 And centre of these joys, and when, return'd [36]  
 After long absence, thither I repair'd,  
 I found that it was split, and gone to build  
 A smart Assembly-room that perk'd and flar'd  
 40 With wash and rough-cast elbowing the ground  
 Which had been ours But let the fiddle scream, [40]  
 And be ye happy ' yet, my Friends ' I know  
 That more than one of you will think with me  
 Of those soft starry nights, and that old Dame  
 45 From whom the stone was nam'd who there had sate  
 And watch'd her Table with its huckster's wares [45]  
 Assiduous, thro' the length of sixty years

We ran a boisterous race, the year span round  
 With giddy motion But the time approach'd  
 50 That brought with it a regular desire  
 For calmer pleasures, when the beauteous forms [50]  
 Of Nature were collaterally attach'd  
 To every scheme of holiday delight,  
 And every boyish sport, less grateful else,  
 55 And languidly pursued

When summer came  
 It was the pastime of our afternoons [55]  
 To beat along the plain of Windermere  
 With rival oars, and the selected bourne  
 Was now an Island musical with birds  
 60 That sang for ever, now a Sister Isle  
 Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert, sown [60]  
 With lilies of the valley, like a field,  
 And now a third small Island where remain'd  
 An old stone Table, and a moulder'd Cave,  
 65 A Hermit's history In such a race, [65]  
 So ended, disappointment could be none,  
 Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy.  
 We rested in the shade, all pleas'd alike,

37 repair'd,] repair'd A

38 Gone was the old grey stone, that 'stone of R[?]'

Split into fragments which each helped to rear A<sup>2</sup>

Split at the Boulder's call and gone to rear A<sup>2</sup>

40 With wash and rough-cast] In snow-white splendour A<sup>2</sup>

45 there had sate] had sate thereon A<sup>2</sup> 56, 57 A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

Of native rock, left midway in the square  
 Of our small market village, was the goal 35  
 Or centre of these sports, and when, returned  
 After long absence, thither I repaired,  
 Gone was the old grey stone, and in its place  
 A smart Assembly-room usurped the ground  
 That had been ours There let the fiddle scream, 40  
 And be ye happy! Yet, my Friends! I know  
 That more than one of you will think with me  
 Of those soft starry nights, and that old Dame  
 From whom the stone was named, who there had sate,  
 And watched her table with its huckster's wares 45  
 Assiduous, through the length of sixty years

We ran a boisterous course, the year span round  
 With giddy motion But the time approached  
 That brought with it a regular desire  
 For calmer pleasures, when the winning forms 50  
 Of Nature were collaterally attached  
 To every scheme of holiday delight  
 And every boyish sport, less grateful else  
 And languidly pursued

When summer came,  
 Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays, 55  
 To sweep along the plain of Windermere  
 With rival oars, and the selected bourn  
 Was now an Island musical with birds  
 That sang and ceased not, now a Sister Isle  
 Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert, sown 60  
 With lilies of the valley like a field,  
 And now a third small Island, where survived  
 In solitude the ruins of a shrine  
 Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served  
 Daily with chaunted rites In such a race 65  
 So ended, disappointment could be none,  
 Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy  
 We rested in the shade, all pleased alike,

59 musical] populous A<sup>2</sup>

60 That dwell in unmolested solitude

A darkling Choir whose notes of love and joy

Chear'd the blank waters, now a Sister Isle A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>

[64, 65] Once to the holy Virgin dedicate

And served with punctual rites D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Conquer'd and Conqueror Thus the pride of strength,  
 70 And the vain-glory of superior skill [70]  
 Were interfus'd with objects which subdu'd  
 And temper'd them, and gradually produc'd  
 A quiet independence of the heart  
 And to my Friend, who knows me, I may add  
 75 Unapprehensive of reproof, that hence [75]  
 Ensu'd a diffidence and modesty,  
 And I was taught to feel, perhaps too much,  
 The self-sufficing power of solitude

No delicate viands sapp'd our bodily strength,  
 80 More than we wish'd we knew the blessing then [80]  
 Of vigorous hunger, for our daily meals  
 Were frugal, Sabine fare! and then, exclude  
 A little weekly stipend, and we lived  
 Through three divisions of the quarter'd year  
 85 In pennyless poverty But now, to School [85]  
 Return'd, from the half-yearly holidays,  
 We came with purses more profusely fill'd,  
 Allowance which abundantly suffic'd  
 To gratify the palate with repasts  
 90 More costly than the Dame of whom I spake,  
 That ancient Woman, and her board supplied  
 Hence inroads into distant Vales, and long  
 Excursions far away among the hills,  
 Hence rustic dinners on the cool green ground,  
 95 Or in the woods, or near a river side, [90]  
 Or by some shady fountain, while soft airs  
 Among the leaves were stirring, and the sun  
 Unfelt, shone sweetly round us in our joy

Nor is my aim neglected, if I tell  
 100 How twice in the long length of those half-years [95]  
 We from our funds, perhaps, with bolder hand  
 Drew largely, anxious for one day, at least,  
 To feel the motion of the galloping Steed,  
 And with the good old Inn-keeper, in truth,

69 Conquer'd or conqueror Thus our selfishness

Was mellowed down and thus the pride of strength V

75 R C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

78 solitude] loneliness B<sup>s</sup>

[87] costlier repasts to furnish than the Dame D D' as 1850

92, 93 R C D D<sup>s</sup> deletes

Conquered and conqueror Thus the pride of strength,  
 And the vain-glorious of superior skill, 70  
 Were tempered, thus was gradually produced  
 A quiet independence of the heart,  
 And to my Friend who knows me I may add,  
 Fearless of blame, that hence for future days  
 Ensued a diffidence and modesty, 75  
 And I was taught to feel, perhaps too much,  
 The self-sufficing power of Solitude

Our daily meals were frugal, Sabine fare !  
 More than we wished we knew the blessing then  
 Of vigorous hunger—hence corporeal strength 80  
 Unsupped by delicate viands . for, exclude  
 A little weekly stipend, and we lived  
 Through three divisions of the quartered year  
 In penniless poverty But now to school  
 From the half-yearly holidays returned, 85  
 We came with weightier purses, that sufficed  
 To furnish treats more costly than the Dame  
 Of the old grey stone, from her scant board, supplied  
 Hence rustic dinners on the cool green ground,  
 Or in the woods, or by a river side 90  
 Or shady fountains, while among the leaves  
 Soft airs were stirring, and the mid-day sun  
 Unfelt shone brightly round us in our joy  
 Nor is my aim neglected if I tell  
 How sometimes, in the length of those half-years, 95  
 We from our funds drew largely,—proud to curb,  
 And eager to spur on, the galloping steed,  
 And with the courteous inn-keeper, whose stud

- 
- 96 Or fountain, festive banquet that provoked  
 The languid action of a natural scene  
 By pleasure of corporeal appetite V V<sup>2</sup> as A  
 fountain A C D fountains E  
 96-8 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 98 shone sweetly] was shining B<sup>2</sup>  
 100 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 102 day, at least] happy day A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>  
 103 feel] enjoy A<sup>2</sup> pfore B<sup>2</sup>  
 104 good old] friendly D cautious D  
 104-5 in truth etc.] that Friend  
 Whose unambitious Stud supplied our want  
 Full oft on such occasion we employ d A B<sup>2</sup> C

- 105 On such occasion sometimes we employ'd  
 Sly subterfuge, for the intended bound [100]  
 Of the day's journey was too distant far  
 For any cautious man, a Structure famed  
 Beyond its neighbourhood, the antique Walls  
 110 Of that large Abbey which within the Vale  
 Of Nightshade, to St Mary's honour built,  
 Stands yet, a mouldering pile, with fractured Arch, [105]  
 Belfry, and Images, and living Trees,  
 A holy Scene ' along the smooth green turf  
 115 Our Horses grazed to more than inland peace  
 Left by the sea wind passing overhead  
 (Though wind of roughest temper) trees and towers [110]  
 May in that Valley oftentimes be seen,  
 Both silent and both motionless alike,  
 120 Such is the shelter that is there, and such  
 The safeguard for repose and quietness

- Our steeds remounted, and the summons given, [115]  
 With whip and spur we by the Chauntry flew  
 In uncouth race, and left the cross-legg'd Knight,  
 125 And the stone-Abbot, and that single Wren  
 Which one day sang so sweetly in the Nave  
 Of the old Church, that, though from recent showers [120]  
 The earth was comfortless, and, touch'd by faint  
 Internal breezes, sobbings of the place,  
 130 And respirations, from the roofless walls  
 The shuddering ivy dripp'd large drops, yet still,  
 So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible Bird [125]  
 Sang to itself, that there I could have made  
 My dwelling-place, and liv'd for ever there  
 135 To hear such music Through the Walls we flew  
 And down the valley, and a circuit made  
 In wantonness of heart, through rough and smooth [130]  
 We scamper'd homeward Oh ' ye Rocks and Streams,  
 And that still Spirit of the evening air!  
 140 Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt  
 Your presence, when with slacken'd step we breath'd [135]

105 I needs must say that sometimes we have used V M

110-12 Of a large abbey with its fractured arch V M

116-17 Left by the winds that overpass the Vale

In that sequester'd ruin, trees and towers V. A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> D as 1850,

but in 117 Even when that wind is roughest D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

118 R C Within that winding valley may be seen A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> as 1850

In that deep valley often D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

Supplied our want, we haply might employ  
 Sly subterfuge, if the adventure's bound 100  
 Were distant some famed temple where of yore  
 The Druids worshipped, or the antique walls  
 Of that large abbey, where within the Vale  
 Of Nightshade, to St Mary's honour built,  
 Stands yet a mouldering pile with fractured arch, 105  
 Belfry, and images, and living trees,  
 A holy scene ! Along the smooth green turf  
 Our horses grazed To more than inland peace  
 Left by the west wind sweeping overhead  
 From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers 110  
 In that sequestered valley may be seen,  
 Both silent and both motionless alike ,  
 Such the deep shelter that is there, and such  
 The safeguard for repose and quietness

Our steeds remounted and the summons given, 115  
 With whip and spur we through the chauntry flew  
 In uncouth race, and left the cross-legged knight,  
 And the stone-abbot, and that single wren  
 Which one day sang so sweetly in the nave  
 Of the old church, that—though from recent showers 120  
 The earth was comfortless, and touched by faint  
 Internal breezes, sobbings of the place  
 And respirations, from the roofless walls  
 The shuddering ivy dripped large drops—yet still  
 So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible bird 125  
 Sang to herself, that there I could have made  
 My dwelling-place, and lived for ever there  
 To hear such music Through the walls we flew  
 And down the valley, and, a circuit made  
 In wantonness of heart, through rough and smooth 130  
 We scampered homewards Oh, ye rocks and streams,  
 And that still spirit shed from evening air !  
 Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt  
 Your presence when with slackened step we breathed

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120-1 Such perfect shelter there is found *etc* D A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 *For*  
*these lines V M have*

Hear all day long the mumuring sea that beats  
 Incessantly upon a craggy shore

129-30 Internal breezes from its roofless walls V M as A, but Uncertain  
*for Internal*

139 of the *ACD* shed from D<sup>2</sup>.

Along the sides of the steep hills, or when  
 Lighted by gleams of moonlight from the sea,  
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand

- 145 Upon the Eastern Shore of Windermere,  
 Above the crescent of a pleasant Bay,  
 There stood an Inn, no homely-featured Shed,  
 Brother of the surrounding Cottages, [140]  
 But 'twas a splendid place, the door beset  
 150 With Chaises, Grooms, and Liveryes, and within  
 Decanters, Glasses, and the blood-red Wine  
 In ancient times, or ere the Hall was built [145]  
 On the large Island, had this Dwelling been  
 More worthy of a Poet's love, a Hut,  
 155 Proud of its one bright fire, and sycamore shade  
 But though the rhymes were gone which once inscribed  
 The threshold, and large golden characters [150]  
 On the blue-frosted Signboard had usurp'd  
 The place of the old Lion, in contempt  
 160 And mockery of the rustic painter's hand,  
 Yet to this hour the spot to me is dear  
 With all its foolish pomp The garden lay [155]  
 Upon a slope surmounted by the plain  
 Of a small Bowling-green, beneath us stood  
 165 A grove, with gleams of water through the trees  
 And over the tree tops, nor did we want  
 Refreshment, strawberries and mellow cream [160]  
 And there, through half an afternoon, we play'd  
 On the smooth platform, and the shouts we sent  
 170 Made all the mountains ring But ere the fall  
 Of night, when in our pinnace we return'd [165]  
 Over the dusky Lake, and to the beach  
 Of some small Island steer'd our course with one  
 The Minstrel of our troop, and left him there,  
 175 And row'd off gently, while he blew his flute  
 Alone upon the rock, Oh! then the calm [170]  
 And dead still water lay upon my mind  
 Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky

144 followed in V by passage corresponding to VIII [458-75]

145-8 ACD D<sup>s</sup> as 1850 152 or ACD and E

155 one ACD own E

158-9 ACD. On the blue sign board had usurp'd the place  
 Of the old Lion, why, but in contempt D<sup>s</sup> E E<sup>s</sup> as 1850

Along the sides of the steep hills, or when 135  
 Lighted by gleams of moonlight from the sea  
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand

Midway on long Winander's eastern shore,  
 Within the crescent of a pleasant bay,  
 A tavern stood, no homely-featured house, 140  
 Primeval like its neighbouring cottages,  
 But 'twas a splendid place, the door beset  
 With chaises, grooms, and liveries, and within  
 Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red wine  
 In ancient times, and ere the Hall was built 145  
 On the large island, had this dwelling been  
 More worthy of a poet's love, a hut  
 Proud of its own bright fire and sycamore shade  
 But—though the rhymes were gone that once inscribed  
 The threshold, and large golden characters, 150  
 Spread o'er the spangled sign-board, had dislodged  
 The old Lion and usurped his place, in sight  
 And mockery of the rustic painter's hand—  
 Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear  
 With all its foolish pomp The garden lay 155  
 Upon a slope surmounted by a plain  
 Of a small bowling-green, beneath us stood  
 A grove, with gleams of water through the trees  
 And over the tree-tops, nor did we want  
 Refreshment, strawberries and mellow cream 160  
 There, while through half an afternoon we played  
 On the smooth platform, whether skill prevailed  
 Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee  
 Made all the mountains ring But, ere night-fall,  
 When in our pinnace we returned at leisure 165  
 Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach  
 Of some small island steered our course with one,  
 The Minstrel of the Troop, and left him there,  
 And rowed off gently, while he blew his flute  
 Alone upon the rock—oh, then, the calm 170  
 And dead still water lay upon my mind  
 Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,

---

169 and the shouts we sent] fitful bursts of glee D. D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

170-2 A C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

172 dusky A C D shadowy D<sup>s</sup>



Never before so beautiful, sank down  
 180 Into my heart, and held me like a dream

Thus daily were my sympathies enlarged, [175]  
 And thus the common range of visible things  
 Grew dear to me already I began  
 To love the sun, a Boy I lov'd the sun,  
 185 Not as I since have lov'd him, as a pledge  
 And surety of our earthly life, a light [180]  
 Which while we view we feel we are alive,  
 But, for this cause, that I had seen him lay  
 His beauty on the morning hills, had seen  
 190 The western mountain touch his setting orb, [185]  
 In many a thoughtless hour, when, from excess  
 Of happiness, my blood appear'd to flow  
 With its own pleasure, and I breath'd with joy.  
 And from like feelings, humble though intense,  
 195 To patriotic and domestic love [190]  
 Analogous, the moon to me was dear,  
 For I would dream away my purposes,  
 Standing to look upon her while she hung  
 Midway between the hills, as if she knew

---

181 Thus day by day my sympathies increas'd V

181-3 Thus daily dear to me At end of Book, B adds three drafts  
 expanding this passage

- (1) by which propitious course  
 The daring instincts and the brooding powers  
 Were mutually sustained, the mind was filled
- (2) already I began  
 To follow with my eyes the sailing clouds  
 In conscious admiration, nor less pleased  
 To stand beneath the universal vault  
 Of the blue vacant firmament whose fair  
 Yet gloomy depth I strove to penetrate  
 Whose texture fancy toiled to comprehend  
 Boy as I was I loved the glorious sun
- (3) Thus daily were my sympathies enlarged  
 Refined or strengthened, by such gracious course  
 The daring instincts and the brooding Powers  
 Were mutually upheld, the senses trained  
 To nice observance and the mind to thought  
 And thus the common range of visible things  
 Grew dear to me, not only those huge heights  
 My native region's own peculiar boast,  
 And headlong torrents, but the lowly plains  
 With flowers besprent and unassuming brooks  
 And warm green fields by sheltering woods embraced

Never before so beautiful, sank down  
 Into my heart, and held me like a dream !  
 Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and thus 175  
 Daily the common range of visible things  
 Grew dear to me already I began  
 To love the sun, a boy I loved the sun,  
 Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge  
 And surety of our earthly life, a light 180  
 Which we behold and feel we are alive,  
 Nor for his bounty to so many worlds—  
 But for this cause, that I had seen him lav  
 His beauty on the morning hills, had seen  
 The western mountain touch his setting orb, 185  
 In many a thoughtless hour, when, from excess  
 Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow  
 For its own pleasure, and I breathed with joy  
 And, from like feelings, humble though intense,  
 To patriotic and domestic love 190  
 Analogous, the moon to me was dear,  
 For I could dream away my purposes,  
 Standing to gaze upon her while she hung  
 Midway between the hills, as if she knew

And nature's universal aspect, seen  
 In earth or sky Already I began  
 To follow with my eyes the sailing clouds  
 In conscious admiration, loved to watch  
 Their shifting colours and their changeful forms,  
 And with a curious patience of regard  
 Laboured the subtle process to detect  
 By which, like thoughts within the mind itself,  
 They rose as if from nothing, and dissolved  
 Insensibly, marked with the lofty winds  
 These hurrying out of sight in troops, while that,  
 A lonely One upon the mountain top,  
 Rested in sedentary quietness,  
 Faint answers yielding as my thoughts inquired  
 By what subjection he was fix'd, what law  
 Stay'd him, and why alone he linger'd there  
 Crowning that regal hill, or like a spirit  
 Whispering angelic tidings, and in turn  
 To records listening of primeval hours  
 And the dread labours of the earth, ere form  
 From the conflicting powers of flood and fire  
 Escaped, stood fixed in permanence serene  
 Nor was I unaccustom'd with a heart  
 As pleas'd to stand beneath th' impending cope  
 Of the blue *etc as (2)*

181-2, 187 D as A D<sup>a</sup> as 1850 [182] added to D

200 No other region, but belong'd to thee, [195]  
 Yea, appertain'd by a peculiar right  
 To thee and thy grey huts, my darling Vale !

Those incidental charms which first attach'd  
 My heart to rural objects, day by day  
 205 Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell [200]  
 How Nature, intervenient till this time,  
 And secondary, now at length was sought  
 For her own sake But who shall parcel out  
 His intellect, by geometric rules,  
 210 Split, like a province, into round and square ? [205]  
 Who knows the individual hour in which  
 His habits were first sown, even as a seed,  
 Who that shall point, as with a wand, and say,  
 ' This portion of the river of my mind [209]  
 215 Came from yon fountain ? ' Thou, my Friend ! art one  
 More deeply read in thy own thoughts, to thee  
 Science appears but, what in truth she is,  
 Not as our glory and our absolute boast,  
 But as a succedaneum, and a prop  
 220 To our infirmity Thou art no slave [215]  
 Of that false secondary power, by which,  
 In weakness, we create distinctions, then  
 Deem that our puny boundaries are things  
 Which we perceive, and not which we have made  
 225 To thee, unblinded by these outward shows, [220]  
 The unity of all has been reveal'd  
 And thou wilt doubt with me, less aptly skill'd  
 Than many are to class the cabinet  
 Of their sensations, and, in voluble phrase, [225]  
 230 Run through the history and birth of each,  
 As of a single independent thing  
 Hard task to analyse a soul, in which,  
 Not only general habits and desires,  
 But each most obvious and particular thought,  
 235 Not in a mystical and idle sense, [230]  
 But in the words of reason deeply weigh'd,  
 Hath no beginning

Bless'd the infant Babe,  
 (For with my best conjectures I would trace

202 my darling A C D thou one dear D<sup>r</sup> my [ ] V  
 [215] officious D<sup>s</sup> timid D 216-20 to thee art] added to V.

No other region, but belonged to thee, 195  
 Yea, appertained by a peculiar right  
 To thee and thy grey huts, thou one dear Vale !

Those incidental charms which first attached  
 My heart to rural objects, day by day  
 Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell 200  
 How Nature, intervention till this time  
 And secondary, now at length was sought  
 For her own sake But who shall parcel out  
 His intellect by geometric rules,  
 Split like a province into round and square ' 205  
 Who knows the individual hour in which  
 His habits were first sown, even as a seed '  
 Who that shall point as with a wand and say  
 ' This portion of the river of my mind  
 Came from yon fountain ? ' Thou, my Friend ! art one 210  
 More deeply read in thy own thoughts, to thee  
 Science appears but what in truth she is,  
 Not as our glory and our absolute boast,  
 But as a succedaneum, and a prop  
 To our infirmity No officious slave 215  
 Art thou of that false secondary power  
 By which we multiply distinctions, then  
 Deem that our puny boundaries are things  
 That we perceive, and not that we have made  
 To thee, unblinded by these formal arts, 220  
 The unity of all hath been revealed,  
 And thou wilt doubt, with me less aptly skilled  
 Than many are to range the faculties  
 In scale and order, class the cabinet  
 Of their sensations, and in voluble phrase 225  
 Run through the history and birth of each  
 As of a single independent thing  
 Hard task, vain hope, to analyse the mind,  
 If each most obvious and particular thought,  
 Not in a mystical and idle sense, 230  
 But in the words of Reason deeply weighed,  
 Hath no beginning

Blest the infant Babe,  
 (For with my best conjecture I would trace

223 Deem that  $\mathcal{R}$  V<sup>2</sup> Believe V

225 outward shows  $\mathcal{R}$  C D formal arts D<sup>2</sup>

227-59 stuck over in D 239, 240, 242-3 D as  $\mathcal{R}$  D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

- The progress of our Being) blest the Babe,  
 240 Nurs'd in his Mother's arms, the Babe who sleeps [235]  
 Upon his Mother's breast, who, when his soul  
 Claims manifest kindred with an earthly soul,  
 Doth gather passion from his Mother's eye!  
 Such feelings pass into his torpid life  
 245 Like an awakening breeze, and hence his mind  
 Even [in the first trial of its powers]  
 Is prompt and watchful, eager to combine  
 In one appearance, all the elements  
 And parts of the same object, else detach'd  
 250 And loth to coalesce Thus, day by day,  
 Subjected to the discipline of love,  
 His organs and recipient faculties  
 Arc quicken'd, are more vigorous, his mind spreads,  
 Tenacious of the forms which it receives  
 255 In one beloved presence, nay and more,  
 In that most apprehensive habitude  
 And those sensations which have been deriv'd  
 From this beloved Presence, there exists  
 A virtue which irradiates and exalts  
 260 All objects through all intercourse of sense [240]  
 No outcast he, bewilder'd and depress'd,  
 Along his infant veins are interfus'd  
 The gravitation and the filial bond  
 Of nature, that connect him with the world [244]  
 265 Emphatically such a Being lives,  
 An inmate of this *active* universe,  
 From nature largely he receives, nor so  
 Is satisfied, but largely gives again,  
 For feeling has to him imparted strength, [255]  
 270 And powerful in all sentiments of grief,  
 Of exultation, fear, and joy, his mind,  
 Even as an agent of the one great mind,  
 Creates, creator and receiver both,  
 Working but in alliance with the works  
 275 Which it beholds —Such, verily, is the first [260]

246 Even in the first trial of its powers VM A C have line blank after Even.

260 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

[244-57] D has several deleted drafts of this passage (1) shows very little change from A, but between 264 and 265 has

From the new earth of man and his concerns  
 Up to the silent wilderness of stars

Our Being's earthly progress,) blest the Babe,  
 Nursed in his Mother's arms, who sinks to sleep 235  
 Rocked on his Mother's breast, who with his soul  
 Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's eye!  
 For him, in one dear Presence, there exists  
 A virtue which irradiates and exalts  
 Objects through widest intercourse of sense 240  
 No outcast he, bewildered and depressed  
 Along his infant veins are interfused  
 The gravitation and the filial bond  
 Of nature that connect him with the world  
 Is there a flower, to which he points with hand 245  
 Too weak to gather it, already love  
 Drawn from love's purest earthly fount for him  
 Hath beautified that flower, already shades  
 Of pity cast from inward tenderness  
 Do fall around him upon aught that bears 250  
 Unsightly marks of violence or harm  
 Emphatically such a Being lives  
 Frail creature as he is, helpless as frail,  
 An inmate of this active universe  
 For feeling has to him imparted power 255  
 That through the growing faculties of sense  
 Doth like an agent of the one great Mind  
 Create, creator and receiver both,  
 Working but in alliance with the works  
 Which it beholds—Such, verily, is the first 260

---

(2) *after world, (264) goes on*

Among whose elements he breathes with signs  
 And symbols for instruction and delight  
 Before, beneath, about him, and above,  
 From the green earth up to the sparkling stars

*then continues as E harm [251], and goes on*

Man beast or bird or even on some sad tree  
 That haply stands with arms lopt off among  
 Its leafy brethren, mangled and deformed

*These three lines are then deleted for*

And O! the bliss of gratitude that burns  
 Within his heart bright as a household fire  
 Tended by careful hands when winds blow keen

*and after universe [254] Love as his place of refuge, love the source*

[255-8] For feeling has imparted thought and power  
 Of animation for his opening mind  
 That like an Agent of the one great Mind  
 Creates etc D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

- Poetic spirit of our human life ,  
 By uniform control of after years  
 In most abated or suppress'd, in some,  
 Through every change of growth or of decay,  
 280 Pre-eminent till death [265]
- From early days,  
 Beginning not long after that first time  
 In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch,  
 I held mute dialogues with my Mother's heart  
 I have endeavour'd to display the means  
 285 Whereby this infant sensibility, [270]  
 Great birthright of our Being, was in me  
 Augmented and sustain'd Yet is a path  
 More difficult before me, and I fear  
 That in its broken windings we shall need  
 290 The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's wing [275]  
 For now a trouble came into my mind  
 From unknown causes I was left alone,  
 Seeking the visible world, nor knowing why  
 The props of my affections were remov'd,  
 295 And yet the building stood, as if sustain'd [280]  
 By its own spirit ! All that I beheld  
 Was dear to me, and from this cause it came,  
 That now to Nature's finer influxes  
 My mind lay open, to that more exact  
 300 And intimate communion which our hearts  
 Maintain with the minuter properties  
 Of objects which already are belov'd,  
 And of those only Many are the joys  
 Of youth , but oh ! what happiness to live [285]  
 305 When every hour brings palpable access  
 Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,  
 And sorrow is not there The seasons came,  
 And every season to my notice brought  
 A store of transitory qualities [290]  
 310 Which, but for this most watchful power of love  
 Had been neglected, left a register  
 Of permanent relations, else unknown,  
 Hence life, and change, and beauty, solitude  
 More active, even, than ' best society ', [295]  
 315 Society made sweet as solitude  
 By silent inobtrusive sympathies,  
 And gentle agitations of the mind

Poetic spirit of our human life,  
 By uniform control of after years,  
 In most, abated or suppressed, in some,  
 Through every change of growth and of decay,  
 Pre-eminent till death 265

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 Beginning not long after that first time  
 In which, a Babe, by intercourse of touch  
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 Great birthright of our being, was in me  
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 That in its broken windings we shall need  
 The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's wing. 275  
 For now a trouble came into my mind  
 From unknown causes I was left alone  
 Seeking the visible world, nor knowing why.  
 The props of my affections were removed,  
 And yet the building stood, as if sustained 280  
 By its own spirit! All that I beheld  
 Was dear, and hence to finer influxes  
 The mind lay open to a more exact  
 And close communion Many are our joys  
 In youth, but oh! what happiness to live 285  
 When every hour brings palpable access  
 Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,  
 And sorrow is not there! The seasons came,  
 And every season wheresoe'er I moved  
 Unfolded transitory qualities, 290  
 Which, but for this most watchful power of love,  
 Had been neglected, left a register  
 Of permanent relations, else unknown  
 Hence life, and change, and beauty, solitude  
 More active even than 'best society'— 295  
 Society made sweet as solitude  
 By silent inobtrusive sympathies,  
 And gentle agitations of the mind

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308-9 And every season brought a countless store  
 Of modes and temporary qualities V D as A D as 1850  
 308 did to notice bring M  
 316 A C D. By inward concords, silent, inobtrusive D as E



- From manifold distinctions, difference  
 Perceived in things, where to the common eye, [300]  
 320 No difference is, and hence, from the same source  
 Sublimer joy, for I would walk alone,  
 In storm and tempest, or in starlight nights  
 Beneath the quiet Heavens, and, at that time,  
 Have felt whate'er there is of power in sound  
 325 To breathe an elevated mood, by form [305]  
 Or image unprofaned, and I would stand,  
 Beneath some rock, listening to sounds that are  
 The ghostly language of the ancient earth,  
 Or make their dim abode in distant winds [310]  
 330 Thence did I drink the visionary power  
 I deem not profitless these fleeting moods  
 Of shadowy exultation not for this,  
 That they are kindred to our purer mind  
 And intellectual life, but that the soul, [315]  
 335 Remembering how she felt, but what she felt  
 Remembering not, retains an obscure sense  
 Of possible sublimity, to which,  
 With growing faculties she doth aspire,  
 With faculties still growing, feeling still [320]  
 340 That whatsoever point they gain, they still  
 Have something to pursue  
 And not alone,  
 In grandeur and in tumult, but no less  
 In tranquil scenes, that universal power  
 And fitness in the latent qualities [325]  
 345 And essences of things, by which the mind  
 Is mov'd by feelings of delight, to me  
 Came strengthen'd with a superadded soul,  
 A virtue not its own My morning walks  
 Were early, oft, before the hours of School [330]  
 350 I travell'd round our little Lake, five miles  
 Of pleasant wandering, happy time ! more dear  
 For this, that one was by my side, a Friend  
 Then passionately lov'd, with heart how full  
 Will he peruse these lines, this page, perhaps  
 355 A blank to other men ! for many years [335]  
 Have since flow'd in between us, and our minds,  
 Both silent to each other, at this time  
 We live as if those hours had never been  
 Nor seldom did I lift our cottage latch

From manifold distinctions, difference  
 Perceived in things, where, to the unwatchful eye, 300  
 No difference is, and hence, from the same source,  
 Sublimer joy, for I would walk alone,  
 Under the quiet stars, and at that time  
 Have felt whate'er there is of power in sound  
 To breathe an elevated mood, by form 305  
 Or image unprofaned, and I would stand,  
 If the night blackened with a coming storm,  
 Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are  
 The ghostly language of the ancient earth,  
 Or make their dim abode in distant winds 310  
 Thence did I drink the visionary power,  
 And deem not profitless those fleeting moods  
 Of shadowy exultation not for this,  
 That they are kindred to our purer mind  
 And intellectual life, but that the soul, 315  
 Remembering how she felt, but what she felt  
 Remembering not, retains an obscure sense  
 Of possible sublimity, whereto  
 With growing faculties she doth aspire,  
 With faculties still growing, feeling still 320  
 That whatsoever point they gain, they yet  
 Have something to pursue  
 And not alone,  
 'Mid gloom and tumult, but no less 'mid fair  
 And tranquil scenes, that universal power  
 And fitness in the latent qualities 325  
 And essences of things, by which the mind  
 Is moved with feelings of delight, to me  
 Came, strengthened with a superadded soul,  
 A virtue not its own My morning walks  
 Were early,—oft before the hours of school 330  
 I travelled round our little lake, five miles  
 Of pleasant wandering Happy time! more dear  
 For this, that one was by my side, a Friend,  
 Then passionately loved, with heart how full  
 Would he peruse these lines! For many years 335  
 Have since flowed in between us, and, our minds  
 Both silent to each other, at this time  
 We live as if those hours had never been  
 Nor seldom did I lift our cottage latch

320-8 *Stuck over in D* D<sup>ms</sup> 1850  
 342-3 *A C D. D<sup>s</sup> as 1850.*

324 Have felt] Would feel V.



Far earlier, ere one smoke-wreath had risen 340  
 From human dwelling, or the vernal thrush  
 Was audible, and sate among the woods  
 Alone upon some jutting eminence,  
 At the first gleam of dawn-light, when the Vale,  
 Yet slumbering, lay in utter solitude 345  
 How shall I seek the origin ? where find  
 Faith in the marvellous things which then I felt ?  
 Oft in these moments such a holy calm  
 Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes  
 Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw 350  
 Appeared like something in myself, a dream,  
 A prospect in the mind

'Twere long to tell

What spring and autumn, what the winter snows,  
 And what the summer shade, what day and night,  
 Evening and morning, sleep and waking, thought 355  
 From sources inexhaustible, poured forth  
 To feed the spirit of religious love  
 In which I walked with Nature But let this  
 Be not forgotten, that I still retained  
 My first creative sensibility, 360  
 That by the regular action of the world  
 My soul was unsubdued A plastic power  
 Abode with me, a forming hand, at times  
 Rebellious, acting in a devious mood,  
 A local spirit of his own, at war 365  
 With general tendency, but, for the most,  
 Subservient strictly to external things  
 With which it communed An auxiliary light  
 Came from my mind, which on the setting sun  
 Bestowed new splendour, the melodious birds, 370  
 The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on  
 Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obeyed  
 A like dominion, and the midnight storm  
 Grew darker in the presence of my eye  
 Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence, 375  
 And hence my transport

Nor should this, perchance,  
 Pass unrecorded, that I still had loved  
 The exercise and produce of a toil,

---

[355] sleep and waking thought, D dreams and waking thought, D<sup>2</sup>.

- Than analytic industry to me  
 More pleasing, and whose character I deem [380]  
 400 Is more poetic as resembling more  
 Creative agency I mean to speak  
 Of that interminable building rear'd  
 By observation of affinities  
 In objects where no brotherhood exists [385]  
 405 To common minds My seventeenth year was come  
 And, whether from this habit, rooted now  
 So deeply in my mind, or from excess  
 Of the great social principle of life,  
 Coercing all things into sympathy, [390]  
 410 To unorganic natures I transferr'd  
 My own enjoyments, or, the power of truth  
 Coming in revelation, I convers'd  
 With things that really are, I, at this time  
 Saw blessings spread around me like a sea [395]  
 415 Thus did my days pass on, and now at length  
 From Nature and her overflowing soul  
 I had receiv'd so much that all my thoughts  
 Were steep'd in feeling, I was only then  
 Contented when with bliss ineffable [400]  
 420 I felt the sentiment of Being spread  
 O'er all that moves, and all that seemeth still,  
 O'er all, that, lost beyond the reach of thought  
 And human knowledge, to the human eye  
 Invisible, yet liveth to the heart, [405]  
 425 O'er all that leaps, and runs, and shouts, and sings,  
 Or beats the gladsome air, o'er all that glides  
 Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself  
 And mighty depth of waters Wonder not  
 If such my transports were, for in all things now [410]  
 430 I saw one life, and felt that it was joy  
 One song they sang, and it was audible, [415]  
 Most audible then when the fleshly ear,  
 O'ercome by grosser prelude of that strain,  
 Forgot its functions, and slept undisturb'd  
 435 If this be error, and another faith  
 Find easier access to the pious mind, [420]

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405 common A C D passive D<sup>s</sup>

415 A C D E (*but* D E the *for* my) E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

416 and her overflowing soul] overflowing on my soul D E

Than analytic industry to me  
 More pleasing, and whose character I deem 380  
 Is more poetic as resembling more  
 Creative agency The song would speak  
 Of that interminable building reared  
 By observation of affinities  
 In objects where no brotherhood exists 385  
 To passive minds My seventeenth year was come ,  
 And, whether from this habit rooted now  
 So deeply in my mind, or from excess  
 In the great social principle of life  
 Coercing all things into sympathy, 390  
 To unorganic natures were transferred  
 My own enjoyments , or the power of truth  
 Coming in revelation, did converse  
 With things that really are , I, at this time,  
 Saw blessings spread around me like a sea 395  
 Thus while the days flew by, and years passed on,  
 From Nature and her overflowing soul,  
 I had received so much, that all my thoughts  
 Were steeped in feeling , I was only then  
 Contented, when with bliss ineffable 400  
 I felt the sentiment of Being spread  
 O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still ,  
 O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought  
 And human knowledge, to the human eye  
 Invisible, yet liveth to the heart , 405  
 O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,  
 Or beats the gladsome air , o'er all that glides  
 Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,  
 And mighty depth of waters Wonder not  
 If high the transport, great the joy I felt, 410  
 Communing in this sort through earth and heaven  
 With every form of creature, as it looked  
 Towards the Uncreated with a countenance  
 Of adoration, with an eye of love  
 One song they sang, and it was audible, 415  
 Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,  
 O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,  
 Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed  
  
 If this be error, and another faith  
 Find easier access to the pious mind, 420

- Yet were I grossly destitute of all  
 Those human sentiments which make this earth  
 So dear, if I should fail, with grateful voice  
 440 To speak of you, Ye Mountains and Ye Lakes,  
 And sounding Cataracts ! Ye Mists and Winds [425]  
 That dwell among the hills where I was born  
 If, in my youth, I have been pure in heart,  
 If, mingling with the world, I am content  
 445 With my own modest pleasures, and have liv'd,  
 With God and Nature communing, remov'd [430]  
 From little enmities and low desires,  
 The gift is yours, if in these times of fear,  
 This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,  
 450 If, 'mid indifference and apathy  
 And wicked exultation, when good men, [435]  
 On every side fall off we know not how,  
 To selfishness, disguis'd in gentle names  
 Of peace, and quiet, and domestic love,  
 455 Yet mingled, not unwillingly, with sneers  
 On visionary minds, if in this time [440]  
 Of dereliction and dismay, I yet  
 Despair not of our nature, but retain  
 A more than Roman confidence, a faith  
 460 That fails not, in all sorrow my support,  
 The blessing of my life, the gift is yours, [445]  
 Ye mountains ! thine, O Nature ! Thou hast fed  
 My lofty speculations, and in thee,  
 For this uneasy heart of ours I find  
 465 A never-failing principle of joy, [450]  
 And purest passion  
 Thou, my Friend ! wert rear'd  
 In the great City, 'mid far other scenes,  
 But we, by different roads at length have gain'd  
 The self-same bourne And for this cause to Thee  
 470 I speak, unapprehensive of contempt, [455]  
 The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,  
 And all that silent language which so oft  
 In conversation betwixt man and man  
 Blots from the human countenance all trace  
 475 Of beauty and of love For Thou hast sought [460]  
 The truth in solitude, and Thou art one,

---

 449 waste *A* V<sup>2</sup> world V

 476-9 The truth . . . devotion *A* D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

Yet were I grossly destitute of all  
 Those human sentiments that make this earth  
 So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice  
 To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye lakes  
 And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds 425  
 That dwell among the hills where I was born.  
 If in my youth I have been pure in heart,  
 If, mingling with the world, I am content  
 With my own modest pleasures, and have lived  
 With God and Nature communing, removed 430  
 From little enmities and low desires,  
 The gift is yours, if in these times of fear,  
 This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,  
 If, 'mid indifference and apathy,  
 And wicked exultation when good men 435  
 On every side fall off, we know not how,  
 To selfishness, disguised in gentle names  
 Of peace and quiet and domestic love  
 Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers  
 On visionary minds, if, in this time 440  
 Of dereliction and dismay, I yet  
 Despair not of our nature, but retain  
 A more than Roman confidence, a faith  
 That fails not, in all sorrow my support,  
 The blessing of my life, the gift is yours, 445  
 Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 'tis yours,  
 Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou hast fed  
 My lofty speculations, and in thee,  
 For this uneasy heart of ours, I find  
 A never-failing principle of joy 450  
 And purest passion.

Thou, my Friend! wert reared  
 In the great city, 'mid far other scenes,  
 But we, by different roads, at length have gained  
 The self-same bourne And for this cause to thee  
 I speak, unapprehensive of contempt, 455  
 The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,  
 And all that silent language which so oft  
 In conversation between man and man  
 Blots from the human countenance all trace  
 Of beauty and of love For thou hast sought 460  
 The truth in solitude, and, since the days  
 That gave thee liberty, full long desired



The most intense of Nature's worshippers  
In many things my Brother, chiefly here [465]  
In this my deep devotion

Fare Thee well !

480 Health, and the quiet of a healthful mind  
Attend thee ! seeking oft the haunts of men,  
And yet more often living with Thyself,  
And for Thyself, so haply shall thy days [470]  
Be many, and a blessing to mankind

To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast been  
The most assiduous of her ministers ,  
In many things my brother, chiefly here 465  
In this our deep devotion

Fare thee well !

Health and the quiet of a healthful mind  
Attend thee ! seeking oft the haunts of men,  
And yet more often living with thyself,  
And for thyself, so haply shall thy days 470  
Be many, and a blessing to mankind

## BOOK THIRD

### RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE

It was a dreary morning when the Chaise  
Roll'd over the flat Plains of Huntingdon  
And, through the open windows, first I saw  
The long-back'd Chapel of King's College rear  
5 His pinnacles above the dusky groves [5]

Soon afterwards, we espied upon the road,  
A student cloth'd in Gown and tassell'd Cap,  
He pass'd, nor was I master of my eyes  
Till he was left a hundred yards behind  
10 The Place, as we approach'd, seem'd more and more  
To have an eddy's force, and suck'd us in  
More eagerly at every step we took  
Onward we drove beneath the Castle, down [15]  
By Magdalene Bridge we went and cross'd the Cam,  
15 And at the *Hoop* we landed, famous Inn

---

[MSS. for Bk. III • M A B C D E]

1-5 No sunshine cheered the morning and our course  
Over a champaign flat and and objectless  
Was wearisome, till classic Cambridge showed  
The long roofed *etc. as A D*

1-2 *as A*, 3-4 And on we went unheared, till first we saw  
The long roofed *etc D*<sup>a</sup>

No sunshine cheered the morning and the way  
Was dull and wearisome till Cambridge shewed  
The long roof'd chapel of King's College rearing  
Its pinnacles above a boundary line  
Of dusky groves broken by low hung clouds D<sup>a</sup>

5-6 *Left blank in C* 6 Soon afterwards] Advancing A<sup>a</sup> B<sup>a</sup>

9 *fol.* Till he who rode indifferently (*insensibly*) along  
With youthful pace was left as far behind  
As ere at sunset stretched his spindling shade. A<sup>a</sup>.

10-12 Nearer and nearer as we drew the Place  
More strongly wrought upon me and appeared  
To suck us in as with an eddy's force  
At every instant more perceptible

## BOOK THIRD

### RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE

It was a dreary morning when the wheels  
Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,  
And nothing cheered our way till first we saw  
The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift  
Turrets and pinnacles in answering files, 5  
Extended high above a dusky grove

Advancing, we espied upon the road  
A student clothed in gown and tasselled cap,  
Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,  
Or covetous of exercise and air, 10  
He passed—nor was I master of my eyes  
Till he was left an arrow's flight behind  
As near and nearer to the spot we drew,  
It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force  
Onward we drove beneath the Castle, caught, 15  
While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam;  
And at the *Hoop* alighted, famous Inn

- 
- 13-15 Onward we drove beneath the Castle—down  
To Magdalene Bridge whirled rapidly, there saw  
And crossed the sleepy Cam, pursued our way  
By antique gateways, crowded rattling streets  
And at the *Hoop* alighted *etc* A<sup>2</sup>
- 10-12 Muse whom I serve, bear witness that the Place  
The venerable place as we approached  
So wrought upon my mind that it appeared *etc* as A<sup>2</sup>, A<sup>3</sup>
- 13-15 A<sup>2</sup> *has swept for* drove *and for* And crossed streets *has*  
And crossed on rattling wheels the sleepy Cam,  
Through antique gateways caught a transient glimpse,
- 10-14 The place as we approached seemed more and more  
To have an eddy's force, onwards we drove  
Beneath the Castle crossed the sleepy Cam D  
The place as we approached had seemed to gain  
An eddy's force nor failed to suck us in  
More and more eagerly at every step  
Onward we drove beneath the Castle mound  
Caught as we crossed the Bridge a glimpse of Cam, D<sup>2</sup> D<sup>3</sup> E  
*as 1850, but in [15] That quickened not our pace, but soon we*  
caught

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full of hope ,  
 Some Friends I had, acquaintances who there  
 Seem'd Friends, poor simple Schoolboys, now hung  
     round  
 With honour and importance , in a world  
 20 Of welcome faces up and down I rov'd ,  
 Questions, directions, counsel and advice  
 Flow'd in upon me from all sides, fresh day  
 Of pride and pleasure ! to myself I seem'd [25]  
 A man of business and expense, and went  
 25 From shop to shop about my own affairs,  
 To Tutors or to Tailors, as befel,  
 From street to street with loose and careless heart

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream , I roam'd [30]  
 Delighted, through the motley spectacle ,  
 30 Gowns grave or gaudy, Doctors, Students, Streets,  
 Lamps, Gateways, Flocks of Churches, Courts and  
     Towers  
 Strange transformation for a mountain Youth,  
 A northern Villager As if by word [35]  
 Of magic or some Fairy's power, at once  
 35 Behold me rich in monies, and attir'd  
 In splendid clothes, with hose of silk, and hair  
 Glittering like rimy trees when frost is keen.  
 My lordly Dressing-gown I pass it by, [40]  
 With other signs of manhood which supplied  
 40 The lack of beard —The weeks went roundly on,  
 With invitations, suppers, wine, and fruit,  
 Smooth housekeeping within, and all without  
 Liberal and suiting Gentleman's array ! [45]

The Evangelist St John my Patron was,  
 45 Three gloomy Courts are his , and in the first  
 Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure !  
 Right underneath, the College kitchens made  
 A humming sound, less tuneable than bees, [50]  
 But hardly less industrious , with shrill notes  
 Of sharp command and scolding intermix'd

---

20 up and down] here and there A<sup>s</sup>

21 counsel R C D E warnings E<sup>s</sup>

27 Not in M

31 Lamps, Gateways:] Groves, Cloisters, A<sup>s</sup> B<sup>s</sup> D as A . D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full of hope,  
 Some friends I had, acquaintances who there  
 Seemed friends, poor simple school-boys, now hung  
 round 20

With honour and importance in a world  
 Of welcome faces up and down I roved,  
 Questions, directions, warnings and advice,  
 Flowed in upon me, from all sides, fresh day  
 Of pride and pleasure! to myself I seemed 25  
 A man of business and expense, and went  
 From shop to shop about my own affairs,  
 To Tutor or to Tailor, as befel,  
 From street to street with loose and careless mind

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream, I roamed 30  
 Delighted through the motley spectacle,  
 Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, streets,  
 Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers  
 Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,  
 A northern villager 35

As if the change  
 Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once  
 Behold me rich in monies, and attired  
 In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair  
 Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen  
 My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by, 40  
 With other signs of manhood that supplied  
 The lack of beard —The weeks went roundly on,  
 With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,  
 Smooth housekeeping within, and all without  
 Liberal, and suiting gentleman's array 45

The Evangelist St John my patron was  
 Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first  
 Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure,  
 Right underneath, the College kitchens made  
 A humming sound, less tuneable than bees, 50  
 But hardly less industrious, with shrill notes  
 Of sharp command and scolding intermixed

---

32 Most strange migration and therewith as strange

A transformation for a mountain youth DE E<sup>a</sup> as 1850

36 clothes ACD garb A<sup>a</sup>B<sup>a</sup> 37 Glittering ACD Powdered D<sup>a</sup>.

45 gloomy ACD. Gothic D<sup>a</sup>.



Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,  
 Who never let the quarters, night or day,  
 Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours      55  
 Twice over with a male and female voice  
 Her pealing organ was my neighbour too,  
 And from my pillow, looking forth by light  
 Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold  
 The antechapel where the statue stood      60  
 Of Newton with his prism and silent face,  
 The marble index of a mind for ever  
 Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone

Of College labours, of the Lecturer's room  
 All studded round, as thick as chairs could stand,      65  
 With loyal students faithful to their books,  
 Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants,  
 And honest dunces—of important days,  
 Examinations, when the man was weighed  
 As in a balance<sup>1</sup> of excessive hopes,      70  
 Tremblings withal and commendable fears,  
 Small jealousies, and triumphs good or bad,  
 Let others that know more speak as they know  
 Such glory was but little sought by me,  
 And little won      Yet from the first crude days      75  
 Of settling time in this untried abode,  
 I was disturbed at times by prudent thoughts,  
 Wishing to hope without a hope, some fears  
 About my future worldly maintenance,  
 And, more than all, a strangeness in the mind,      80  
 A feeling that I was not for that hour,  
 Nor for that place      But wherefore be cast down?  
 For (not to speak of Reason and her pure  
 Reflective acts to fix the moral law  
 Deep in the conscience, nor of Christian Hope,      85  
 Bowing her head before her sister Faith  
 As one far mightier), hither I had come,

---

Solemnly near and pressing on my sight	Of moonshine on the branchy windows playing
The Antechapel A <sup>1</sup>	The Antechapel B <sup>2</sup>

56-63 *Stuck over in D*      D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

69-76 D as A C, but 72-3 as 1850, and in 70 I did not prize, and scarcely  
prize them now,      D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

81-108 *page stuck over in D, followed by page of erasures*      D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.



- Why should I grieve ? I was a chosen Son  
 For hither I had come with holy powers  
 And faculties, whether to work or feel [89]
- 85 To apprehend all passions and all moods  
 Which time, and place, and season do impress  
 Upon the visible universe, and work  
 Like changes there by force of my own mind  
 I was a Freeman, in the purest sense
- 90 Was free, and to majestic ends was strong  
 I do not speak of learning, moral truth,  
 Or understanding, 'twas enough for me  
 To know that I was otherwise endow'd  
 When the first glitter of the show was pass'd,
- 95 And the first dazzle of the taper light,  
 As if with a rebound my mind return'd  
 Into its former self Oft did I leave  
 My Comrades, and the Crowd, Buildings and Groves, [92]  
 And walked along the fields, the level fields,
- 100 With Heaven's blue concave rear'd above my head,  
 And now it was, that, from such change entire  
 And this first absence from those shapes sublime  
 Wherewith I had been conversant, my mind [95]  
 Seem'd busier in itself than heretofore,
- 105 At least, I more directly recognised  
 My powers and habits let me dare to speak  
 A higher language, say that now I felt [100]  
 The strength and consolation which were mine  
 As if awaken'd, summon'd, rous'd, constrain'd,
- 110 I look'd for universal things, perused  
 The common countenance of earth and heaven, [110]  
 And, turning the mind in upon itself,

85-90 *A* CD<sup>2</sup>, but D<sup>2</sup> characters and for passions and all, deleted D<sup>2</sup>

[88] endowed E<sup>2</sup> had come D<sup>2</sup> E

[90] Oft when those novelties had lost by use Their power D<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

91 learning A C knowledge M B

91-3 A deletes

82-93 A makes two attempts to recast

(1) A youthful Druid taught in shady groves  
 Primæval mysteries, a bard elect  
 To celebrate in sympathetic verse  
 Magnanimous exploits, nor unprepared,  
 If high occasion called, to act or suffer  
 As from the invisible shrine within the breast  
 Nature might urge, or antient story taught  
 Why should he grieve who was a chosen Son  
 Why should he languish with a student's gown

Bear witness Truth, endowed with holy powers  
 And faculties, whether to work or feel  
 Oft when the dazzling show no longer new 90  
 Had ceased to dazzle, oftentimes did I quit  
 My comrades, leave the crowd, buildings and groves,  
 And as I paced alone the level fields  
 Far from those lovely sights and sounds sublime  
 With which I had been conversant, the mind 95  
 Drooped not, but there into herself returning,  
 With prompt rebound seemed fresh as heretofore  
 At least I more distinctly recognized  
 Her native instincts let me dare to speak  
 A higher language, say that now I felt 100  
 What independent solaces were mine,  
 To mitigate the injurious sway of place  
 Or circumstance, how far soever changed  
 In youth, or to be changed in manhood's prime,  
 Or for the few who shall be called to look 105  
 On the long shadows in our evening years,  
 Ordained precursors to the night of death  
 As if awakened, summoned, roused, constrained,  
 I looked for universal things, perused  
 The common countenance of earth and sky 110  
 Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace  
 Of that first Paradise whence man was driven,  
 And sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed  
 By the proud name she bears—the name of Heaven  
 I called on both to teach me what they might, 115  
 Or turning the mind in upon herself

---

Depress'd, when would (*sic* he ?) more fitly had been clad  
 In vernal green, like an Aspirant Youth

- (2) What need that aught of self-respecting fear  
 Should plague the young Initiate who had seen  
 Thrice sacred mysteries mid Druid groves  
 Or where grey Temples stood on native Hills ?  
 Why should he droop who fittest had been clad  
 Like an Aspirant in cerulean Robes  
 Address'd to celebrate with harp and voice  
 Magnanimous exploits, nor unprepared

111-12 *Between these lines is added to A*

Earth partially embellished as becomes  
 The fix'd abiding place of fallen mankind  
 And sky whose infinite bounty is express'd  
 By the proud name she bears—the name of Heaven  
 I called on both to teach me what they might,

*D omits partially      The and reads beauty and for infinite      D°*  
*as 1850*

- Pored, watch'd, expected, listen'd, spread my thoughts  
 And spread them with a wider creeping, felt  
 115 Incumbencies more awful, visitings  
 Of the Upholder of the tranquil Soul, [120]  
 Which underneath all passion lives secure  
 A steadfast life But peace! it is enough  
 To notice that I was ascending now [125]  
 120 To such community with highest truth

- A track pursuing not untrod before,  
 From deep analogies by thought supplied,  
 Or consciousnesses not to be subdued,  
 To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower, [130]  
 125 Even the loose stones that cover the high-way,  
 I gave a moral life, I saw them feel,  
 Or link'd them to some feeling the great mass  
 Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all  
 That I beheld respired with inward meaning [135]  
 130 Thus much for the one Presence, and the Life  
 Of the great whole, suffice it here to add  
 That whatsoever of Terror or of Love,  
 Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on  
 From transitory passion, unto this  
 135 I was as wakeful, even, as waters are  
 To the sky's motion, in a kindred sense [140]  
 Of passion was obedient as a lute  
 That waits upon the touches of the wind  
 So was it with me in my solitude,  
 140 So often among multitudes of men  
 Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich,  
 I had a world about me, 'twas my own,  
 I made it, for it only liv'd to me, [145]  
 And to the God who look'd into my mind  
 145 Such sympathies would sometimes shew themselves  
 By outward gestures and by visible looks  
 Some call'd it madness. such, indeed, it was,  
 If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy, [150]  
 If steady moods of thoughtfulness, matur'd  
 150 To inspiration, sort with such a name;

---

117-18 Which regulates the motion of all life

And tolerates the indignities of time

Till time shall cease But peace, A<sup>2</sup>

D as A C D<sup>2</sup> E as 1850, except that for In glory immutable [124] they  
 read Secure, a steadfast life E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread my thoughts  
 And spread them with a wider creeping, felt  
 Incumbencies more awful, visitings  
 Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul, 120  
 That tolerates the indignities of Time,  
 And, from the centre of Eternity  
 All finite motions overruling, lives  
 In glory immutable But peace ' enough  
 Here to record that I was mounting now 125  
 To such community with highest truth—  
 A track pursuing, not untrod before,  
 From strict analogies by thought supplied  
 Or consciousnesses not to be subdued  
 To every natural form, rock, fruit or flower, 130  
 Even the loose stones that cover the high-way,  
 I gave a moral life I saw them feel,  
 Or linked them to some feeling the great mass  
 Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all  
 That I beheld respired with inward meaning 135  
 Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love  
 Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on  
 From transitory passion, unto this  
 I was as sensitive as waters are  
 To the sky's influence in a kindred mood 140  
 Of passion, was obedient as a lute  
 That waits upon the touches of the wind  
 Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich—  
 I had a world about me—'twas my own,  
 I made it, for it only lived to me, 145  
 And to the God who sees into the heart  
 Such sympathies, though rarely, were betrayed  
 By outward gestures and by visible looks  
 Some called it madness—so indeed it was,  
 If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy, 150  
 If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured  
 To inspiration, sort with such a name,

119  $\mathcal{A}CD$   $D^2E$  as 1850. Here to record I had ascended now  $E^2$

130-2  $A^2$  as 1850

135 as wakeful even as] more sensitive than  $B^2$  as watchful even as  $D$   
 $D^2$  as 1850

136 motion  $\mathcal{A}CD$ : influence  $D^2E$ , sense  $\mathcal{A}CDE$  tone  $B^2$  mood  $E^2$

136-7 motion, .. passion  $\mathcal{A}C$  motion passion,  $D$  influence .  
 passion,  $D^2$ . influence, passion,  $E$

144 look'd... mund] looked. heart  $B^2D$ : looks .heart  $E$ : sees  $E^2$

145 shew themselves] be revealed  $A^2$

If prophecy be madness, if things view'd  
 By Poets in old time, and higher up  
 By the first men, earth's first inhabitants, [155]  
 May in these tutor'd days no more be seen  
 155 With undisorder'd sight but leaving this  
 It was no madness for I had an eye  
 Which in my strongest workings, evermore  
 Was looking for the shades of difference [160]  
 As they lie hid in all exterior forms,  
 160 Near or remote, minute or vast, an eye  
 Which from a stone, a tree, a wither'd leaf,  
 To the broad ocean and the azure heavens,  
 Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars, [165]  
 Could find no surface where its power might sleep,  
 165 Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,  
 And by an unrelenting agency  
 Did bind my feelings, even as in a chain

And here, O Friend! have I retrac'd my life [170]  
 Up to an eminence, and told a tale  
 170 Of matters which, not falsely, I may call  
 The glory of my youth Of Genius, Power,  
 Creation and Divinity itself  
 I have been speaking, for my theme has been [175]  
 What pass'd within me Not of outward things  
 175 Done visibly for other minds, words, signs,  
 Symbols or actions, but of my own heart  
 Have I been speaking, and my youthful mind  
 O Heavens! how awful is the might of Souls, [180]  
 And what they do within themselves, while yet  
 180 The yoke of earth is new to them, the world  
 Nothing but a wild field where they were sown  
 This is, in truth, heroic argument,  
 And genuine prowess, which I wish'd to touch [185]  
 With hand however weak, but in the main  
 185 It lies far hidden from the reach of words  
 Points have we all of us within our souls,  
 Where all stand single, this I feel, and make  
 Breathings for incommunicable powers [190]  
 Yet each man is a memory to himself,

---

157-9 That mid these blessings did not cease to look  
 For shades of difference in external things D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

If prophecy be madness, if things viewed  
 By poets in old time, and higher up  
 By the first men, earth's first inhabitants, 155  
 May in these tutored days no more be seen  
 With undisordered sight But leaving this,  
 It was no madness, for the bodily eye  
 Amid my strongest workings evermore  
 Was searching out the lines of difference 160  
 As they lie hid in all external forms,  
 Near or remote, minute or vast, an eye  
 Which from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,  
 To the broad ocean and the azure heavens  
 Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars, 165  
 Could find no surface where its power might sleep,  
 Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,  
 And by an unrelenting agency  
 Did bind my feelings even as in a chain

And here, O Friend ! have I retraced my life 170  
 Up to an eminence, and told a tale  
 Of matters which not falsely may be called  
 The glory of my youth Of genius, power,  
 Creation and divinity itself  
 I have been speaking, for my theme has been 175  
 What passed within me Not of outward things  
 Done visibly for other minds, words, signs,  
 Symbols or actions, but of my own heart  
 Have I been speaking, and my youthful mind  
 O Heavens ! how awful is the might of souls, 180  
 And what they do within themselves while yet  
 The yoke of earth is new to them, the world  
 Nothing but a wild field where they were sown  
 This is, in truth, heroic argument,  
 This genuine prowess, which I wished to touch 185  
 With hand however weak, but in the main  
 It lies far hidden from the reach of words  
 Points have we all of us within our souls  
 Where all stand single, this I feel, and make  
 Breathings for incommunicable powers, 190  
 But is not each a memory to himself,

---

173 speaking] treating B<sup>2</sup>

189 Yet each Man is A C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

190 And, therefore, now that I must quit this theme,  
 I am not heartless, for there's not a man  
 That lives who hath not had his godlike hours,  
 And knows not what majestic sway we have, [195]  
 As natural beings in the strength of nature.

195 Enough for now into a populous Plain  
 We must descend —A Traveller I am,  
 And all my Tale is of myself, even so,  
 So be it, if the pure in heart delight [200]  
 To follow me, and Thou, O honor'd Friend!  
 200 Who in my thoughts art ever at my side,  
 Uphold, as heretofore, my fainting steps

It hath been told already, how my sight  
 Was dazzled by the novel show, and how, [205]  
 Erelong, I did into myself return  
 205 So did it seem, and so, in truth, it was  
 Yet this was but short liv'd thereafter came  
 Observance less devout I had made a change  
 In climate, and my nature's outward coat  
 Changed also, slowly and insensibly  
 210 To the deep quiet and majestic thoughts [210]  
 Of loneliness succeeded empty noise  
 And superficial pastimes, now and then  
 Forced labour, and, more frequently, forced hopes,  
 And, worse than all, a treasonable growth  
 215 Of indecisive judgments that impair'd [215]  
 And shook the mind's simplicity. And yet  
 This was a glad some time Could I behold,  
 Who less insensible than sodden clay  
 On a sea River's bed at ebb of tide,  
 220 Could have beheld with undelighted heart, [220]  
 So many happy Youths, so wide and fair  
 A congregation, in its budding-time  
 Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at once  
 So many divers samples of the growth  
 225 Of life's sweet season, could have seen unmov'd [225]

---

192 had] told A<sup>2</sup>

193 majestic sway we have R.C. high sway we exercise A<sup>2</sup>

197 A<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

201 Uphold] Support A<sup>2</sup>

202 It hath been said how much my youthful sight A<sup>2</sup>.

And, therefore, now that we must quit this theme,  
 I am not heartless, for there's not a man  
 That lives who hath not known his god-like hours,  
 And feels not what an empire we inherit 195  
 As natural beings in the strength of Nature

No more for now into a populous plain  
 We must descend A Traveller I am,  
 Whose tale is only of himself, even so,  
 So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt 200  
 To follow, and if thou, my honoured Friend !  
 Who in these thoughts art ever at my side,  
 Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps

It hath been told, that when the first delight  
 That flashed upon me from this novel show 205  
 Had failed, the mind returned into herself,  
 Yet true it is, that I had made a change  
 In climate, and my nature's outward coat  
 Changed also slowly and insensibly  
 Full oft the quiet and exalted thoughts 210  
 Of loneliness gave way to empty noise  
 And superficial pastimes, now and then  
 Forced labour, and more frequently forced hopes,  
 And, worst of all, a treasonable growth  
 Of indecisive judgments, that impaired 215  
 And shook the mind's simplicity —And yet  
 This was a gladsome time Could I behold—  
 Who, less insensible than sodden clay  
 In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,  
 Could have beheld,—with undelighted heart, 220  
 So many happy youths, so wide and fair  
 A congregation in its budding-time  
 Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at once  
 So many divers samples from the growth  
 Of life's sweet season—could have seen unmoved 225

---

[205] With which I looked upon D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

205 A D *delete*

207 A less devout observance, visits paid

Remissly, at chance seasons, to a friend

Unsettled in the heart by cozenage

Of new affections I had made a change M

210-11 A C D. D<sup>s</sup> as 1850.

2225



That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers  
 Upon the matron temples of a Place  
 So famous through the world ? To me, at least,  
 It was a goodly prospect for, through youth,  
 230 Though I had been train'd up to stand unpropp'd, [230]  
 And independent musings pleased me so  
 That spells seem'd on me when I was alone,  
 Yet could I only cleave to solitude  
 In lonesome places, if a throng was near  
 235 That way I lean'd by nature, for my heart [235]  
 Was social, and lov'd idleness and joy

Not seeking those who might participate  
 My deeper pleasures (nay I had not once,  
 Though not unused to mutter lonesome songs,  
 240 Even with myself divided such delight, [240]  
 Or looked that way for aught that might be cloath'd  
 In human language), easily I pass'd  
 From the remembrances of better things,  
 And shipp'd into the weekday works of youth,  
 245 Unburthen'd, unalarm'd, and unprofan'd [245]  
 Caverns there were within my mind, which sun  
 Could never penetrate, yet did there not  
 Want store of leafy arbours where the light  
 Might enter in at will Companionships,  
 250 Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome all, [250]  
 We saunter'd, play'd, we rioted, we talk'd  
 Unprofitable talk at morning hours,  
 Drifted about along the streets and walks,  
 Read lazily in lazy books, went forth  
 255 To gallop through the country in blind zeal [255]  
 Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast  
 Of Cam sail'd boisterously, and let the stars  
 Come out, perhaps without one quiet thought

Such was the tenor of the opening act  
 260 In this new life Imagination slept, [260]

---

227 Upon D Decking D<sup>a</sup>

228 So famous through A C D E<sup>a</sup> · Famous throughout D<sup>a</sup> E

229-31 for through youth etc M A C for though trained

To stand unpropp'd, habituated to work

In singleness of spirit and of mind

By independent musings so enthralled A<sup>a</sup>

That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers  
 Decking the matron temples of a place  
 So famous through the world ? To me, at least,  
 It was a goodly prospect for, in sooth,  
 Though I had learnt betimes to stand unpropped, 230  
 And independent musings pleased me so  
 That spells seemed on me when I was alone,  
 Yet could I only cleave to solitude  
 In lonely places, if a throng was near  
 That way I leaned by nature, for my heart 235  
 Was social, and loved idleness and joy

Not seeking those who might participate  
 My deeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,  
 Though not unused to mutter lonesome songs,  
 Even with myself divided such delight, 240  
 Or looked that way for aught that might be clothed  
 In human language), easily I passed  
 From the remembrances of better things,  
 And slipped into the ordinary works  
 Of careless youth, unburthened, unalarmed 245  
*Caverns* there were within my mind which sun  
 Could never penetrate, yet did there not  
 Want store of leafy *arbours* where the light  
 Might enter in at will Companionships,  
 Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome all 250  
 We sauntered, played, or noted, we talked  
 Unprofitable talk at morning hours,  
 Drifted about along the streets and walks,  
 Read lazily in trivial books, went forth  
 To gallop through the country in blind zeal 255  
 Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast  
 Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the stars  
 Come forth, perhaps without one quiet thought

Such was the tenor of the second act  
 In this new life Imagination slept, 260

---

250-1 *Between these lines M has*

The meanest found some leaf or wither'd bough  
 To shine upon, and aid the gladsome shew

257-8 the stars *etc*] the stars

From day's imperial custody released

Commence their vigil without one calm thought A<sup>2</sup>

259 opening *A C D* second D<sup>a</sup>

- And yet not utterly I could not print  
 Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps  
 Of generations of illustrious Men,  
 Unmov'd, I could not always lightly pass  
 265 Through the same Gateways, sleep where they had slept,  
 Wake where they wak'd, range that enclosure old  
 That garden of great intellects undisturb'd  
 Place also by the side of this dark sense  
 Of nobler feeling, that those spiritual Men,  
 270 Even the great Newton's own ethereal Self, [270]  
 Seem'd humbled in these precincts, thence to be  
 The more belov'd, invested here with tasks  
 Of life's plain business, as a daily garb,  
 Dictators at the plough, a change that left  
 275 All genuine admiration unimpair'd [277]

- Beside the pleasant Mills of Trompington  
 I laugh'd with Chaucer, in the hawthorn shade  
 Heard him (while birds were warbling) tell his tales [280]  
 Of amorous passion And that gentle Bard,  
 280 Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State,  
 Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven  
 With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,  
 I call'd him Brother, Englishman, and Friend [285]  
 Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,  
 285 Stood almost single, uttering odious truth,  
 Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,  
 Soul awful! if the earth has ever lodg'd  
 An awful Soul, I seem'd to see him here [290]  
 Familiarly, and in his Scholar's dress  
 290 Bounding before me, yet a stripling Youth,  
 A Boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks  
 Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,  
 And conscious step of purity and pride [295]

- Among the band of my Compeers was one  
 295 My class-fellow at School, whose chance it was  
 To lodge in the Apartments which had been,

---

269 nobler R C D noble E spiritual men] earthborn spirits A<sup>2</sup>.

272-4 Beloved as men Invested on this ground

With life's plain business as a daily garb

Their memory underwent a change that left A<sup>2</sup>

And yet not utterly I could not print  
 Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps  
 Of generations of illustrious men,  
 Unmoved I could not always lightly pass  
 Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept, 265  
 Wake where they waked, range that inclosure old,  
 That garden of great intellects, undisturbed  
 Place also by the side of this dark sense  
 Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,  
 Even the great Newton's own ethereal self, 270  
 Seemed humbled in these precincts thence to be  
 The more endeared Their several memories here  
 (Even like their persons in their portraits clothed  
 With the accustomed garb of daily life)  
 Put on a lowly and a touching grace 275  
 Of more distinct humanity, that left  
 All genuine admiration unimpaired

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington  
 I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade,  
 Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his tales 280  
 Of amorous passion And that gentle Bard,  
 Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State—  
 Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven  
 With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,  
 I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend<sup>1</sup> 285  
 Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,  
 Stood almost single, uttering odious truth—  
 Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,  
 Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged  
 An awful soul—I seemed to see him here 290  
 Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress  
 Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—  
 A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks  
 Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,  
 And conscious step of purity and pride 295  
 Among the band of my compeers was one  
 Whom chance had stationed in the very room

---

The more beloved, their precious memory  
 With life's plain business as a daily garb  
 Invested, underwent a change that left D D- as 1850.

277 Chaucer, shade A Chaucer, shade BCD Chaucer shade, E.

291 In years a very Boy, with rosy cheeks A<sup>2</sup>

- Time out of mind, honor'd by Milton's name ,  
 The very shell reputed of the abode  
 Which he had tenanted O temperate Bard !
- 300 One afternoon, the first time I set foot  
 In this thy innocent Nest and Oratory, [300]  
 Seated with others in a festive ring  
 Of common-place convention, I to thee  
 Pour'd out libations, to thy memory drank,
- 305 Within my private thoughts, till my brain reel'd  
 Never so clouded by the fumes of wine  
 Before that hour, or since. Thence forth I ran [305]  
 From that assembly, through a length of streets,  
 Ran, Ostrich-like, to reach our Chapel Door
- 310 In not a desperate or opprobrious time,  
 Albeit long after the importunate Bell  
 Had stopp'd, with wearisome Cassandra voice [310]  
 No longer haunting the dark winter night  
 Call back, O Friend ! a moment to thy mind,
- 315 The place itself and fashion of the rites  
 Upshouldering in a dislocated lump,  
 With shallow ostentatious carelessness,  
 My Surplice, gloried in, and yet despised,  
 I clove in pride through the inferior throng [315]
- 320 Of the plain Burghers, who in audience stood  
 On the last skirts of their permitted ground,  
 Beneath the pealing Organ Empty thoughts !  
 I am ashamed of them , and that great Bard,  
 And thou, O Friend ! who in thy ample mind [320]
- 325 Hast station'd me for reverence and love,  
 Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour  
 In some of its unworthy vanities,  
 Brother of many more
- In this mix'd sort
- 330 The months pass'd on, remissly, not given up [325]  
 To wilful alienation from the right,  
 Or walks of open scandal , but in vague  
 And loose indifference, easy likings, aims  
 Of a low pitch , duty and zeal dismiss'd,  
 Yet nature, or a happy course of things [330]
- 335 Not doing in their stead the needful work  
 The memory languidly revolv'd, the heart  
 Repos'd in noontide rest , the inner pulse

---

300 Forgive me for the first time *etc* A<sup>2</sup>

I must confess that when I first set foot A<sup>3</sup>

Honoured by Milton's name    O temperate Bard !  
 Be it confest that, for the first time, seated  
 Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,      300  
 One of a festive circle, I poured out  
 Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride  
 And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain  
 Never excited by the fumes of wine  
 Before that hour, or since    Then, forth I ran      305  
 From the assembly, through a length of streets,  
 Ran, ostrich like, to reach our chapel door  
 In not a desperate or opprobrious time,  
 Albeit long after the importunate bell  
 Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra voice      310  
 No longer haunting the dark winter night  
 Call back, O Friend ! a moment to thy mind  
 The place itself and fashion of the rites  
 With careless ostentation shouldering up  
 My surplice, through the inferior throng I clove      315  
 Of the plain Burghers, who in audience stood  
 On the last skirts of their permitted ground,  
 Under the pealing organ    Empty thoughts !  
 I am ashamed of them    and that great Bard,  
 And thou, O Friend ! who in thy ample mind      320  
 Hast placed me high above my best deserts,  
 Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,  
 In some of its unworthy vanities,  
 Brother to many more

In this mixed sort

The months passed on, remissly, not given up      325  
 To wilful alienation from the right,  
 Or walks of open scandal, but in vague  
 And loose indifference, easy likings, aims  
 Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,  
 Yet Nature, or a happy course of things      330  
 Not doing in their stead the needful work  
 The memory languidly revolved, the heart  
 Reposed in noontide rest, the inner pulse

---

304-6 A C D      to thy memory drank  
                  Glad and more glad, until exulting pride  
                  Shook hands with dizzy gratitude in a mind  
                  Never excited *etc* D<sup>2</sup> E    E<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850  
 312-13      with accent tiresome as the voice  
                  Of her who prophesied the doom of Troy A<sup>2</sup>  
 325 A C D . D<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

- Of contemplation almost fail'd to beat [334]  
 Rotted as by a charm, my life became  
 340 A floating island, an amphibious thing,  
 Unsound, of spongy texture, yet withal,  
 Not wanting a fair face of water-weeds  
 And pleasant flowers —The thirst of living praise,  
 A reverence for the glorious Dead, the sight [340]  
 345 Of those long Vistas, Catacombs in which  
 Perennial minds lie visibly entomb'd,  
 Have often stirr'd the heart of youth, and bred  
 A fervent love of rigorous discipline  
 Alas! such high commotion touched not me, [345]  
 350 No look was in these walls to put to shame  
 My easy spirits, and discountenance  
 Their light composure, far less to instil  
 A calm resolve of mind, firmly address'd  
 To puissant efforts Nor was this the blame [350]  
 355 Of others but my own, I should, in truth,  
 As far as doth concern my single self  
 Misdeem most widely, lodging it elsewhere  
 For I, bred up in Nature's lap, was even  
 As a spoil'd Child, and rambling like the wind [355]  
 360 As I had done in daily intercourse  
 With those delicious rivers, solemn heights,  
 And mountains, ranging like a fowl of the air,  
 I was ill tutor'd for captivity,  
 To quit my pleasure, and from month to month, [360]  
 365 Take up a station calmly on the perch  
 Of sedentary peace Those lovely forms  
 Had also left less space within my mind,  
 Which, wrought upon instinctively, had found  
 A freshness in those objects of its love, [365]  
 370 A winning power, beyond all other power  
 Not that I slighted Books, that were to lack  
 All sense, but other passions had been mine,  
 More fervent, making me less prompt, perhaps,  
 To in-door study than was wise or well [370]  
 375 Or suited to my years Yet I could shape  
 The image of a Place which, sooth'd and lull'd  
 As I had been, tram'd up in paradise  
 Among sweet garlands and delightful sounds,

---

 349 commotion A C D emotion D<sup>2</sup>
350 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

Of contemplation almost failed to beat  
 Such life might not inaptly be compared 335  
 To a floating island, an amphibious spot  
 Unsound, of spongy texture, yet withal  
 Not wanting a fair face of water weeds  
 And pleasant flowers The thirst of living praise,  
 Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the sight 340  
 Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,  
 Where mighty *minds* lie visibly entombed,  
 Have often stirred the heart of youth, and bled  
 A fervent love of rigorous discipline —  
 Alas! such high emotion touched not me 345  
 Look was there none within these walls to shame  
 My easy spirits, and discountenance  
 Their light composure, far less to instil  
 A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed  
 To puissant efforts Nor was this the blame 350  
 Of others but my own, I should, in truth,  
 As far as doth concern my single self,  
 Misdeem most widely, lodging it elsewhere  
 For I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,  
 Was a spoiled child, and rambling like the wind, 355  
 As I had done in daily intercourse  
 With those crystalline rivers, solemn heights,  
 And mountains, ranging like a fowl of the air,  
 I was ill-tutored for captivity,  
 To quit my pleasure, and, from month to month, 360  
 Take up a station calmly on the perch  
 Of sedentary peace Those lovely forms  
 Had also left less space within my mind,  
 Which, wrought upon instinctively, had found  
 A freshness in those objects of her love, 365  
 A winning power, beyond all other power  
 Not that I slighted books,—that were to lack  
 All sense,—but other passions in me ruled,  
 Passions more fervent, making me less prompt  
 To in-door study than was wise or well, 370  
 Or suited to those years Yet I, though used  
 In magisterial liberty to rove,  
 Culling such flowers of learning as might tempt  
 A random choice, could shadow forth a place

---

 361 delicious *ACD* crystalline *D*<sup>2</sup>
375-8 *ACD* *D*<sup>2</sup> as 1850375-6 *I* which] *A* deletes



- Accustom'd in my loneliness to walk  
 380 With Nature magisterially, yet I,  
 Methinks, could shape the image of a Place  
 Which with its aspect should have bent me down [376]  
 To instantaneous service, should at once  
 Have made me pay to science and to arts  
 385 And written lore, acknowledg'd my liege Lord,  
 A homage, frankly offer'd up, like that [380]  
 Which I had paid to Nature Toil and pains  
 In this recess which I have bodied forth  
 Should spread from heart to heart, and stately groves,  
 390 Majestic edifices, should not want  
 A corresponding dignity within [385]  
 The congregating temper, which pervades  
 Our unripe years, not wasted, should be made  
 To minister to works of high attempt,  
 395 Which the enthusiast would perform with love,  
 Youth should be aw'd, possess'd, as with a sense [390]  
 Religious, of what holy joy there is  
 In knowledge, if it be sincerely sought  
 For its own sake, in glory, and in praise,  
 400 If but by labour won, and to endure  
 The passing Day should learn to put aside [395]  
 Her trappings here, should strip them off, abash'd  
 Before antiquity, and steadfast truth,  
 And strong book-mindedness, and over all  
 405 Should be a healthy, sound simplicity,  
 A seemingly plainness, name it what you will, [400]  
 Republican or pious

If these thoughts

- Be a gratuitous emblazonry  
 That does but mock this recreant age, at least  
 410 Let Folly and False-seeming, we might say,  
 Be free to affect whatever formal gait  
 Of moral or scholastic discipline [405]  
 Shall raise them highest in their own esteem,

---

379-84 D *stuck over* D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

380-1 yet I, Methinks] methinks That I A<sup>a</sup>

388 Whatever be believed, in this recess

Whose composition stands before my mind A<sup>a</sup>

396-400 A C D. D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

400-1 endure The passing Day A C D endure The passing day, E  
 (comma added later) 401 put] lay M

402 should strip them off] she should retire M

(If now I yield not to a flattering dream)  
 Whose studious aspect should have bent me down  
 To instantaneous service, should at once  
 Have made me pay to science and to arts  
 And written lore, acknowledged my liege lord,  
 A homage frankly offered up, like that  
 Which I had paid to Nature Toil and pains  
 In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,  
 Should spread from heart to heart, and stately groves,  
 Majestic edifices, should not want  
 A corresponding dignity within  
 The congregating temper that pervades  
 Our unripe years, not wasted, should be taught  
 To minister to works of high attempt—  
 Work which the enthusiast would perform with love  
 Youth should be awed, religiously possessed  
 With a conviction of the power that waits  
 On knowledge, when sincerely sought and prized  
 For its own sake, on glory and on praise  
 If but by labour won, and fit to endure  
 The passing day, should learn to put aside  
 Her trappings here, should strip them off abashed  
 Before antiquity and steadfast truth  
 And strong book-mindedness, and over all  
 A healthy sound simplicity should reign,  
 A seemingly plainness, name it what you will,  
 Republican or pious

If these thoughts  
 Are a gratuitous emblazonry  
 That mocks the recreant age *we* live in, then  
 Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect  
 Whatever formal gait of discipline  
 Shall raise them highest in their own esteem—

405 A rigorous firm simplicity should rule A<sup>2</sup>

409  $\mathcal{H} C D$   $D^2$  as 1850

411-24 Wear not the vizard of the ancient time  
Upon a modern face, fling to the ground  
Thy monkish Caul, and run no more abroad,  
A greybeard Masquerader, dizen'd out  
In Superstition's cast-off garb, and jingling  
The holy Toy thou carri'st in thy hand  
A Bell as noisy as a common Crier's,  
Dull thoughted mummerly ' that brings disgrace M

- Let them parade, among the Schools, at will,  
 415 But spare the House of God Was ever known  
 The witless Shepherd who would drive his Flock  
 With serious repetition to a pool [409]  
 Of which 'tis plain to sight they never taste  
 A weight must surely hang on days begun  
 420 And ended with worst mockery be wise,  
 Ye Presidents and Deans, and to your Bells  
 Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound [416]  
 Hollow as ever vex'd the tranquil air,  
 And your officious doings bring disgrace  
 425 On the plain Steeples of our English Church,  
 Whose worship 'mid remotest village trees [420]  
 Suffers for this Even Science, too, at hand  
 In daily sight of such irreverence,  
 Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,  
 430 Loses her just authority, falls beneath  
 Collateral suspicion, else unknown [425]  
 This obvious truth did not escape me then,  
 Unthinking as I was, and I confess  
 That, having in my native hills given loose  
 435 To a Schoolboy's dreaming, I had rais'd a pile  
 Upon the basis of the coming time,  
 Which now before me melted fast away,  
 Which could not live, scarcely had life enough  
 To mock the Bulder Oh! what joy it were [430]  
 440 To see a Sanctuary for our Country's Youth,  
 With such a spirit in it as might be  
 Protection for itself, a Virgin grove,  
 Primæval in its purity and depth,  
 Where, though the shades were fill'd with chearfulness,  
 445 Nor indigent of songs, warbled from crowds [435]  
 In under-coverts, yet the countenance  
 Of the whole place should bear a stamp of awe,  
 A habitation sober and demure  
 For ruminating creatures, a domain  
 450 For quiet things to wander in, a haunt [440]  
 In which the Heron might delight to feed

---

420 *AC* And closed with worst hypocrisy *A*<sup>2</sup> And ended with like  
 hypocrisy *D* with hypocrisy *D*<sup>2</sup> *E* with such mockery *E*<sup>2</sup>

421 [413-15] Deans, and to your Bells *ACDE* *E*<sup>2</sup> as 1850

432-3 *MAC*, but in *M*, homespun (432) for obvious *A*<sup>2</sup> as 1850

This obvious truth did not escape me then

Let them parade among the Schools at will,  
 But spare the House of God Was ever known  
 The witless shepherd who persists to drive  
 A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked ? 410  
 A weight must surely hang on days begun  
 And ended with such mockery Be wise,  
 Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit  
 Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained  
 At home in pious service, to your bells 415  
 Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound  
 Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air,  
 And your officious doings bring disgrace  
 On the plain steeples of our English Church,  
 Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees, 420  
 Suffers for this Even Science, too, at hand  
 In daily sight of this irreverence,  
 Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,  
 Loses her just authority, falls beneath  
 Collateral suspicion, else unknown 425  
 This truth escaped me not, and I confess,  
 That having 'mid my native hills given loose  
 To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a pile  
 Upon the basis of the coming time,  
 That fell in ruins round me Oh, what joy 430  
 To see a sanctuary for our country's youth  
 Informed with such a spirit as might be  
 Its own protection, a primeval grove,  
 Where, though the shades with cheerfulness were filled,  
 Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds 435  
 In under-coverts, yet the countenance  
 Of the whole place should bear a stamp of awe,  
 A habitation sober and demure  
 For ruminating creatures, a domain  
 For quiet things to wander in, a haunt 440  
 In which the heron should delight to feed

---

Though careless of the injury, and I own A<sup>2</sup>  
 And for unsoundness manifest elsewhere  
 I could not chuse but grieve, and will confess A<sup>3</sup>  
 437-9 M R Which could not now support itself but fell  
 In ruins round me Oh what joy it were A<sup>2</sup> C  
 That did not imperceptibly dissolve  
 But fell in ruins round me Oh what joy D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 441-4 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

- By the shy rivers, and the Pelican  
 Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought  
 Might sit and sun himself Alas ! alas !
- 455 In vain for such solemnity we look , [445]  
 Our eyes are cross'd by Butterflies, our ears  
 Hear chattering Popinjays , the inner heart  
 Is trivial, and the impresses without  
 Are of a gaudy region
- Different sight
- 460 Those venerable Doctors saw of old [450]  
 When all who dwelt within these famous Walls  
 Led in abstemiousness a studious life,  
 When, in forlorn and naked chambers coop'd  
 And crowded, o'er the ponderous Books they sate
- 465 Like caterpillars eating out their way [455]  
 In silence, or with keen devouring noise  
 Not to be track'd or father'd Princes then  
 At matins froze, and couch'd at curfew-time,  
 Trained up, through piety and zeal, to prize
- 470 Spare diet, patient labour, and plain weeds [460]  
 O Seat of Arts ! renown'd throughout the world,  
 Far different service in those homely days  
 The Nurslings of the Muses underwent  
 From their first childhood , in that glorious time,
- 475 When Learning, like a Stranger come from far, [465]  
 Sounding through Christian Lands her Trumpet, roud'd  
 The Peasant and the King , when Boys and Youths,  
 The growth of ragged villages and huts,  
 Forsook their homes, and, errant in the quest
- 480 Of Patron, famous School or friendly Nook, [470]  
 Where, pension'd, they in shelter might sit down,  
 From Town to Town and through wide-scatter'd Realms  
 Journeyed with their huge folios in their hands ,  
 And often, starting from some covert place,
- 485 Saluted the chance-comer on the road, [475]  
 Crying, 'an obolus, a penny give  
 To a poor Scholar', when illustrious Men,  
 Lovers of truth, by penury constrain'd,  
 Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon read
- 490 Before the doors or windows of their Cells [480]  
 By moonshune, through mere lack of taper light

By the shy rivers, and the pelican  
 Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought  
 Might sit and sun himself —Alas ! Alas !  
 In vain for such solemnity I looked , 445  
 Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears vexed  
 By chattering popinjays , the inner heart  
 Seemed trivial, and the impresses without  
 Of a too gaudy region

Different sight

Those venerable Doctors saw of old, 450  
 When all who dwelt within these famous walls  
 Led in abstemiousness a studious life ,  
 When, in forlorn and naked chambers cooped  
 And crowded, o'er the ponderous books they hung  
 Like caterpillars eating out their way 455  
 In silence, or with keen devouring noise  
 Not to be tracked or fathered Princes then  
 At matins froze, and couched at curfew-time,  
 Trained up through piety and zeal to prize  
 Spare diet, patient labour, and plain weeds 460  
 O seat of Arts ! renowned throughout the world !  
 Far different service in those homely days  
 The Muses' modest nurslings underwent  
 From their first childhood in that glorious time  
 When Learning, like a stranger come from far, 465  
 Sounding through Christian lands her trumpet, roused  
 Peasant and king , when boys and youths, the growth  
 Of ragged villages and crazy huts,  
 Forsook their homes, and, errant in the quest  
 Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook, 470  
 Where, pensioned, they in shelter might sit down,  
 From town to town and through wide scattered realms  
 Journeyed with ponderous folios in their hands ,  
 And often, starting from some covert place,  
 Saluted the chance comer on the road, 475  
 Crying, ' An obolus, a penny give  
 To a poor scholar ! '—when illustrious men,  
 Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,  
 Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon, read  
 Before the doors or windows of their cells 480  
 By moonshine through mere lack of taper light

473 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850477-8 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850483 their huge M A ponderous A<sup>2</sup> C

But peace to vain regrets ! We see but darkly  
 Even when we look behind us , and best things  
 Are not so pure by nature that they needs  
 495 Must keep to all, as fondly all believe, [485]  
 Their highest promise If the Mariner,  
 When at reluctant distance he hath pass'd  
 Some fair enticing Island, did but know  
 What fate might have been his, could he have brought  
 500 His Bark to land upon the wished-for spot, [490]  
 Good cause full often would be his to bless  
 The belt of churlish Surf that scared him thence,  
 Or haste of the inexorable wind  
 For me, I grieve not , happy is the man,  
 505 Who only misses what I miss'd, who falls [495]  
 No lower than I fell

I did not love,  
 As hath been noticed heretofore, the guise  
 Of our scholastic studies , could have wish'd  
 The river to have had an ampler range,  
 510 And freer pace , but this I tax not , far [500]  
 Far more I griev'd to see among the Band  
 Of those who in the field of contest stood  
 As combatants, passions that did to me  
 Seem low and mean , from ignorance of mine,  
 515 In part, and want of just forbearance, yet  
 My wiser mind grieves now for what I saw  
 Willingly did I part from these, and turn  
 Out of their track, to travel with the shoal [506]  
 Of more unthinking Natures , easy Minds  
 520 And pillowy , and not wanting love that makes  
 The day pass lightly on, when foresight sleeps,  
 And wisdom, and the pledges interchanged [510]  
 With our own inner being are forgot

To Books, our daily fare prescrib'd, I turn'd  
 525 With sickly appetite, and when I went,  
 At other times, in quest of my own food,  
 I chaced not steadily the manly deer,  
 But laid me down to any casual feast  
 Of wild wood-honey , or, with truant eyes  
 530 Unruly, peep'd about for vagrant fruit  
 And, as for what pertains to human life,  
 The deeper passions working round me here,

But peace to vain regrets ! We see but darkly  
 Even when we look behind us, and best things  
 Are not so pure by nature that they needs  
 Must keep to all, as fondly all believe, 485  
 Their highest promise If the mariner,  
 When at reluctant distance he hath passed  
 Some tempting island, could but know the ills  
 That must have fallen upon him had he brought  
 His bark to land upon the wished-for shore, 490  
 Good cause would oft be his to thank the surf  
 Whose white belt scared him thence, or wind that blew  
 Inexorably adverse for myself  
 I grieve not, happy is the gowned youth,  
 Who only misses what I missed, who falls 495  
 No lower than I fell

I did not love,  
 Judging not ill perhaps, the timid course  
 Of our scholastic studies, could have wished  
 To see the river flow with ampler range  
 And freer pace, but more, far more, I grieved 500  
 To see displayed among an eager few,  
 Who in the field of contest persevered,  
 Passions unworthy of youth's generous heart  
 And mounting spirit, pitiaably repaid,  
 When so disturbed, whatever palms are won 505  
 From these I turned to travel with the shoal  
 Of more unthinking natures, easy minds  
 And pillowy, yet not wanting love that makes  
 The day pass lightly on, when foresight sleeps,  
 And wisdom and the pledges interchanged 510  
 With our own inner being are forgot

---

498-504 D *stuck over* D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

507 noticed heretofore etc M R said erewhile the frame and guise A- ('

509 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

510 R C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

511 see R note A<sup>2</sup> C D E F<sup>2</sup> as 1850

512-18 R C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850, omitting [504-5]

524-41 M R, not in C D E Against these lines in A, Wordsworth has  
 written 'out'



Whether of envy, jealousy, pride, shame,  
 Ambition, emulation, fear or hope,  
 535 Or those of dissolute pleasure, were by me  
 Unshar'd, and only now and then observ'd,  
 So little was their hold upon my being,  
 As outward things that might administer  
 To knowledge or instruction Hush'd, meanwhile,  
 540 Was the under soul, lock'd up in such a calm,  
 That not a leaf of the great nature stirr'd

Yet was this deep vacation not given up  
 To utter waste Hitherto I had stood  
 In my own mind remote from human life,  
 545 At least from what we commonly so name [515]  
 Even as a shepherd on a promontory,  
 Who, lacking occupation, looks far forth  
 Into the endless sea, and rather makes  
 Than find, what he beholds And sure it is  
 550 That this first transit from the smooth delights, [520]  
 And wild outlandish walks of simple youth,  
 To something that resembled an approach  
 Towards mortal business, to a privileg'd world  
 Within a world, a midway residence  
 555 With all its intervenient imagery, [525]  
 Did better suit my visionary mind,  
 Far better, than to have been bolted forth,  
 Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way  
 Among the conflicts of substantial life,  
 560 By a more just gradation did lead on [530]  
 To higher things, more naturally matur'd,  
 For permanent possession, better fruits  
 Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue

In playful zest of fancy did we note, [535]  
 565 (How could we less ?) the manners and the ways  
 Of those who in the livery were array'd  
 Of good or evil fame, of those with whom  
 By frame of academic discipline  
 Perforce we were connected, men whose sway [540]  
 570 And whose authority of Office serv'd  
 To set our minds on edge, and did no more  
 Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,

536 Unshar'd nay more, were scarcely even observ'd M.

540 soul] mind M.

544 human A C D E social E<sup>2</sup>,

Yet was this deep vacation not given up  
 To utter waste Hitherto I had stood  
 In my own mind remote from social life,  
 (At least from what we commonly so name,) 515  
 Like a lone shepherd on a promontory  
 Who lacking occupation looks far forth  
 Into the boundless sea, and rather makes  
 Than finds what he beholds And sure it is,  
 That this first transit from the smooth delights 520  
 And wild outlandish walks of simple youth  
 To something that resembles an approach  
 Towards human business, to a privileged world  
 Within a world, a midway residence  
 With all its intervenient imagery, 525  
 Did better suit my visionary mind,  
 Far better, than to have been bolted forth,  
 Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way  
 Among the conflicts of substantial life,  
 By a more just gradation did lead on 530  
 To higher things, more naturally matured,  
 For permanent possession, better fruits  
 Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue  
 In serious mood, but oftener, I confess,  
 With playful zest of fancy did we note 535  
 (How could we less ?) the manners and the ways  
 Of those who lived distinguished by the badge  
 Of good or ill report, or those with whom  
 By frame of Academic discipline  
 We were perforce connected, men whose sway 540  
 And known authority of office served  
 To set our minds on edge, and did no more  
 Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,

Found everywhere but chiefly, in the ring  
 Of the grave Elders, Men unscour'd, grotesque [545]  
 575 In character, tick'd out like aged trees  
 Which, through the lapse of their infirmity,  
 Give ready place to any random seed  
 That chuses to be rear'd upon their trunks

Here on my view, confronting as it were [550]  
 580 Those Shepherd Swains whom I had lately left,  
 Did flash 'a different image of old age,  
 How different! yet both withal alike,  
 A Book of rudiments for the unpractis'd sight,  
 Objects emboss'd! and which with sedulous care [554]  
 585 Nature holds up before the eye of Youth  
 In her great School, with further view, perhaps,  
 To enter early on her tender scheme  
 Of teaching comprehension with delight, [560]  
 And mingling playful with pathetic thoughts

590 The surfaces of artificial life  
 And manners finely spun, the delicate race  
 Of colours, lurking, gleaming up and down  
 Through that state arras woven with silk and gold, [565]  
 This wily interchange of snaky hues,  
 595 Willingly and unwillingly reveal'd  
 I had not learn'd to watch, and at this time  
 Perhaps, had such been in my daily sight  
 I might have been indifferent thereto  
 As Hermits are to tales of distant things  
 600 Hence for those rarities elaborate  
 Having no relish yet I was content  
 With the more homely produce, rudely pil'd  
 In this our coarser warehouse At this day [570]  
 I smile in many a mountain solitude  
 605 At passages and fragments that remain  
 Of that inferior exhibition, play'd  
 By wooden images, a theatre  
 For Wake or Fair And oftentimes do flit [576]  
 Remembrances before me of old Men,  
 610 Old Humourists who have been long in their graves,

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582-3 alike, A Book] supplying

Fit specimens to illustrate and to adorn

A Book A<sup>2</sup> C

582-8 D stuck over D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring  
 Of the grave Elders, men unscoured, grotesque 345  
 In character, tricked out like aged trees  
 Which through the lapse of their infirmity  
 Gave ready place to any random seed  
 That chooses to be reared upon their trunks

Here on my view, confronting vividly 350  
 Those shepherd swans whom I had lately left,  
 Appeared a different aspect of old age,  
 How different! yet both distinctly marked,  
 Objects embossed to catch the general eye,  
 Or portraitures for special use designed, 535  
 As some might seem, so aptly do they serve  
 To illustrate Nature's book of rudiments—  
 That book upheld as with maternal care  
 When she would enter on her tender scheme  
 Of teaching comprehension with delight, 360  
 And mingling playful with pathetic thoughts

The surfaces of artificial life  
 And manners finely wrought, the delicate tace  
 Of colours, lurking, gleaming up and down  
 Through that state arras woven with silk and gold, 365  
 This wily interchange of snaky hues,  
 Willingly or unwillingly revealed,  
 I neither knew nor cared for, and as such  
 Were wanting here, I took what might be found  
 Of less elaborate fabric At this day 570  
 I smile, in many a mountain solitude  
 Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks  
 Of character, in points of wit as broad,  
 As aught by wooden images performed  
 For entertainment of the gaping crowd 575  
 At wake or fan And oftentimes do flit  
 Remembrances before me of old men—  
 Old humourists, who have been long in their graves,

---

591 finely spun *A C D* smooth'd and trim'd *M D* as 1850

596-607 *D stuck over D* as 1850

597-9 Had such appear'd before me, might have been  
 To their attractions as indifferent  
 As a lone Hermit to luxurious fair *A C*

And having almost in my mind put off  
 Their human names, have into Phantoms pass'd [580]  
 Of texture midway betwixt life and books

- I play the loiterer 'tis enough to note  
 615 That here, in dwarf proportions, were express'd  
 The limbs of the great world, its goings on  
 Collaterally pourtray'd, as in mock fight, [585]  
 A Tournament of blows, some hardly dealt,  
 Though short of mortal combat; and whate'er  
 620 Might in this pageant be suppos'd to hit  
 An artless Rustic's notice, this way less,  
 More that way, was not wasted upon me [590]  
 —And yet this spectacle may well demand  
 A more substantial name, no mimic shew,  
 625 Itself a living part of a live whole,  
 A creek of the vast sea For all Degrees  
 And Shapes of spurious fame and short-liv'd praise [595]  
 Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms  
 Retainers won away from solid good,  
 630 And here was Labour, his own Bond-slave, Hope  
 That never set the pains against the prize  
 Idleness, halting with his weary clog, [600]  
 And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,  
 And simple Pleasure, foraging for Death,  
 635 Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray,  
 Feuds, Factions, Flatteries, Enmity, and Guile,  
 Murmuring Submission, and bald Government, [605]  
 The Idol weak as the Idolater,  
 And Decency and Custom starving Truth,  
 640 And blind Authority, beating with his Staff  
 The Child that might have led him, Emptiness  
 Followed, as of good omen, and meek Worth [610]  
 Left to itself unheard of, and unknown

- Of these and other kindred notices  
 645 I cannot say what portion is in truth  
 The naked recollection of that time,  
 And what may rather have been call'd to life [615]  
 By after-meditation But delight,  
 That, in an easy temper lull'd asleep,

And having almost in my mind put off  
 Their human names, have into phantoms passed 580  
 Of texture midway between life and books

I play the loiterer 'tis enough to note  
 That here in dwarf proportions were expressed  
 The limbs of the great world, its eager strifes  
 Collaterally pourtrayed, as in mock fight, 585  
 A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt  
 Though short of mortal combat, and whate'er  
 Might in this pageant be supposed to hit  
 An artless rustic's notice, this way less,  
 More that way, was not wasted upon me— 590  
 And yet the spectacle may well demand  
 A more substantial name, no mimic show,  
 Itself a living part of a live whole,  
 A creek in the vast sea, for, all degrees  
 And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise 595  
 Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms  
 Retainers won away from solid good,  
 And here was Labour, his own bond-slave, Hope,  
 That never set the pains against the prize,  
 Idleness halting with his weary clog, 600  
 And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,  
 And simple Pleasure foraging for Death,  
 Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray;  
 Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile  
 Murmuring submission, and bald government, 605  
 (The idol weak as the idolator,)  
 And Decency and Custom starving Truth,  
 And blind Authority beating with his staff  
 The child that might have led him, Emptiness  
 Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth 610  
 Left to herself unheard of and unknown

Of these and other kindred notices  
 I cannot say what portion is in truth  
 The naked recollection of that time,  
 And what may rather have been called to life 615  
 By after-meditation But delight  
 That, in an easy temper lulled asleep,

- 650 Is still with innocence its own reward,  
This surely was not wanting Carelessly  
I gaz'd, roving as through a Cabinet [620]  
Or wide Museum (throng'd with fishes, gems,  
Birds, crocodiles, shells) where little can be seen  
655 Well understood, or naturally endear'd,  
Yet still does every step bring something forth  
That quickens, pleases, stings, and here and there  
A casual rarity is singled out,  
And has its brief perusal, then gives way  
660 To others, all supplanted in their turn  
Meanwhile, amid this gaudy Congress, fram'd  
Of things, by nature, most unneighbourly, [625]  
The head turns round, and cannot right itself,  
And, though an aching and a barren sense  
665 Of gay confusion still be uppermost,  
With few wise longings and but little love,  
Yet something to the memory sticks at last, [630]  
Whence profit may be drawn in times to come

- Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend,  
670 The labouring time of Autumn, Winter, Spring,  
Nine months, roll'd pleasingly away, the tenth  
Return'd me to my native hills again. [635]

Is still with Innocence its own reward,  
 This was not wanting Carelessly I roamed  
 As through a wide museum from whose stores      620  
 A casual rarity is singled out  
 And has its brief perusal, then gives way  
 To others, all supplanted in their turn,  
 Till 'mid this crowded neighbourhood of things  
 That are by nature most unneighbourly,      625  
 The head turns round and cannot right itself,  
 And though an aching and a barren sense  
 Of gay confusion still be uppermost,  
 With few wise longings and but little love,  
 Yet to the memory something cleaves at last,      630  
 Whence profit may be drawn in times to come

Thus in submissive idleness, my Friend !  
 The labouring time of autumn, winter, spring,  
 Eight months ! rolled pleasingly away , the ninth  
 Came and returned me to my native hills      635

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651-7, 661, 662, 667 *A C D*    *D*<sup>2</sup> *as* 1830  
 669 submissive] unburthen'd *M*  
 671 Eight      ninth *A C D*    Nine      tenth *D*  
 672 *A C D*    *D*<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850



## BOOK FOURTH

### SUMMER VACATION

- A PLEASANT sight it was when, having clomb  
 The Heights of Kendal, and that dreary Moor  
 Was cross'd, at length, as from a rampart's edge,  
 I overlook'd the bed of Windermere [5]
- 5 I bounded down the hill, shouting amain  
 A lusty summons to the farther shore  
 For the old Ferryman, and when he came [13]  
 I did not step into the well-known Boat  
 Without a cordial welcome Thence right forth
- 10 I took my way, now drawing towards home,  
 To that sweet Valley where I had been rear'd,  
 'Twas but a short hour's walk ere, veering round, [20]  
 I saw the snow-white Church upon its hill  
 Sit like a thronèd Lady, sending out
- 15 A gracious look all over its domain  
 Glad greetings had I, and some tears perhaps [27]  
 From my old Dame, so motherly and good,  
 While she perus'd me with a Parent's pride  
 The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew [30]
- 20 Upon thy grave, good Creature! While my heart  
 Can beat I never will forget thy name

[MSS for Book IV M A B C D E, for ll 270-365 W]

Book Fourth Summer Vacation B C *no heading in A*

1 A pleasant sight] Moment of joy A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

1-4 D stuck over · D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

4-5 Between these lines A B C add [6-11]

After bays [8] And bordering groves and cottages and woods, A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>

Saw from that height, beneath the ethereal Vault A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

7-8 For the old Ferryman, the rocks replied

A lusty summons to the farther shore

The waveless lake was friendly to the shout

And soon as measuring with well-tim'd oars

And leisurely despatch his beaten course

The Ferryman had reached the jutting pier

I did not step A<sup>2</sup> C

And when the Charon of the flood with oars

Deliberate had reached the jutting pier

I did not step D · D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

9-10 [17-18] R C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

## BOOK FOURTH

### SUMMER VACATION

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when quickening steps  
 Followed each other till a dreary moor  
 Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb, upon whose top  
 Standing alone, as from a rampart's edge,  
 I overlooked the bed of Windermere, 5  
 Like a vast river, stretching in the sun  
 With exultation, at my feet I saw  
 Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays,  
 A universe of Nature's fairest forms  
 Proudly revealed with instantaneous buist 10  
 Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay  
 I bounded down the hill shouting amain  
 For the old Ferryman, to the shout the rocks  
 Replied, and when the Charon of the flood  
 Had staid his oars, and touched the jutting pier, 15  
 I did not step into the well-known boat  
 Without a cordial greeting Thence with speed  
 Up the familiar hill I took my way  
 Towards that sweet Valley where I had been reared,  
 'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere veering round 20  
 I saw the snow-white church upon her hill  
 Sit like a thronèd Lady, sending out  
 A gracious look all over her domain  
 Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking town,  
 With eager footsteps I advance and reach 25  
 The cottage threshold where my journey closed  
 Glad welcome had I, with some tears, perhaps,  
 From my old Dame, so kind and motherly,  
 While she perused me with a parent's pride  
 The thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew 30  
 Upon thy grave, good creature! While my heart  
 Can beat never will I forget thy name

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[24-6] Not in A added A<sup>2</sup>, but with That for Yon and quickening for  
 eager So C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 16-17 greetings . and . motherly and good A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- Heaven's blessing be upon thee where thou liest,  
 After thy innocent and busy stir  
 In narrow cares, thy little daily growth [35]  
 25 Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years,  
 And more than eighty, of untroubled life,  
 Childless, yet by the strangers to thy blood  
 Honour'd with little less than filial love  
 Great joy was mine to see thee once again, [40]  
 30 Thee and thy dwelling, and a throng of things  
 About its narrow precincts all belov'd,  
 And many of them seeming yet my own  
 Why should I speak of what a thousand hearts  
 Have felt, and every man alive can guess ? [45]  
 35 The rooms, the court, the garden were not left  
 Long unsaluted, and the spreading Pine  
 And broad stone Table underneath its boughs,  
 Our summer seat in many a festive hour,  
 And that unruly child of mountain birth, [50]  
 40 The froward Brook, which soon as he was box'd  
 Within our Garden, found himself at once,  
 As if by trick insidious and unkind,  
 Stripp'd of his voice, and left to dimple down  
 Without an effort and without a will, [55]  
 45 A channel paved by the hand of man  
 I look'd at him, and smil'd and smil'd again,  
 And in the press of twenty thousand thoughts,  
 'Ha,' quoth I, 'pretty Prisoner, are you there !' [59]  
 And now, reviewing soberly that hour,  
 50 I marvel that a fancy did not flash  
 Upon me, and a strong desire, straitway,  
 At sight of such an emblem that shew'd forth  
 So aptly my late course of even days  
 And all their smooth enthrallment, to pen down  
 55 A satire on myself My aged Dame  
 Was with me, at my side She guided me, [65]  
 I willing, nay—nay—wishing to be led  
 —The face of every neighbour whom I met  
 Was as a volume to me, some I hail'd

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 26 life,] life A C
30 throng A C D crowd D<sup>a</sup>45 A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850
 49-52 Pleasure and satisfaction filled the heart  
 Else how could playful fancy have forbore  
 At sight etc A<sup>a</sup> C.
29 Great A C D True D<sup>a</sup> E What E<sup>a</sup>

40 froward A C D famous E

Heaven's blessing be upon thee where thou liest  
 After thy innocent and busy stir  
 In narrow cares, thy little daily growth 35  
 Of calm enjoyments, after eighty years,  
 And more than eighty, of untroubled life,  
 Childless, yet by the strangers to thy blood  
 Honoured with little less than filial love  
 What joy was mine to see thee once again, 40  
 Thee and thy dwelling, and a crowd of things  
 About its narrow precincts all beloved,  
 And many of them seeming yet my own !  
 Why should I speak of what a thousand hearts  
 Have felt, and every man alive can guess ? 45  
 The rooms, the court, the garden were not left  
 Long unsaluted, nor the sunny seat  
 Round the stone table under the dark pine,  
 Friendly to studious or to festive hours  
 Nor that unruly child of mountain birth, 50  
 The famous brook, who, soon as he was boxed  
 Within our garden, found himself at once,  
 As if by trick insidious and unkind,  
 Stripped of his voice and left to dimple down  
 (Without an effort and without a will) 55  
 A channel paved by man's officious care  
 I looked at him and smiled, and smiled again,  
 And in the press of twenty thousand thoughts,  
 ' Ha,' quoth I, ' pretty prisoner, are you there !'  
 Well might sarcastic Fancy then have whispered, 60  
 ' An emblem here behold of thy own life  
 In its late course of even days with all  
 Their smooth enthrallment,' but the heart was full,  
 Too full for that reproach My aged Dame  
 Walked proudly at my side she guided me, 65  
 I willing, nay—nay, wishing to be led  
 —The face of every neighbour whom I met  
 Was like a volume to me, some were hailed

How could sarcastic fancy then abstain  
 From whispering Lo ! an emblem of thyself  
 Of thy late course of even days with all D  
 Strange that sarcastic fancy then forebore  
 To whisper Lo an emblem of thy life  
 In its late course of etc D<sup>2</sup> E E<sup>2</sup> α 1850

[64] that reproach D<sup>2</sup> E such a thought D

- 60 Far off, upon the road, or at their work,  
 Unceremonious greetings, interchang'd [70]  
 With half the length of a long field between  
 Among my Schoolfellows I scatter'd round  
 A salutation that was more constrain'd,  
 65 Though earnest, doubtless with a little pride,  
 But with more shame, for my habiliments, [75]  
 The transformation, and the gay attire

- Delighted did I take my place again  
 At our domestic Table and, dear Friend !  
 70 Relating simply as my wish hath been  
 A Poet's history, can I leave untold [80]  
 The joy with which I laid me down at night  
 In my accustomed bed, more welcome now  
 Perhaps, than if it had been more desir'd  
 75 Or been more often thought of with regret ?  
 That bed whence I had heard the roaring wind [85]  
 And clamorous rain, that bed where I, so oft,  
 Had lain awake, on breezy nights, to watch  
 The moon in splendour couch'd among the leaves  
 80 Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood,  
 Had watch'd her with fix'd eyes, while to and fro [90]  
 In the dark summit of the moving Tree  
 She rock'd with every impulse of the wind

- Among the faces which it pleas'd me well  
 85 To see again, was one, by ancient right  
 Our Inmate, a rough Terrier of the hills, [95]  
 By birth and call of Nature pre-ordain'd  
 To hunt the badger, and unearth the fox,  
 Among the impervious crags, but, having been  
 90 From youth our own adopted, he had pass'd  
 Into a gentler service And when first [100]  
 The boyish spirit flagg'd, and day by day  
 Along my veins I kindled with the stir  
 The fermentation and the vernal heat  
 95 Of Poesy, affecting private shades  
 Like a sick lover, then this Dog was used [105]  
 To watch me, an attendant and a friend  
 Obsequious to my steps, early and late,

Upon the road, some busy at their work,  
 Unceremonious greetings interchanged 70  
 With half the length of a long field between  
 Among my schoolfellows I scattered round  
 Like recognitions, but with some constraint  
 Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,  
 But with more shame, for my habiliments, 75  
 The transformation wrought by gay attire  
 Not less delighted did I take my place  
 At our domestic table · and, dear Friend !  
 In this endeavour simply to relate  
 A Poet's history, may I leave untold 80  
 The thankfulness with which I laid me down  
 In my accustomed bed, more welcome now  
 Perhaps than if it had been more desired  
 Or been more often thought of with regret ,  
 That lowly bed whence I had heard the wind 85  
 Roar and the rain beat hard, where I so oft  
 Had lain awake on summer nights to watch  
 The moon in splendour couched among the leaves  
 Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood ,  
 Had watched her with fixed eyes while to and fro 90  
 In the dark summit of the waving tree  
 She rocked with every impulse of the breeze

Among the favourites whom it pleased me well  
 To see again, was one by ancient right  
 Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills , 95  
 By birth and call of nature pre-ordained  
 To hunt the badger and unearth the fox  
 Among the impervious crags, but having been  
 From youth our own adopted, he had passed  
 Into a gentler service And when first 100  
 The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day  
 Along my veins I kindled with the stir,  
 The fermentation, and the vernal heat  
 Of poesy, affecting private shades  
 Like a sick Lover, then this dog was used 105  
 To watch me, an attendant and a friend,  
 Obsequious to my steps early and late,

---

 71-3 R C D

be one word given

To the delight which met me once again

 Entering my humble chamber now more priz'd D<sup>2</sup> D<sup>3</sup> as 1850

75 regret ?] regret , all MSS

 76-7 A<sup>2</sup> C<sup>2</sup> as 1850

 85 see] meet B<sup>2</sup>

- Though often of such dilatory walk  
 100 Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made  
 A hundred times when, in these wanderings, [110]  
 I have been busy with the toil of verse,  
 Great pains and little progress, and at once  
 Some fair enchanting image in my mind  
 105 Rose up, full-form'd, like Venus from the sea  
 Have I sprung forth towards him, and let loose [115]  
 My hand upon his back with stormy joy,  
 Caressing him again, and yet again  
 And when, in the public roads at eventide  
 110 I saunter'd, like a river murmuring  
 And talking to itself, at such a season [120]  
 It was his custom to jog on before,  
 But, duly, whensoever he had met  
 A passenger approaching, would he turn  
 115 To give me timely notice, and straitway,  
 Punctual to such admonishment, I hush'd [125]  
 My voice, composed my gait, and shap'd myself  
 To give and take a greeting that might save  
 My name from piteous rumours, such as wait  
 120 On men suspected to be craz'd in brain [130]
- Those walks, well worthy to be priz'd and lov'd,  
 Regretted ' that word, too was on my tongue,  
 But they were richly laden with all good,  
 And cannot be remember'd but with thanks  
 125 And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart, [135]  
 Those walks did now, like a returning spring,  
 Come back on me again When first I made  
 Once more the circuit of our little Lake  
 If ever happiness hath lodg'd with man,  
 130 That day consummate happiness was mine, [140]  
 Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative  
 The sun was set, or setting, when I left  
 Our cottage door, and evening soon brought on

---

99 dilatory] desultory M

101 in these wanderings] wandering in this sort B<sup>2</sup> loving high and low A<sup>2</sup> C

101-2 A hundred times when, with my shaggy friend  
 Thus roving through the mountains high and low  
 I have been harassed by the toils of verse A<sup>1</sup>

104 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

105-6 Appeared full-formed, as Venus from the sea  
 Rising, have I sprung forward D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

106-7 Have I sprung forward and let loose my hand  
 Upon the creature's back with stormy joy A<sup>2</sup>

'Though often of such dilatory walk  
 Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made  
 A hundred times when, roving high and low, 110  
 I have been harassed with the toil of verse,  
 Much pains and little progress, and at once  
 Some lovely Image in the song rose up  
 Full-formed, like Venus rising from the sea,  
 Then have I darted forwards to let loose 115  
 My hand upon his back with stormy joy,  
 Caressing him again and yet again  
 And when at evening on the public way  
 I sauntered, like a river murmuring  
 And talking to itself when all things else 120  
 Are still, the creature trotted on before,  
 Such was his custom, but whene'er he met  
 A passenger approaching, he would turn  
 To give me timely notice, and straightway,  
 Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed 125  
 My voice, composed my gait, and, with the air  
 And mien of one whose thoughts are free, advanced  
 To give and take a greeting that might save  
 My name from piteous rumours, such as wait  
 On men suspected to be crazed in brain 130

Those walks well worthy to be prized and loved—  
 Regretted!—that word, too, was on my tongue,  
 But they were richly laden with all good,  
 And cannot be remembered but with thanks  
 And gratitude, and perfect joy of heart— 135  
 Those walks in all their freshness now came back  
 Like a returning Spring When first I made  
 Once more the circuit of our little lake,  
 If ever happiness hath lodged with man,  
 That day consummate happiness was mine, 140  
 Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative  
 The sun was set, or setting, when I left  
 Our cottage door, and evening soon brought on

111 at such a season] at such still season D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

111-13 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

116 Punctual to A C D E Grateful for E<sup>2</sup>

117-18 shap'd myself To give A A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

121 priz'd A C E<sup>2</sup>, praised D E

126-7 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 [136], but new (error for their new (?)) for all  
 their So E, but E<sup>2</sup> as 1850



- A sober hour, not winning or serene,  
 137 For cold and raw the air was, and untun'd [145]  
 But, as a face we love is sweetest then  
 When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look  
 It chance to wear is sweetest if the heart  
 Have fulness in itself, even so with me  
 140 It fared that evening Gently did my soul [150]  
 Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stood  
 Naked as in the presence of her God  
 As on I walked, a comfort seem'd to touch  
 A heart that had not been disconsolate,  
 145 Strength came where weakness was not known to be, [155]  
 At least not felt, and restoration came  
 Like an intruder, knocking at the door  
 Of unacknowledg'd weariness I took  
 The balance in my hand and weigh'd myself.  
 150 I saw but little, and thereat was pleas'd, [161]  
 Little did I remember, and even this  
 Still pleas'd me more, but I had hopes and peace  
 And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and soothed,  
 Convers'd with promises, had glimmering views  
 155 How Life pervades the undecaying mind, [165]  
 How the immortal Soul with God-like power  
 Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep  
 That time can lay upon her; how on earth,  
 Man, if he do but live within the light  
 160 Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad [170]  
 His being with a strength that cannot fail  
 Nor was there want of milder thoughts, of love,  
 Of innocence, and holiday repose,  
 And more than pastoral quiet, in the heart  
 165 Of amplest projects, and a peaceful end [175]  
 At last, or glorious, by endurance won  
 Thus musing, in a wood I sate me down,  
 Alone, continuing there to muse meanwhile  
 The mountain heights were slowly overspread  
 170 With darkness, and before a rippling breeze [180]  
 The long Lake lengthen'd out its hoary line,  
 And in the shelter'd coppice where I sate,  
 Around me, from among the hazel leaves,

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148 weariness B<sup>2</sup> · weakness M A

149 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

[160] D<sup>2</sup>. Of the external world that round me lay added in B, not  
 in C

A sober hour, not winning or serene,  
 For cold and raw the air was, and untuned , 145  
 But as a face we love is sweetest then  
 When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look  
 It chance to wear, is sweetest if the heart  
 Have fulness in herself, even so with me  
 It fared that evening Gently did my soul 150  
 Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stood  
 Naked, as in the presence of her God  
 While on I walked, a comfort seemed to touch  
 A heart that had not been disconsolate  
 Strength came where weakness was not known to be 155  
 At least not felt, and restoration came  
 Like an intruder knocking at the door  
 Of unacknowledged weariness I took  
 The balance, and with firm hand weighed myself  
 —Of that external scene which round me lay, 160  
 Little, in this abstraction, did I see,  
 Remembered less, but I had inward hopes  
 And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and soothed,  
 Conversed with promises, had glimmering views  
 How life pervades the undecaying mind , 165  
 How the immortal soul with God-like power  
 Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep  
 That time can lay upon her, how on earth,  
 Man, if he do but live within the light  
 Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad 170  
 His being armed with strength that cannot fail  
 Nor was there want of milder thoughts, of love  
 Of innocence, and holiday repose,  
 And more than pastoral quiet, 'mid the stir  
 Of boldest projects, and a peaceful end 175  
 At last, or glorious, by endurance won  
 Thus musing, in a wood I sate me down  
 Alone, continuing there to muse the slopes  
 And heights meanwhile were slowly overspread  
 With darkness, and before a rippling breeze 180  
 The long lake lengthened out its hoary line,  
 And in the sheltered coppice where I sate,  
 Around me from among the hazel leaves,

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 153 rapt B<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup> wrapped M A C D

 161-80 A C D · D<sup>2</sup> a: 1850

Now here, now there, stirr'd by the straggling wind,  
 175 Came intermittingly a breath-like sound, [183]  
 A respiration short and quick, which oft,  
 Yea, might I say, again and yet again,  
 Mistaking for the panting of my Dog,  
 The off and on Companion of my walk,  
 180 I turn'd my head, to look if he were there [189]

A freshness also found I at this time  
 In human Life, the life I mean of those  
 Whose occupations really I lov'd  
 The prospect often touch'd me with surprize,  
 185 Crowded and full, and chang'd, as seem'd to me, [195]  
 Even as a garden in the heat of Spring,  
 After an eight-days' absence For (to omit  
 The things which were the same and yet appear'd  
 So different) amid this solitude,  
 190 The little Vale where was my chief abode,  
 'Twas not indifferent to a youthful mind [200]  
 To note, perhaps, some shelter'd Seat in which  
 An old Man had been used to sun himself,  
 Now empty, pale-fac'd Babes whom I had left  
 195 In arms, known children of the neighbourhood,  
 Now rosy prattlers, tottering up and down, [205]  
 And growing Girls whose beauty, filch'd away  
 With all its pleasant promises, was gone  
 To deck some slighted Playmate's homely cheek

200 Yes, I had something of another eye,  
 And often, looking round, was mov'd to smiles, [210]  
 Such as a delicate work of humour breeds  
 I read, without design, the opinions, thoughts  
 Of those plain-living People, in a sense  
 205 Of love and knowledge, with another eye  
 I saw the quiet Woodman in the Woods, [215]  
 The Shepherd on the Hills With new delight,  
 This chiefly, did I view my grey-hair'd Dame,  
 Saw her go forth to Church, or other work  
 210 Of state, equipp'd in monumental trim,  
 Short Velvet Cloak (her Bonnet of the like) [220]  
 A Mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers

189 A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850192 perhaps] erewhile B<sup>a</sup>

192-4 To note a shelter'd and a sunny seat

Now here, now there, moved by the straggling wind,  
 Came ever and anon a breath-like sound, 185  
 Quick as the pantings of the faithful dog,  
 The off and on companion of my walk,  
 And such, at times, believing them to be,  
 I turned my head to look if he were there,  
 Then into solemn thought I passed once more. 190

A freshness also found I at this time  
 In human Life, the daily life of those  
 Whose occupations really I loved,  
 The peaceful scene oft filled me with surprise  
 Changed like a garden in the heat of spring 195  
 After an eight-days' absence For (to omit  
 The things which were the same and yet appeared  
 Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude,  
 A narrow Vale where each was known to all,  
 'Twas not indifferent to a youthful mind 200  
 To mark some sheltering bower or sunny nook,  
 Where an old man had used to sit alone,  
 Now vacant, pale-faced babes whom I had left  
 In arms, now rosy prattlers at the feet  
 Of a pleased grandame tottering up and down, 205  
 And growing girls whose beauty, filched away  
 With all its pleasant promises, was gone  
 To deck some slighted playmate's homely cheek

Yes, I had something of a subtler sense,  
 And often looking round was moved to smiles 210  
 Such as a delicate work of humour breeds,  
 I read, without design, the opinions, thoughts  
 Of those plain-living people now observed  
 With clearer knowledge, with another eye  
 I saw the quiet woodman in the woods, 215  
 The shepherd roam the hills With new delight,  
 This chiefly, did I note my grey-haired Dame,  
 Saw her go forth to church or other work  
 Of state, equipped in monumental trim,  
 Short velvet cloak, (her bonnet of the like), 220  
 A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers

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Where some old Man had used to sit alone Now vacant A C So D,  
 but nook for seat, D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 200, 204-5, 207-8 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

Wore in old time Her smooth domestic life,  
 Affectionate without uneasiness,  
 215 Her talk, her business pleas'd me and no less  
 Her clear though shallow stream of piety, [225]  
 That ran on Sabbath days a fresher course  
 With thoughts unfelt till now, I saw her read  
 Her Bible on the Sunday afternoons  
 220 And lov'd the book, when she had dropp'd asleep,  
 And made of it a pillow for her head [230]

Nor less do I remember to have felt  
 Distinctly manifested at this time  
 A dawning, even as of another sense  
 225 A human-heartedness about my love  
 For objects hitherto the gladsome air  
 Of my own private being, and no more, [235]  
 Which I had loved, even as a blessed Spirit  
 Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,  
 230 Might love, in individual happiness  
 But now there open'd on me other thoughts,  
 Of change, congratulation, and regret, [240]  
 A new-born feeling It spread far and wide,  
 The trees, the mountains shared it, and the brooks,  
 235 The stars of Heaven, now seen in their old haunts,  
 White Sirius, glittering o'er the southern crags,  
 Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven, [245]  
 Acquaintances of every little child,  
 And Jupiter, my own beloved Star  
 240 Whatever shadings of mortality  
 Had fallen upon these objects heretofore [250]  
 Were different in kind, not tender . strong,  
 Deep, gloomy were they and severe, the scatterings  
 Of Childhood and, moreover, had given way  
 245 In later youth, to beauty, and to love  
 Enthusiastic, to delight and joy [255]

As one who hangs down-bending from the side  
 Of a slow moving Boat, upon the breast  
 Of a still water, solacing himself

214 uneasiness  $\mathcal{A}$  disquietude  $A^2 B^2 C$

219 the  $\mathcal{A} C D$  hot  $D'$

224 A dawning etc  $\mathcal{A} C D$ , but  $D$  *deletes*

226 gladsome air  $\mathcal{A}$  absolute wealth  $A^2 C'$ , absolute joy  $B^2$

Wore in old time Her smooth domestic life,  
 Affectionate without disquietude,  
 Her talk, her business, pleased me, and no less  
 Her clear though shallow stream of piety 225  
 That ran on Sabbath days a fresher course,  
 With thoughts unfelt till now I saw her read  
 Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,  
 And loved the book, when she had dropped asleep  
 And made of it a pillow for her head 230

Nor less do I remember to have felt,  
 Distinctly manifested at this time,  
 A human-heartedness about my love  
 For objects hitherto the absolute wealth  
 Of my own private being and no more 235  
 Which I had loved, even as a blessed spirit  
 Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,  
 Might love in individual happiness  
 But now there opened on me other thoughts  
 Of change, congratulation or regret, 240  
 A pensive feeling! It spread far and wide,  
 The trees, the mountains shared it, and the brooks,  
 The stars of Heaven, now seen in their old haunts—  
 White Sirius glittering o'er the southern crags,  
 Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven, 245  
 Acquaintances of every little child,  
 And Jupiter, my own beloved star!  
 Whatever shadings of mortality,  
 Whatever imports from the world of death  
 Had come among these objects heretofore, 250  
 Were, in the main, of mood less tender strong,  
 Deep, gloomy were they, and severe, the scatterings  
 Of awe or tremulous dread, that had given way  
 In later youth to yearnings of a love  
 Enthusiastic, to delight and hope 255

As one who hangs down-bending from the side  
 Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast  
 Of a still water, solacing himself

233 new born A C D pensive D<sup>2</sup>

240 A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> add *line here* Drawn from the pure imaginative soul So C

[249] added to D. 241 fallen upon A C D come among D<sup>2</sup>.

242 not tender A C less tender M.

- 250 With such discoveries as his eye can make,  
 Beneath him, in the bottom of the deeps, [260]  
 Sees many beauteous sights, weeds, fishes, flowers,  
 Grotts, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more,  
 Yet often is perplex'd, and cannot part
- 255 The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky,  
 Mountains and clouds, from that which is indeed [265]  
 The region, and the things which there abide  
 In their true dwelling, now is cross'd by gleam  
 Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,
- 260 And motions that are sent he knows not whence,  
 Impediments that make his task more sweet, [270]  
 —Such pleasant office have we long pursued  
 Incumbent o'er the surface of past time  
 With like success, nor have we often look'd
- 265 On more alluring shows (to me, at least,)  
 More soft, or less ambiguously descried,  
 Than those which now we have been passing by, [275]  
 And where we still are lingering Yet, in spite  
 Of all these new employments of the mind,
- 270 There was an inner falling-off I loved,  
 Loved deeply, all that I had loved before,  
 More deeply even than ever, but a swarm [280]  
 Of heady thoughts jostling each other, gawds,  
 And feast, and dance, and public revelry,
- 275 And sports and games (less pleasing in themselves,  
 Than as they were a badge glossy and fresh [285]  
 Of manliness and freedom) these did now  
 Seduce me from the firm habitual quest  
 Of feeding pleasures, from that eager zeal,
- 280 Those yearnings which had every day been mine,

255 Shadow from substance, rocks from azure sky B<sup>2</sup>

256-7 from that which is indeed The region, and the *not in M* A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C  
*as 1850*

260 motions that are] tremulous motions A<sup>2</sup> C

263 Incumbent o'er] Floating upon A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

264-8 nor often in the abyss

Have we discover'd more alluring shows  
 More soft, or less ambiguously descried,

Than those, my Friend, which we have lately passed,  
 And which do still detain us A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C *D stuck over D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.*

270 falling-off] weakness Much M *W begins here, thus*  
 Auspicious was this outset and the days

With such discoveries as his eye can make  
 Beneath him in the bottom of the deep, 260  
 Sees many beauteous sights—weeds, fishes, flowers,  
 Grotts pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more,  
 Yet often is perplexed and cannot part  
 The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky,  
 Mountains and clouds, reflected in the depth 265  
 Of the clear flood, from things which there abide  
 In their true dwelling, now is crossed by gleam  
 Of his own image, by a sun-beam now,  
 And wavering motions sent he knows not whence,  
 Impediments that make his task more sweet, 270  
 Such pleasant office have we long pursued  
 Incumbent o'er the surface of past time  
 With like success, nor often have appeared  
 Shapes fairer or less doubtfully discerned  
 Than these to which the Tale, indulgent Friend ! 275  
 Would now direct thy notice Yet in spite  
 Of pleasure won, and knowledge not withheld,  
 There was an inner falling off—I loved,  
 Loved deeply all that had been loved before,  
 More deeply even than ever but a swarm 280  
 Of heady schemes jostling each other, gawds,  
 And feast and dance, and public revelry,  
 And sports and games (too grateful in themselves,  
 Yet in themselves less grateful, I believe,  
 Than as they were a badge glossy and fresh 285  
 Of manliness and freedom) all conspired  
 To lure my mind from firm habitual quest  
 Of feeding pleasures, to depress the zeal  
 And damp those yearnings which had once been mine—

That follow'd march'd in flattering symphony  
 With such a fair presage, but 'twas not long  
 Ere fallings off and indirect desires  
 Told of an inner weakness Much I lov'd

272-3 swarm Of heady thoughts R C D throng Of heady thoughts W  
 D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

275 [283-4] A<sup>s</sup> C D as 1850, but D has pleasing for grateful grateful D<sup>s</sup>

277 manliness and] manhood and of W

279-82 R C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850, but with those daily yearnings (*hyper-*  
*metrically*) So E



- A wild, unworldly-minded Youth, given up [290]  
 To Nature and to Books, or, at the most,  
 From time to time, by inclination shipp'd,  
 One among many, in societies,  
 285 That were, or seem'd, as simple as myself  
 But now was come a change, it would demand  
 Some skill and longer time than may be spared,  
 To paint, even to myself, these vanities,  
 And how they wrought But, sure it is that now  
 290 Contagious and did oft environ me  
 Unknown among these haunts in former days  
 The very garments that I wore appear'd [295]  
 To prey upon my strength, and stopp'd the course  
 And quiet stream of self-forgetfulness  
 295 Something there was about me that perplex'd  
 Th' authentic sight of reason, press'd too closely  
 On that religious dignity of mind,  
 That is the very faculty of truth,  
 Which wanting, either, from the very first,  
 300 A function never lighted up, or else  
 Extinguish'd, Man, a creature great and good,  
 Seems but a pageant playing with vile claws  
 And this great frame of breathing elements  
 A senseless Idol  
 That vague heartless chace  
 305 Of trivial pleasures was a poor exchange  
 For Books and Nature at that early age  
 'Tis true, some casual knowledge might be gain'd [300]  
 Of character or life, but at that time  
 Of manners put to school I took small note  
 310 And all my deeper passions lay elsewhere  
 Far better had it been to exalt the mind  
 By solitary study, to uphold [305]  
 Intense desire by thought and quietness  
 And yet, in chastisement of these regrets,  
 315 The memory of one particular hour  
 Doth here rise up against me In a throng,  
 A festal company of Maids and Youths,  
 Old Men, and Matrons staid, promiscuous rout, [310]  
 A medley of all tempers, I had pass'd  
 320 The night in dancing, gaiety and mirth;  
 With din of instruments, and shuffling feet,  
 And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,

A wild, unworldly-minded youth, given up 290  
 To his own eager thoughts It would demand  
 Some skill, and longer time than may be spared,  
 To paint these vanities, and how they wrought  
 In haunts where they, till now, had been unknown  
 It seemed the very garments that I wore 295  
 Preyed on my strength, and stopped the quiet stream  
 Of self-forgetfulness

Yes, that heartless chase  
 Of trivial pleasures was a poor exchange  
 For books and nature at that early age  
 'Tis true some casual knowledge might be gained 300  
 Of character or life, but at that time,  
 Of manners put to school I took small note,  
 And all my deeper passions lay elsewhere  
 Far better had it been to exalt the mind  
 By solitary study, to uphold 305  
 Intense desire through meditative peace,  
 And yet, for chastisement of these regrets,  
 The memory of one particular hour  
 Doth here rise up against me 'Mid a throng  
 Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons staid, 310  
 A medley of all tempers, I had passed  
 The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,  
 With din of instruments and shuffling feet,  
 And glancing forms, and tapers glittering,

282-6 or, at the most, change] A B *delete* not in C

288 paint] unfold W

296-7 press'd too closely On] interfered With W

299-300 Which wanting, either from the first, a function

Not lighted up, or one by hapless doom A- B C So D, but

with by untoward for one by hapless

299-301 either Extinguish'd] not in W

302 Seems but a piece of fearful mechanism

Vile as the Tyger's which the barbarous East

Constructs, to lodge within her palace walls, A- C D So B<sup>2</sup>, but

in place of last two lines reads

An oriental plaything with vile claws

304 heartless] giddy W

307 gam'd] glean'd W

309 Of outside manners I took little note W.

- And unam'd piattle flying up and down,  
 Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there [316]  
 325 Slight shocks of young love-liking interspers'd,  
 That mounted up like joy into the head,  
 And tingled through the veins Ere we retired,  
 The cock had crow'd, the sky was bright with day [320]  
 Two miles I had to walk along the fields  
 330 Before I reached my home Magnificent  
 The morning was, in memorable pomp,  
 More glorious than I ever had beheld [325]  
 The Sea was laughing at a distance, all  
 The solid Mountains were as bright as clouds,  
 335 Grain-tinctured, drench'd in empyrean light,  
 And, in the meadows and the lower grounds,  
 Was all the sweetness of a common dawn, [330]  
 Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,  
 And Labourers going forth into the fields  
 340 —Ah ' need I say, dear Friend, that to the brim  
 My heart was full, I made no vows, but vows  
 Were then made for me, bond unknown to me [335]  
 Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,  
 A dedicated Spirit On I walk'd  
 345 In blessedness, which even yet remains

- Strange rendezvous my mind was at that time,  
 A party-colour'd show of grave and gay, [340]  
 Solid and light, short-sighted and profound,  
 Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,  
 350 Consorting in one mansion unreprov'd  
 I knew the worth of that which I possess'd,  
 Though slighted and misus'd Besides, in truth, [345]  
 That Summer, swarming as it did with thoughts  
 Transient and loose, yet wanted not a store  
 355 Of primitive hours, when, by these hindrances  
 Unthwarted, I experienc'd in myself  
 Conformity as just as that of old [350]

324 Like pauses in a fight and here and there W

Bustle and spirits [ ? ] and here and there W<sup>a</sup>

326 A<sup>a</sup> C as 1850

328 D as *A*, but dawn for day

329-30 Through woods and pleasant fields the pathway wound

That led towards my home A<sup>a</sup> C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

331 was] rose A<sup>a</sup> C D

332-4, 345 *A* C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

345 remains *A* C D. survives D

346 rendezvous my time, *A* C D rendezvous my time E

And unnamed prattle flying up and down , 315  
 Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there  
 Slight shocks of young love-liking interspersed,  
 Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head,  
 And tingled through the veins Ere we retired,  
 The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky 320  
 Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse  
 And open field, through which the pathway wound,  
 And homeward led my steps Magnificent  
 The morning rose, in memorable pomp,  
 Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front, 325  
 The sea lay laughing at a distance . near,  
 The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,  
 Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light ,  
 And in the meadows and the lower grounds  
 Was all the sweetness of a common dawn— 330  
 Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,  
 And labourers going forth to till the fields

Ah ! need I say, dear Friend ! that to the brim  
 My heart was full , I made no vows, but vows  
 Were then made for me , bond unknown to me 335  
 Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,  
 A dedicated Spirit On I walked  
 In thankful blessedness, which yet survives

Strange rendezvous ! My mind was at that time  
 A parti-coloured show of grave and gay, 340  
 Solid and light, short-sighted and profound ,  
 Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,  
 Consorting in one mansion unreprieved  
 The worth I knew of powers that I possessed,  
 Though slighted and too oft misused Besides, 345  
 That summer swarming as it did with thoughts  
 Transient and idle, lacked not intervals  
 When Folly from the frown of fleeting Time  
 Shrunk, and the mind experienced in herself  
 Conformity as just as that of old 350

351 R C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

353-7 That summer was not seldom interspersed  
 With primitive hours when by their hindrances  
 Uncross'd I recogniz'd within myself  
 Conformity *etc* W

To the end and written spirit of God's works,  
Whether held forth in Nature or in Man

- 360 From many wanderings that have left behind  
Remembrances not lifeless, I will here  
Single out one, then pass to other themes

- A favourite pleasure hath it been with me,  
From time of earliest youth, to walk alone  
365 Along the public Way, when, for the night  
Deserted, in its silence it assumes  
A character of deeper quietness  
Than pathless solitudes At such an hour  
Once, ere these summer months were pass'd away, [370]  
370 I slowly mounted up a steep ascent  
Where the road's watery surface, to the ridge [380]  
Of that sharp rising, glitter'd in the moon,  
And seem'd before my eyes another stream  
Creeping with silent lapse to join the brook  
375 That murmur'd in the valley On I went [384]  
Tranquil, receiving in my own despite  
Amusement, as I slowly pass'd along,  
From such near objects as from time to time,  
Perforce, intruded on the listless sense  
380 Quiescent, and dispos'd to sympathy,  
With an exhausted mind, worn out by toil,  
And all unworthy of the deeper joy  
Which waits on distant prospect, cliff, or sea,  
The dark blue vault, and universe of stars  
385 Thus did I steal along that silent road,  
My body from the stillness drinking in  
A restoration like the calm of sleep,  
But sweeter far Above, before, behind,  
Around me, all was peace and solitude,  
390 I look'd not round, nor did the solitude  
Speak to my eye, but it was heard and felt  
O happy state! what beauteous pictures now  
Rose in harmonious imagery—they rose  
As from some distant region of my soul  
395 And came along like dreams, yet such as left  
Obscurely mingled with their passing forms

[354-88] D *stuck over* D<sup>a</sup> as 1850, but in [360] centre—anchonite (as E)  
'for human centre—hermit (E<sup>a</sup> as 1850), and in [362-3] silent space for  
where. seen

To the end and written spirit of God's works,  
Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,  
Through pregnant vision, separate or conjoined

When from our better selves we have too long  
Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop, 355  
Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,  
How gracious, how benign, is Solitude,  
How potent a mere image of her sway,  
Most potent when impressed upon the mind  
With an appropriate human centre—hermit, 360  
Deep in the bosom of the wilderness,  
Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot  
Is treading, where no other face is seen)  
Kneeling at prayers, or watchman on the top  
Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves, 365  
Or as the soul of that great Power is met  
Sometimes embodied on a public road,  
When, for the night deserted, it assumes  
A character of quiet more profound  
Than pathless wastes 370

Once when those summer months  
Were flown, and autumn brought its annual show  
Of oars with oars contending, sails with sails,  
Upon Winander's spacious breast, it chanced  
That—after I had left a flower-decked room  
(Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, survived 375  
To a late hour), and spirits overwrought  
Were making night do penance for a day  
Spent in a round of strenuous idleness—  
My homeward course led up a long ascent,  
Where the road's watery surface, to the top 380  
Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon  
And bore the semblance of another stream  
Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook  
That murmured in the vale All else was still,

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363-4 It was a habit form'd in early youth  
And is a favorite pleasure with me now  
Dear Friend, as well thou knowest, to walk alone A'  
A favorite pleasure was it of my youth  
Such is it now, dear friend, *etc* A' C

364 Even from the time of earliest youth to walk W

374 Creeping A C Stealing M D' E

376-8 Receiving as I slowly passed along

Amusement from near objects that perf[orce] A'

380 sympathy,] sympathy A C 340 not round] around M

A consciousness of animal delight,  
 A self-possession felt in every pause  
 And every gentle movement of my frame  
 400 While thus I wander'd, step by step led on,  
 It chanc'd a sudden turning of the road [388]  
 Presented to my view an uncouth shape [387]  
 So near, that, slipping back into the shade  
 Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him well, [390]  
 405 Myself unseen He was of stature tall,  
 A foot above man's common measure tall,  
 Stiff in his form, and upright, lank and lean,  
 A man more meagre, as it seem'd to me,  
 Was never seen abroad by night or day  
 410 His arms were long, and bare his hands, his mouth [395]  
 Shew'd ghastly in the moonlight from behind  
 A milestone propp'd him, and his figure seem'd  
 Half-sitting, and half-standing I could mark  
 That he was clad in military garb,  
 415 Though faded, yet entire He was alone,  
 Had no attendant, neither Dog, nor Staff, [400]  
 Nor knapsack, in his very dress appear'd  
 A desolation, a simplicity  
 That seem'd akin to solitude Long time  
 420 Did I peruse him with a mingled sense  
 Of fear and sorrow From his lips, meanwhile,  
 There issued murmuring sounds, as if of pain [405]  
 Or of uneasy thought, yet still his form  
 Kept the same steadiness, and at his feet  
 425 His shadow lay, and mov'd not In a Glen  
 Hard by, a Village stood, whose roofs and doors  
 Were visible among the scatter'd trees,  
 Scarce distant from the spot an arrow's flight,  
 I wish'd to see him move, but he remain'd  
 430 Fix'd to his place, and still from time to time  
 Sent forth a murmuring voice of dead complaint,  
 Groans scarcely audible Without self-blame  
 I had not thus prolong'd my watch, and now,  
 Subduing my heart's specious cowardise [410]  
 435 I left the shady nook where I had stood,  
 And hail'd him Slowly from his resting-place  
 He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm  
 In measur'd gesture lifted to his head,  
 Return'd my salutation. then resum'd [415]

No living thing appeared in earth or air, 385  
 And, save the flowing water's peaceful voice,  
 Sound there was none—but, lo! an uncouth shape,  
 Shown by a sudden turning of the road,  
 So near that, slipping back into the shade  
 Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him well, 390  
 Myself unseen He was of stature tall,  
 A span above man's common measure, tall,  
 Stiff, lank, and upright, a more meagre man  
 Was never seen before by night or day  
 Long were his arms, pallid his hands, his mouth 395  
 Looked ghastly in the moonlight from behind,  
 A mile-stone propped him, I could also ken  
 That he was clothed in military garb,  
 Though faded, yet entire Companionless,  
 No dog attending, by no staff sustained, 400  
 He stood, and in his very dress appeared  
 A desolation, a simplicity,  
 To which the trappings of a gaudy world  
 Make a strange back-ground From his lips, ere long,  
 Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain 405  
 Or some uneasy thought, yet still his form  
 Kept the same awful steadiness—at his feet  
 His shadow lay, and moved not From self-blame  
 Not wholly free, I watched him thus, at length  
 Subduing my heart's specious cowardice, 410  
 I left the shady nook where I had stood  
 And hailed him Slowly from his resting-place  
 He rose, and with a lean and wasted arm  
 In measured gesture lifted to his head  
 Returned my salutation, then resumed 415

410 Long were his arms A<sup>2</sup> C

411 Shew'd R C D Look'd M

412-39 D as A<sup>2</sup> (but omitting 428) D<sup>2</sup> as 1850424 Kept the same awful steadiness—at his feet A<sup>2</sup> C D

428 fight, M fight, R C



- 440 His station as before and when, erelong,  
 I ask'd his history, he in reply  
 Was neither slow nor eager, but unmov'd,  
 And with a quiet, uncomplaining voice,  
 A stately air of mild indifference, [420]
- 445 He told, in simple words, a Soldier's tale,  
 That in the Tropic Islands he had serv'd,  
 Whence he had landed scarcely ten days past,  
 That on his landing he had been dismiss'd,  
 And now was travelling to his native home [425]
- 450 At this, I turn'd and looked towards the Village  
 But all were gone to rest, the fires all out,  
 And every silent window to the Moon  
 Shone with a yellow glitter 'No one there,'  
 Said I, 'is waking, we must measure back
- 455 The way which we have come behind yon wood  
 A Labourer dwells, and, take it on my word  
 He will not murmur should we break his rest,  
 And with a ready heart will give you food  
 And lodging for the night' At this he stoop'd,
- 460 And from the ground took up an oaken Staff, [425]
 By me yet unobserved, a traveller's Staff,  
 Which, I suppose, from his slack hand had dropp'd,  
 And lain till now neglected in the grass [430]
- Towards the Cottage without more delay
- 465 We shap'd our course, as it appear'd to me,  
 He travell'd without pain, and I beheld [432]
 With ill-suppress'd astonishment his tall  
 And ghastly figure moving at my side,  
 Nor, while we journey'd thus could I forbear [435]
- 470 To question him of what he had endur'd  
 From hardship, battle, or the pestilence  
 He, all the while, was in demeanour calm, [440]
 Concise in answer, solemn and sublime  
 He might have seem'd, but that in all he said
- 475 There was a strange half-absence, and a tone  
 Of weakness and indifference, as of one  
 Remembering the importance of his theme [444]
 But feeling it no longer We advanced  
 Slowly, and, ere we to the wood were come
- 480 Discourse had ceas'd Together on we pass'd [445-6]
 In silence, through the shades, gloomy and dark,  
 Then, turning up along an open field

His station as before, and when I asked  
 His history, the veteran, in reply,  
 Was neither slow nor eager, but, unmoved,  
 And with a quiet uncomplaining voice,  
 A stately air of mild indifference, 420  
 He told in few plain words a soldier's tale—  
 That in the Tropic Islands he had served,  
 Whence he had landed scarcely three weeks past,  
 That on his landing he had been dismissed,  
 And now was travelling towards his native home 425  
 This heard, I said, in pity, 'Come with me'  
 He stooped, and straightway from the ground took up  
 An oaken staff by me yet unobserved—  
 A staff which must have dropt from his slack hand  
 And lay till now neglected in the grass 430  
 Though weak his step and cautious, he appeared  
 To travel without pain, and I beheld,  
 With an astonishment but ill suppressed,  
 His ghostly figure moving at my side  
 Nor could I, while we journeyed thus, forbear 435  
 To turn from present hardships to the past,  
 And speak of war, battle, and pestilence,  
 Sprinkling this talk with questions, better spared,  
 On what he might himself have seen or felt  
 He all the while was in demeanour calm, 440  
 Concise in answer, solemn and sublime  
 He might have seemed, but that in all he said  
 There was a strange half-absence, as of one  
 Knowing too well the importance of his theme,  
 But feeling it no longer Our discourse 445  
 Soon ended, and together on we passed  
 In silence through a wood gloomy and still  
 Up-turning, then, along an open field,

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445 simple] few plain A<sup>2</sup> C      447 ten days R C D    three weeks D  
 450-60 D as R C, but traveller's, for oaken (460) D' as 1850  
 465-6 course, as it appeared to me He travell'd] course together He  
 appeared To travel A C      467-8 R C D    D' as 1850 (but ghostly)  
 469 Nor, while we thus were journeying, did I fail M  
 470-3 D stuck over D' as 1850  
 475 81 D as A but still for dark (481) D as 1850  
 482 Upturning, then, A C

We gain'd the Cottage At the door I knock'd, [449]  
 Calling aloud 'my Friend, here is a Man  
 485 By sickness overcome, beneath your roof  
 This night let him find rest, and give him food,  
 If food he need, for he is faint and tired'  
 Assur'd that now my Comrade would repose  
 In comfort, I entreated that henceforth  
 490 He would not linger in the public ways [455]  
 But ask for timely furtherance and help  
 Such as his state requir'd At this reproof,  
 With the same ghastly mildness in his look  
 He said 'my trust is in the God of Heaven  
 495 And in the eye of him that passes me' [460]  
 The Cottage door was speedily unlock'd,  
 And now the Soldier touch'd his hat again  
 With his lean hand, and in a voice that seem'd  
 To speak with a reviving interest,  
 500 Till then unfelt, he thank'd me, I return'd [465]  
 The blessing of the poor unhappy Man,  
 And so we parted Back I cast a look,  
 And linger'd near the door a little space,  
 Then sought with quiet heart my distant home

---

483 gain'd the A C D reached a D<sup>s</sup>

484-7 And to the charitable care of those

Who dwelt within, commended him as one

Belated and by sickness overcome A<sup>s</sup> C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

488 my Comrade A C D the traveller D<sup>s</sup>

491 timely] proper M

But at the door of cottage or of inn

We reached a cottage At the door I knocked,  
 And earnestly to charitable care 450  
 Commended him as a poor friendless man,  
 Belated and by sickness overcome  
 Assured that now the traveller would repose  
 In comfort, I entreated that henceforth  
 He would not linger in the public ways, 455  
 But ask for timely furtherance and help  
 Such as his state required At this reproof,  
 With the same ghastly mildness in his look,  
 He said, 'My trust is in the God of Heaven,  
 And in the eye of him who passes me' 460

The cottage door was speedily unbarred,  
 And now the soldier touched his hat once more  
 With his lean hand, and in a faltering voice,  
 Whose tone bespoke reviving interests  
 Till then unfelt, he thanked me, I returned 465  
 The farewell blessing of the patient man,  
 And so we parted Back I cast a look,  
 And lingered near the door a little space,  
 Then sought with quiet heart my distant home

---

Demand the succour that his state required  
 And needful furtherance A<sup>2</sup> *deleted*

496 unlock'd R C D unbarred D<sup>2</sup>  
*At end of Book, D and E add 3 lines (marked with a query)*  
 This passed, and he who deigns to mark with care  
 By what rules governed, with what end in view  
 This work proceeds, he will not wish for more

## BOOK FIFTH

### BOOKS

- EVEN in the steadiest mood of reason, when  
 All sorrow for thy transitory pains  
 Goes out, it grieves me for thy state, O Man,  
 'Thou paramount Creature' and thy race, while ye  
 5 Shall sojourn on this planet, not for woes [5]  
 Which thou endur'st, that weight, albeit huge,  
 I charm away, but for those palms achiev'd  
 Through length of time, by study and hard thought, [10]  
 The honours of thy high endowments, there  
 10 My sadness finds its fuel Hitherto,  
 In progress through this Veise, my mind hath look'd  
 Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven  
 As her prime Teacher, intercourse with man  
 Establish'd by the sovereign Intellect, [15]  
 15 Who through that bodily Image hath diffus'd  
 A soul divine which we participate,  
 A deathless spirit Thou also, Man, hast wrought,

[MSS for Bk V M A B C D E, fol 1-48, 294-376, 445-515, 590 4  
630-37 W, ff 450-72 V]

Book Fifth Books B C 5 A

- 1-2 Even in the steadiest quiet which the soul  
 Attains by reason and exalted thought  
 Then, when all sorrow for thy transient pains B<sup>3</sup>  
 1-3 When Contemplation's tranquilizing power  
 Hath stricken deep into the soul, and spread  
 Wide, like the night calm over sea and land  
 Oft doth it grieve me for thy state, O man A<sup>2</sup> C  
 1-10 Even in the steadiest quiet which the soul  
 Attains by reason or by faith spread wide  
 And striking deep, it grieves me for thy state  
 O Man, thou paramount Creature and thy race  
 While ye on earth shall sojourn Not for woes  
 Which thou must bear, that heavy weight doth oft  
 Mount like a comet touched with light from Heaven,  
 Or melts away, but for those palms achieved  
 Through length of time by study and hard thought  
 Precious reward of high endowments, there  
 My sadness finds its fuel Hitherto D

## BOOK FIFTH

### BOOKS

WHEN Contemplation, like the night-calm felt  
Through earth and sky, spreads widely, and sends deep  
Into the soul its tranquillizing power,  
Even then I sometimes grieve for thee, O Man,  
Earth's paramount Creature ' not so much for woes 5  
That thou endurest, heavy though that weight be,  
Cloud-like it mounts, or touched with light divine  
Doth melt away, but for those palms achieved,  
Through length of time, by patient exercise  
Of study and hard thought, there, there, it is 10  
That sadness finds its fuel Hitherto,  
In progress through this Verse, my mind hath looked  
Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven  
As her prime teacher, intercourse with man

- For commerce of thy nature with itself,  
Things worthy of unconquerable life ,  
20 And yet we feel, we cannot chuse but feel  
That these must perish Tremblings of the heart  
It gives, to think that the immortal being  
No more shall need such garments , and yet Man,  
As long as he shall be the Child of Earth, [25]
- 25 Might almost ' weep to have ' what he may lose,  
Nor be himself extinguish'd , but survive  
Abject, depress'd, forlorn, disconsolate  
A thought is with me sometimes, and I say,  
Should earth by inward throes be wrench'd throughout,  
30 Or fire be sent from far to wither all  
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up  
Old Ocean in his bed left sing'd and bare,  
Yet would the living Presence still subsist  
Victorious , and composure would ensue, [35]
- 35 And kindlings like the morning , presage sure,  
Though slow, perhaps, of a returning day  
But all the meditations of mankind,  
Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth,  
By reason built, or passion, which itself [40]

For commerce of thy nature with herself,  
 Things that aspire to unconquerable life , 20  
 And yet we feel—we cannot choose but feel—  
 That they must perish Tremblings of the heart  
 It gives, to think that our immortal being  
 No more shall need such garments , and yet man,  
 As long as he shall be the child of earth, 25  
 Might almost ' weep to have ' what he may lose,  
 Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,  
 Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate  
 A thought is with me sometimes, and I say,—  
 Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes 30  
 Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch  
 Her pleasant habitations, and dry up  
 Old Ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,  
 Yet would the living Presence still subsist  
 Victorious, and composure would ensue, 35  
 And kindlings like the morning—presage sure  
 Of day returning and of life revived  
 But all the meditations of mankind,  
 Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth  
 By reason built, or passion, which itself 40  
 Is highest reason in a soul sublime ,  
 The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,  
 Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,  
 Twin labourers and heirs of the same hopes ,  
 Where would they be ? Oh ! why hath not the Mind 45  
 Some element to stamp her image on  
 In nature somewhat nearer to her own '  
 Why, gifted with such powers to send abroad  
 Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so frail ?  
 One day, when from my lips a like compant 50  
 Had fallen in presence of a studious friend,  
 He with a smile made answer, that in truth  
 'Twas going far to seek disquietude ,  
 But on the front of his reproof confessed  
 That he himself had oftentimes given way 55  
 To kindred hauntings Whereupon I told,

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True builders up of consecrated truth  
 Sensuous or intellectual work of those  
 Exempt from all external injury W

49-50 One day when I had uttered thoughts like these

In hearing of a Philosophic Friend A<sup>3</sup> C

51 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

54-5 ( hauntings) A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

[56-7] And that once, In the deep etc D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.



- Added, that once upon a summer's noon,  
 While he was sitting in a rocky cave  
 By the sea-side, perusing, as it chanced  
 The famous History of the Erant Knight [60]  
 60 Recorded by Cervantes, these same thoughts  
 Came to him, and to height unusual rose  
 While listlessly he sate, and having closed  
 The Book, had turned his eyes towards the Sea  
 On Poetry and geometric Truth, [65]  
 65 The knowledge that endures, upon these two,  
 And their high privilege of lasting life,  
 Exempt from all internal injury,  
 He mused, upon these chiefly and at length,  
 His senses yielding to the sultry air,  
 70 Sleep seiz'd him, and he pass'd into a dream [70]  
 He saw before him an Arabian Waste,  
 A Desert, and he fancied that himself  
 Was sitting there in the wide wilderness,  
 Alone, upon the sands Distress of mind  
 75 Was growing in him when, behold! at once  
 To his great joy a Man was at his side,  
 Upon a dromedary, mounted high [76]  
 He seem'd an Arab of the Bedoun Tribes,  
 A Lance he bore, and underneath one arm  
 80 A Stone, and, in the opposite hand, a Shell  
 Of a surpassing brightness Much rejoic'd [80]  
 The dreaming Man that he should have a Guide  
 To lead him through the Desert, and he thought,  
 While questioning himself what this strange freight  
 85 Which the Newcomer carried through the Waste [85]  
 Could mean, the Arab told him that the Stone,  
 To give it in the language of the Dream,  
 Was Euclid's Elements, 'and this,' said he,  
 'This other,' pointing to the Shell, 'this Book  
 90 Is something of more worth' And, at the word,  
 The Stranger, said my Friend continuing,  
 Stretch'd forth the Shell towards me, with command [90]  
 That I should hold it to my ear, I did so,  
 And heard that instant in an unknown Tongue,  
 95 Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,

57-88 He . him his A C D I . me my D<sup>a</sup>

61 Came to] Beset A<sup>a</sup> B<sup>a</sup> C

71-6 D stuck over D<sup>a</sup> E as 1850, but [74] lo<sup>a</sup> at once for at my side E<sup>a</sup> as 1850

That once in the stillness of a summer's noon,  
 While I was seated in a rocky cave  
 By the sea-side, perusing, so it chanced,  
 The famous history of the errant knight 60  
 Recorded by Cervantes, these same thoughts  
 Beset me, and to height unusual rose,  
 While listlessly I sate, and, having closed  
 The book, had turned my eyes toward the wide sea  
 On poetry and geometric truth, 65  
 And their high privilege of lasting life,  
 From all internal injury exempt,  
 I mused, upon these chiefly and at length,  
 My senses yielding to the sultry air,  
 Sleep seized me, and I passed into a dream 70  
 I saw before me stretched a boundless plain  
 Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,  
 And as I looked around, distress and fear  
 Came creeping over me, when at my side,  
 Close at my side, an uncouth shape appeared 75  
 Upon a dromedary, mounted high  
 He seemed an Arab of the Bedoun tribes  
 A lance he bore, and underneath one arm  
 A stone, and in the opposite hand, a shell  
 Of a surpassing brightness At the sight 80  
 Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a guide  
 Was present, one who with unerring skill  
 Would through the desert lead me, and while yet  
 I looked and looked, self-questioned what this freight  
 Which the new-comer carried through the waste 85  
 Could mean, the Arab told me that the stone  
 (To give it in the language of the dream)  
 Was 'Euclid's Elements,' and 'This,' said he,  
 'Is something of more worth,' and at the word  
 Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in shape 90  
 In colour so resplendent, with command  
 That I should hold it to my ear I did so,  
 And heard that instant in an unknown tongue,  
 Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,

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81-2 Much man  $\mathcal{A}$  C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

82 that he should have a Guide] most thankful to have gained Thus  
 unexpectedly a practised Guide A<sup>2</sup> C

83-4 D stuck over D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

86 Could mean] Imported A<sup>2</sup> C

91 D deletes

- A loud prophetic blast of harmony, [95]  
 An Ode, in passion utter'd, which foretold  
 Destruction to the Children of the Earth,  
 By deluge now at hand No sooner ceas'd  
 100 The Song, but with calm look, the Arab said  
 That all was true, that it was even so  
 As had been spoken, and that he himself [100]  
 Was going then to bury those two 'Books  
 The one that held acquaintance with the stars,  
 105 And wedded man to man by purest bond  
 Of nature, undisturbed by space or time, [105]  
 Th' other that was a God, yea many Gods,  
 Had voices more than all the winds, and was  
 A joy, a consolation, and a hope  
 110 My friend continued, 'strange as it may seem, [110]  
 I wonder'd not, although I plainly saw  
 The one to be a Stone, th' other a Shell,  
 Nor doubted once but that they both were Books,  
 Having a perfect faith in all that pass'd  
 115 A wish was now ingender'd in my fear  
 To cleave unto this Man, and I begg'd leave [115]  
 To share his errand with him On he pass'd  
 Not heeding me, I follow'd, and took note  
 That he look'd often backward with wild look,  
 120 Grasping his twofold treasure to his side  
 —Upon a Dromedary, Lance in rest, [120]  
 He rode, I keeping pace with him, and now  
 I fancied that he was the very Knight  
 Whose Tale Cervantes tells, yet not the Knight,  
 125 But was an Arab of the Desert, too,  
 Of these was neither, and as both at once [125]  
 His countenance, meanwhi', grew more disturb'd,

100-2 A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

105 man to man by] soul to soul by A<sup>a</sup> C D by] in D<sup>a</sup>

106 nature] Reason A<sup>a</sup> C

108-9 and was hope] with power

To exhilarate the spirit and soothe the heart

Of human kind, in every clime of earth

Raising the mortal structure to divine A<sup>a</sup>

with power

To irradiate the spirit with a light

Piercing and vital as the solar beams

Whence glory and hope, and solace to mankind A<sup>a</sup>

with power

To exhilarate the spirit and to soothe

The heart of human-kind, through every zone

A loud prophetic blast of harmony , 95  
 An Ode, in passion uttered, which foretold  
 Destruction to the children of the earth  
 By deluge, now at hand No sooner ceased  
 The song, than the Arab with calm look declared  
 That all would come to pass of which the voice 100  
 Had given forewarning, and that he himself  
 Was going then to bury those two books  
 The one that held acquaintance with the stars,  
 And wedded soul to soul in purest bond  
 Of reason, undisturbed by space or time , 105  
 The other that was a god, yea many gods,  
 Had voices more than all the winds, with power  
 To exhilarate the spirit, and to soothe,  
 Through every clime, the heart of human kind  
 While this was uttering, strange as it may seem, 110  
 I wondered not, although I plainly saw  
 The one to be a stone, the other a shell ,  
 Nor doubted once but that they both were books,  
 Having a perfect faith in all that passed.  
 Far stronger, now, grew the desire I felt 115  
 To cleave unto this man , but when I prayed  
 To share his enterprise, he hurried on  
 Reckless of me I followed, not unseen,  
 For oftentimes he cast a backward look,  
 Grasping his twofold treasure —Lance in rest, 120  
 He rode, I keeping pace with him , and now  
 He, to my fancy, had become the knight  
 Whose tale Cervantes tells , yet not the knight,  
 But was an Arab of the desert too ,  
 Of these was neither, and was both at once 125  
 His countenance, meanwhile, grew more disturbed ,

By which the habitable globe is marked  
 Raising, etc A<sup>4</sup> C

with power

To exhilarate the spirit while it soothed  
 Through every clime the heart of human kind,  
 Raising, etc D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

110 In vivid recollection of his dream

My friend continued 'strange as may appear

The assurance, yet, while he was speaking thus A<sup>2</sup> C

115 Far stronger was the wish which now I felt D Far stronger now was  
the desire I felt D<sup>2</sup> E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

118 Not heeding] Reckless of A<sup>4</sup> C

118-23 and took note Knight A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- And, looking backwards when he look'd, I saw  
 A glittering light, and ask'd him whence it came  
 130 'It is,' said he, 'the waters of the deep [130]  
 Gathering upon us,' quickening then his pace  
 He left me I call'd after him aloud,  
 He heeded not, but with his twofold charge  
 Beneath his arm, before me full in view [135]  
 135 I saw him riding o'er the Desart Sands,  
 With the fleet waters of the drowning world  
 In chase of him, whereat I wak'd in terror,  
 And saw the Sea before me, and the Book,  
 In which I had been reading, at my side [140]
- 140 Full often, taking from the world of sleep  
 This Arab Phantom, which my Friend beheld,  
 This Semi-Quixote, I to him have given  
 A substance, fancied him a living man,  
 A gentle Dweller in the Desart, craz'd [145]  
 145 By love and feeling and internal thought,  
 Protracted among endless solitudes,  
 Have shap'd him, in the oppression of his brain,  
 Wandering upon this quest, and thus equipp'd  
 And I have scarcely pitied him, have felt  
 150 A reverence for a Being thus employ'd, [150]  
 And thought that in the blind and awful lair  
 Of such a madness, reason did lie couch'd  
 Enow there are on earth to take in charge  
 Their Wives, their Children, and their virgin Loves,  
 155 Or whatsoever else the heart holds dear, [155]  
 Enow to think of these, yea, will I say,  
 In sober contemplation of the approach  
 Of such great overthrow, made manifest  
 By certain evidence, that I, methinks,  
 160 Could share that Maniac's anxiousness, could go [160]  
 Upon like errand Oftentimes, at least,  
 Me hath such deep entrancement half-possess'd,  
 When I have held a volume in my hand  
 Poor earthly casket of immortal Verse!  
 165 Shakespeare, or Milton, Labourers divine! [165]

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129 A bright refulgence on the distant plain

A bed of glittering light, and asked the cause A<sup>2</sup> C D (*but strong  
 for bright*) D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

131 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 [131-2]

134-5 D as A D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

And, looking backwards when he looked, mine eyes  
Saw, over half the wilderness diffused,  
A bed of glittering light I asked the cause  
'It is,' said he, 'the waters of the deep' 130  
Gathering upon us,' quickening then the pace  
Of the unwieldy creature he bestrode,  
He left me I called after him aloud,  
He heeded not, but, with his twofold charge  
Still in his grasp, before me, full in view, 135  
Went hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,  
With the fleet waters of a drowning world  
In chase of him, whereat I waked in terror,  
And saw the sea before me, and the book,  
In which I had been reading, at my side 140

- Mighty indeed, supreme must be the power  
 Of living Nature, which could thus so long  
 Detain me from the best of other thoughts  
 Even in the lisping time of Infancy, [170]
- 170 And later down, in prattling Childhood, even  
 While I was travelling back among those days,  
 How could I ever play an ingrate's part?  
 Once more should I have made those bowers resound,  
 And intermingled strains of thankfulness [175]
- 175 With their own thoughtless melodies, at least,  
 It might have well beseem'd me to repeat  
 Some simply fashion'd tale, to tell again,  
 In slender accents of sweet Verse, some tale  
 That did bewitch me then, and soothes me now [180]
- 180 O Friend! O Poet! Brother of my soul,  
 Think not that I could ~~hur~~ pass along  
 Untouch'd by these remembrances, no, no,  
 But I was hurried ~~fê~~ard by a stream,  
 And could not stop ~~a~~ Yet wherefore should I speak,
- 185 Why call upon a few weak words to say  
 What is already written in the hearts [185]  
 Of all that breathe? what in the path of all  
 Drops daily from the tongue of every child,  
 Wherever Man is found The trickling tear
- 190 Upon the cheek of listening Infancy  
 Tells it, and the insuperable look [190]  
 That drinks as if it never could be full

- That portion of my story I shall leave  
 There register'd whatever else there be
- 195 Of power or pleasure, sown or fostered thus,  
 Peculiar to myself, let that remain [195]  
 Where it lies hidden in its endless home  
 Among the depths of time And yet it seems  
 That here, in memory of all books which lay
- 200 Their sure foundations in the heart of Man,  
 Whether by native prose or numerous verse, [200]  
 That in the name of all inspirèd Souls,  
 From Homer, the great Thunderer, from the voice  
 Which roars along the bed of Jewish Song,
- 205 And that, more varied and elaborate,

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166-70 D *stuch. over* D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

170 prattling] budding M

Great and benign, indeed, must be the power  
 Of living nature, which could thus so long  
 Detain me from the best of other guides  
 And dearest helpers, left unthanked, unpraised,  
 Even in the time of lisping infancy, 170  
 And later down, in prattling childhood even,  
 While I was travelling back among those days,  
 How could I ever play an ingrate's part?  
 Once more should I have made those bowers resound,  
 By intermingling strains of thankfulness  
 With their own thoughtless melodies, at least  
 It might have well beseemed me to repeat  
 Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,  
 In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale  
 That did bewitch me then, and soothes me now 180  
 O Friend! O Poet! brother of my soul,  
 Think not that I could pass along untouched  
 By these remembrances Yet wherefore speak?  
 Why call upon a few weak words to say  
 What is already written in the hearts 185  
 Of all that breathe?—what in the path of all  
 Drops daily from the tongue of every child,  
 Wherever man is found? The trickling tear  
 Upon the cheek of listening Infancy  
 Proclaims it, and the insuperable look 190  
 That drinks as if it never could be full

That portion of my story I shall leave  
 There registered whatever else of power  
 Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be  
 Peculiar to myself, let that remain 195  
 Where still it works, though hidden from all search  
 Among the depths of time Yet is it just  
 That here, in memory of all books which lay  
 Their sure foundations in the heart of man,  
 Whether by native prose, or numerous verse, 200  
 That in the name of all inspirèd souls,  
 From Homer the great Thunderer, from the voice  
 That roars along the bed of Jewish song,  
 And that more varied and elaborate,

191 Tells] Proclaims A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C196 R C D. D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.204 roars R C D<sup>2</sup> pours D

2925



- Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake [205]  
 Our Shores in England, from those loftiest notes  
 Down to the low and wren-like warblings, made  
 For Cottagers and Spinners at the wheel,  
 210 And weary Travellers when they rest themselves  
 By the highways and hedges, ballad tunes, [210]  
 Food for the hungry ears of little Ones,  
 And of old Men who have surviv'd their joy,  
 It seemeth, in behalf of these, the works  
 215 And of the Men who fram'd them, whether known,  
 Or sleeping nameless in their scatter'd graves, [215]  
 That I should here assert their rights, attest  
 Their honours and should, once for all, pronounce  
 Their benediction, speak of them as Powers  
 220 For ever to be hallowed, only less,  
 For what we may become, and what we need, [220]  
 Than Nature's self, which is the breath of God

- Rarely, and with reluctance, would I stoop  
 To transitory themes, yet I rejoice,  
 225 And, by these thoughts admonish'd, must speak out [225]  
 Thanksgivings from my heart, that I was rear'd  
 Safe from an evil which these days have laid  
 Upon the Children of the Land, a pest  
 That might have dried me up, body and soul  
 230 This Verse is dedicate to Nature's self, [230]  
 And things that teach as Nature teaches, then  
 Oh where had been the Man, the Poet where?  
 Where had we been, we two, beloved Friend,  
 If we, in lieu of wandering, as we did, [235]  
 235 Through heights and hollows, and bye-spots of tales  
 Rich with indigenous produce, open ground  
 Of Fancy, happy pastures rang'd at will  
 Had been attended, follow'd, watch'd, and noos'd,  
 Each in his several melancholy walk  
 240 String'd like a poor man's Heifer, at its feed [240]  
 Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude,  
 Or rather like a stalled ox shut out

210 *A C* And travellers when they rest their weary limbs *B*<sup>2</sup> *D* as  
*A*, but their limbs for themselves *D*<sup>2</sup> as 1850

211, 221, 223, 224 *A C D* *D*<sup>2</sup> as 1850

222 which is the breath *A C D E*<sup>2</sup> the pregnant work *D*<sup>2</sup> *E*.

Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake 205  
 Our shores in England,—from those loftiest notes  
 Down to the low and wren-like warblings, made  
 For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,  
 And sun-burnt travellers resting their tired limbs,  
 Stretched under wayside hedge-rows, ballad tunes, 210  
 Food for the hungry ears of little ones,  
 And of old men who have survived their joys  
 'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,  
 And of the men that framed them, whether known,  
 Or sleeping nameless in their scattered graves, 215  
 That I should here assert their rights, attest  
 Their honours, and should, once for all, pronounce  
 Their benediction, speak of them as Powers  
 For ever to be hallowed, only less,  
 For what we are and what we may become, 220  
 Than Nature's self, which is the breath of God,  
 Or His pure Word by miracle revealed

Rarely and with reluctance would I stoop  
 To transitory themes, yet I rejoice,  
 And, by these thoughts admonished, will pour out 225  
 Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was reared  
 Safe from an evil which these days have laid  
 Upon the children of the land, a pest  
 That might have dried me up, body and soul  
 This verse is dedicate to Nature's self, 230  
 And things that teach as Nature teaches then,  
 Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet where,  
 Where had we been, we two, beloved Friend!  
 If in the season of unperilous choice,  
 In lieu of wandering, as we did, through vales 235  
 Rich with indigenous produce, open ground  
 Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at will,  
 We had been followed, hourly watched, and noosed,  
 Each in his several melancholy walk  
 Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its feed, 240  
 Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude,  
 Or rather like a stallèd ox debarred

[222] Not in *R*, added to C, as Or God's own Will etc. so D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 235-7 of tales etc ] of old

Indigenous tales, a pasture ranged at will M  
 242 shut out] debarred A<sup>2</sup> C

From touch of growing grass, that may not taste  
 A flower till it have yielded up its sweets  
 245 A prebation to the mower's scythe [245]

Behold the Patient Hen amid her Brood,  
 Though fledged and feather'd, and well pleased to part  
 And straggle from her presence, still a Brood,  
 And she herself from the maternal bond  
 250 Still undischarged, yet doth she little more [250]  
 Than move with them in tenderness and love,  
 A centre of the circle which they make,  
 And, now and then, alike from need of theirs,  
 And call of her own natural appetites,  
 255 She scratches, ransacks up the earth for food [255]  
 Which they partake at pleasure Early died  
 My honour'd Mother, she who was the heart  
 And hinge of all our learnings and our loves  
 She left us destitute, and as we might  
 260 Trooping together Little suits it me [260]  
 To break upon the sabbath of her rest  
 With any thought that looks at others' blame,  
 Nor would I praise her but in perfect love  
 Hence am I check'd but I will boldly say,  
 265 In gratitude, and for the sake of truth, [265]  
 Unheard by her, that she, not falsely taught,  
 Fetching her goodness rather from times past  
 Than shaping novelties from those to come,  
 Had no presumption, no such jealousy,  
 270 Nor did by habit of her thoughts mistrust [270]  
 Our Nature, but had virtual faith that he,  
 Who fills the Mother's breasts with innocent milk,  
 Doth also for our nobler part provide,  
 Under his great correction and controul,  
 275 As innocent instincts, and as innocent food [275]  
 This was her creed, and therefore she was pure  
 From feverish dread of error or mishap [280]  
 And evil, overweeningly so call'd,  
 Was not puff'd up by false unnatural hopes,  
 280 Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,

264 I will *ACD*: let me *D*<sup>2</sup>

[276-8] *Not in AC*

Or teaches minds left free to trust in Him  
 Through the simplicities of early life

To suck sweet honey out of dreaded weeds *DE E*<sup>2</sup> as 1850

From touch of growing grass, that may not taste  
 A flower till it have yielded up its sweets  
 A prelibation to the mower's scythe 215

Behold the parent hen amid her brood,  
 Though fledged and feathered, and well pleased to part  
 And straggle from her presence, still a brood,  
 And she herself from the maternal bond  
 Still undischarged, yet doth she little more 250  
 Than move with them in tenderness and love  
 A centre to the circle which they make  
 And now and then, alike from need of theirs  
 And call of her own natural appetites,  
 She scratches, ransacks up the earth for food, 255  
 Which they partake at pleasure Early died  
 My honoured Mother, she who was the heart  
 And hinge of all our learnings and our loves  
 She left us destitute, and, as we might,  
 Trooping together Little suits it me 260  
 To break upon the sabbath of her rest  
 With any thought that looks at others' blame,  
 Nor would I praise her but in perfect love  
 Hence am I checked but let me boldly say,  
 In gratitude, and for the sake of truth, 265  
 Unheard by her, that she, not falsely taught,  
 Fetching her goodness rather from times past,  
 Than shaping novelties for times to come,  
 Had no presumption, no such jealousy,  
 Nor did by habit of her thoughts mistrust 270  
 Our nature, but had virtual faith that He  
 Who fills the mother's breast with innocent milk,  
 Doth also for our nobler part provide,  
 Under His great correction and control,  
 As innocent instincts, and as innocent food, 275  
 Or draws for minds that are left free to trust  
 In the simplicities of opening life  
 Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded weeds  
 This was her creed, and therefore she was pure  
 From anxious fear of error or mishap, 280  
 And evil, overweeningly so called,  
 Was not puffed up by false unnatural hopes,  
 Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,

- Nor with impatience from the season ask'd  
 More than its timely produce, rather lov'd [285]  
 The hours for what they are than from regards  
 Glanced on their promises in restless pride  
 285 Such was she, not from faculties more strong  
 Than others have, but from the times, perhaps,  
 And spot in which she liv'd, and through a grace [290]  
 Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,  
 A heart that found benignity and hope,  
 290 Being itself benign
- My drift hath scarcely,  
 I fear, been obvious, for I have recoil'd  
 From showing as it is the monster birth  
 Engender'd by these too industrious times  
 Let few words paint it 'tis a Child, no Child,  
 295 But a dwarf Man, in knowledge, virtue, skill,  
 In what he is not, and in what he is,  
 The noontide shadow of a man complete,  
 A worshipper of worldly seemliness,  
 Not quarrelsome, for that were far beneath [300]  
 300 His dignity, with gifts he bubbles o'er  
 As generous as a fountain, selfishness  
 May not come near him, gluttony or pride  
 The wandering Beggars propagate his name, [305]  
 Dumb creatures find him tender as a Nun  
 305 Yet deem him not for this a naked dish  
 Of goodness merely, he is garnish'd out  
 Arch are his notices, and nice his sense  
 Of the ridiculous, deceit and guile  
 Meanness and falsehood he detests, can treat  
 310 With apt and graceful laughter, nor is blind  
 To the broad follies of the licens'd world, [312]  
 Though shrewd, yet innocent himself withal  
 And can read lectures upon innocence  
 He is fenc'd round, nay arm'd, for aught we know  
 315 In panoply complete, and fear itself,  
 Natural or supernatural alike, [307]  
 Unless it leap upon him in a dream,  
 Touches him not Briefly, the moral part

---

290-8 My drift seemliness] On different objects  
 The admiration of these days is fixed  
 Their *discipline* pursues a higher aim  
 The child which *that* would fashion early learns  
 A due respect for worldly seemliness A<sup>2</sup>C

290-360 [293-340] D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 D [291-304], [328-30] stuck over

Nor with impatience from the season asked  
 More than its timely produce, rather loved 285  
 The hours for what they are, than from regard  
 Glanced on their promises in restless pride  
 Such was she—not from faculties more strong  
 Than others have, but from the times, perhaps,  
 And spot in which she lived, and through a grace 290  
 Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,  
 A heart that found benignity and hope,  
 Being itself benign

My dritt I fear

Is scarcely obvious, but, that common sense  
 May try this modern system by its fruits, 295  
 Leave let me take to place before her sight  
 A specimen pourtrayed with faithful hand  
 Full early trained to worship seemliness,  
 This model of a child is never known  
 To mix in quarrels, that were far beneath 300  
 Its dignity, with gifts he bubbles o'er  
 As generous as a fountain, selfishness  
 May not come near him, nor the little throng  
 Of fitting pleasures tempt him from his path,  
 The wandering beggars propagate his name, 305  
 Dumb creatures find him tender as a nun,  
 And natural or supernatural fear,  
 Unless it leap upon him in a dream,  
 Touches him not To enhance the wonder, see  
 How arch his notices, how nice his sense 310  
 Of the ridiculous, nor blind is he  
 To the broad follies of the licensed world,  
 Yet innocent himself withal, though shrewd,  
 And can read lectures upon innocence,

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305-31 [307 ff.] And natural or supernatural fear

Unless it leap upon him in a dream  
 Touches him not To enhance the wonder see  
 How arch his notices, how nice his sense  
 Of the ridiculous deceit and guile  
 Meanness and falsehood he detests, can treat  
 With apt and graceful laughter, nor is blind  
 To the broad follies of the licens'd world,  
 Yet innocent himself withal, tho' shrewd  
 The moral part is perfect, and in books  
 He is a prodigy The outward signs  
 Of that extensive Empire which he holds  
 A miracle of scientific lore A So C, but omitting The moral he holds

- Is perfect, and in learning and in books  
 320 He is a prodigy His discourse moves slow,  
 Massy and ponderous as a prison door,  
 Tremendously emboss'd with terms of art,  
 Rank growth of propositions overruns  
 The Stripling's brain, the path in which he treads  
 325 Is chok'd with grammars, cushion of Divine  
 Was never such a type of thought profound  
 As is the pillow where he rests his head  
 The Ensigns of the Empire which he holds,  
 The globe and sceptre of his royalties  
 330 Are telescopes, and crucibles, and maps  
 Ships he can guide across the pathless sea, [316]  
 And tell you all their cunning, he can read  
 The inside of the earth, and spell the stars,  
 He knows the policies of foreign Lands,  
 335 Can string you names of districts, cities, towns, [320]  
 The whole world over, tight as beads of dew  
 Upon a gossamer thread, he sifts, he weighs,  
 Takes nothing upon trust His Teachers staid  
 The Country People pray for God's good grace,  
 340 And tremble at his deep experiments  
 All things are put to question, he must live  
 Knowing that he grows wiser every day,  
 Or else not live at all, and seeing, too, [325]  
 Each little drop of wisdom as it falls  
 345 Into the dimpling cistern of his heart, [327]  
 Meanwhile old Grandame Earth is grieved to find [337]  
 The playthings, which her love design'd for him,  
 Unthought of in their woodland beds the flowers  
 Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn [340]
- 350 Now this is hollow, 'tis a life of lies  
 From the beginning, and in lies must end  
 Forth bring him to the air of common sense,  
 And, fresh and shewy as it is, the Corpse  
 Slips from us into powder Vanity  
 355 That is his soul, there lives he, and there moves,  
 It is the soul of every thing he seeks,  
 That gone, nothing is left which he can love.  
 Nay, if a thought of purer birth should rise  
 To carry him towards a better clime  
 360 Some busy helper still is on the watch  
 To drive him back and pound him like a Stia [335]

A miracle of scientific lore, 315  
 Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,  
 And tell you all their cunning, he can read  
 The inside of the earth, and spell the stars,  
 He knows the policies of foreign lands,  
 Can string you names of districts, cities, towns, 320  
 The whole world over, tight as beads of dew  
 Upon a gossamer thread, he sifts, he weighs,  
 All things are put to question, he must live  
 Knowing that he grows wiser every day  
 Or else not live at all, and seeing too 325  
 Each little drop of wisdom as it falls  
 Into the dimpling cistern of his heart  
 For this unnatural growth the trainer blame,  
 Pity the tree — Poor human vanity,  
 Wert thou extinguished, little would be left 330  
 Which he could truly love, but how escape?  
 For, ever as a thought of purer birth  
 Rises to lead him toward a better clime,  
 Some intermeddler still is on the watch  
 To drive him back, and pound him, like a stray, 335  
 Within the pinfold of his own conceit  
 Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved to find  
 The playthings, which her love designed for him,  
 Unthought of in their woodland beds the flowers  
 Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn 340

323-4 With propositions are the youngers' brains  
 Filled to the brim, the path in which he treads W  
 Nurs'd in his brain do propositions thrive,  
 As in their native home, the path he treads li

330 maps W<sup>a</sup> prisms W

340 tremble] shudder M experiments M experiments A After  
 experiments A<sup>a</sup> reads

Blush Common sense, thou modest, sacred Power!  
 Blush for the growth of too industrious times  
 Monstrous as China's vegetable Dwarfs  
 Where Nature is subjected to such freaks  
 Of human care industriously perverse  
 Here to advance the work and there retard  
 That the proportions of the full grown oak  
 Its roots, its trunk, its boughs and foliage, all  
 Appear in living miniature expressed  
 The oak beneath whose umbrage, freely spread  
 Within its native fields, whole herds repose

By this preposterous Mimicry of Man etc as A 341-5, followed by  
 Vanity is the soul of all he seeks, and 357-62, 346-9 So C A version  
 of this passage (Blush repose), deleted from the text of D, is found in D  
 and E as an 'Overflow' (v note)



Within the pinfold of his own conceit ,  
 Which is his home, his natural dwelling place  
 Oh ! give us once again the Wishing-Cap  
 365 Of Fortunatus, and the invisible Coat  
 Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,  
 And Sabra in the forest with St George !  
 The child, whose love is here, at least, doth reap [345]  
 One precious gain, that he forgets himself

370 These mighty workmen of our later age  
 Who with a broad highway have overbridged  
 The froward chaos of futurity,  
 Tam'd to their bidding , they who have the skill [350]  
 To manage books, and things, and make them work  
 375 Gently on infant minds, as does the sun  
 Upon a flower , the Tutors of our Youth  
 The Guides, the Wardens of our faculties,  
 And Stewards of our labour, watchful men  
 And skilful in the usury of time,  
 380 Sages, who in their prescience would controul [355]  
 All accidents, and to the very road  
 Which they have fashion'd would confine us down,  
 Like engines, when will they be taught  
 That in the unreasoning progress of the world  
 385 A wiser Spirit is at work for us, [360]  
 A better eye than theirs, more prodigal  
 Of blessings, and more studious of our good,  
 Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours '

There was a Boy, ye knew him well, ye Chiffs  
 390 And Islands of Winander ! many a time [365]  
 At evening, when the stars had just begun  
 To move along the edges of the hills,  
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone  
 Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering Lake,  
 395 And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands [370]  
 Press'd closely, palm to palm, and to his mouth  
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls  
 That they might answer him —And they would shout

370-444

the tutors of our youth

Though falling short, far short of what we dreamt

Of Childhood (rest of line illegible, then goes on to 445) W

Oh ! give us once again the wishing cap  
 Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat  
 Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,  
 And Sabra in the forest with St George !  
 The child, whose love is here, at least, doth reap 343  
 One precious gain, that he forgets himself

These mighty workmen of our later age,  
 Who, with a broad highway, have overbridged  
 The froward chaos of futurity,  
 Tamed to their bidding, they who have the skill 350  
 To manage books, and things, and make them act  
 On infant minds as surely as the sun  
 Deals with a flower, the keepers of our time,  
 The guides and wardens of our faculties,  
 Sages who in their prescience would control 355  
 All accidents, and to the very road  
 Which they have fashioned would confine us down,  
 Like engines, when will their presumption learn,  
 That in the unreasoning progress of the world  
 A wiser spirit is at work for us, 360  
 A better eye than theirs, most prodigal  
 Of blessings, and most studious of our good,  
 Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours '

There was a Boy ye knew him well, ye chiffs  
 And islands of Winander !—manv a time 365  
 At evening, when the earliest stars began  
 To move along the edges of the hills,  
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone  
 Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,  
 And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands 370  
 Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth  
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
 That they might answer him, and they would shout

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383 A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

384-7 D stuck over To reverence th invisible eye that still  
 Is watching o'er us when will they perceive  
 That in the unreasoning progress of the world  
 A spirit works most prodigal of blessings

And evermore most studious of our good D- E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 388 hours ']' hours R 391 stars had just begun] A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

400 Across the watery Vale, and shout again, [375]  
 Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,  
 And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud  
 Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild  
 Of mirth and jocund din ! And when it chanced  
 405 That pauses of deep silence mock'd his skill, [380]  
 Then sometimes, in that silence, while he hung  
 Lastening, a gentle shock of mild surprize  
 Has carried far into his heart the voice  
 Of mountain torrents, or the visible scene  
 410 Would enter unawares into his mind [385]  
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
 Its woods, and that uncertain Heaven, receiv'd  
 Into the bosom of the steady Lake

This Boy was taken from his Mates, and died  
 415 In childhood, ere he was full ten years old [390]  
 —Fair are the woods, and beauteous is the spot,  
 The Vale where he was born, the Churchyard hangs  
 Upon a Slope above the Village School,  
 And there, along that bank, when I have pass'd  
 420 At evening, I believe that oftentimes [395]  
 A full half-hour together I have stood  
 Mute—looking at the Grave in which he lies.

Even now before my sight, methinks, I have  
 That self-same Village Church, I see her sit,  
 425 The thronèd Lady spoken of erewhile, [400]  
 On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy  
 Who slumbers at her feet, forgetful, too,  
 Of all her silent neighbourhood of graves,  
 And listening only to the gladsome sounds  
 430 That, from the rural School ascending, play [405]  
 Beneath her and about her May she long  
 Behold a race of young Ones like to those  
 With whom I herded ! (casily, indeed,  
 We might have fed upon a fatter soil  
 435 Of Arts and Letters, but be that forgiven) [410]  
 A race of real children, not too wise,  
 Too learned, or too good, but wanton, fresh,  
 And bandied up and down by love and hate,  
 Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest, shy, [415]

Across the watery vale, and shout again, 375  
 Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,  
 And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,  
 Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild  
 Of jocund din , and, when a lengthened pause  
 Of silence came and baffled his best skill, 380  
 Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung  
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
 Has carried far into his heart the voice  
 Of mountain torrents , or the visible scene  
 Would enter unawares into his mind, 385  
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received  
 Into the bosom of the steady lake

This Boy was taken from his mates and died  
 In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old 390  
 Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale  
 Where he was born , the grassy churchyard hangs  
 Upon a slope above the village school,  
 And through that churchyard when my way has led  
 On summer evenings, I believe that there 395  
 A long half hour together I have stood  
 Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies !  
 Even now appears before the mind's clear eye  
 That self-same village church , I see her sit  
 (The thronèd Lady whom erewhile we hailed) 400  
 On her green hill, forgetful of this Boy  
 Who slumbers at her feet,—forgetful, too,  
 Of all her silent neighbourhood of graves,  
 And listening only to the gladsome sounds  
 That, from the rural school ascending, play 405  
 Beneath her and about her May she long  
 Behold a race of young ones like to those  
 With whom I herded !—(easily, indeed,  
 We might have fed upon a fatter soil  
 Of arts and letters—but be that forgiven)— 410  
 A race of real children , not too wise,  
 Too learned, or too good , but wanton, fresh,  
 And banded up and down by love and hate ,  
 Not unresentful where self-justified ,  
 Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest, shy , 415

- 440 Mad at their sports like wither'd leaves in winds  
 Though doing wrong, and suffering, and full oft  
 Bending beneath our life's mysterious weight  
 Of pain and fear, yet still in happiness  
 Not yielding to the happiest upon earth [420]
- 445 Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,  
 Be these 'the daily strengtheners of their minds '  
 May books and nature be their early joy '  
 And knowledge, rightly honor'd with that name,  
 Knowledge not purchas'd with the loss of power ' [425]
- 450 Well do I call to mind the very week  
 When I was first entrusted to the care  
 Of that sweet Valley, when its paths, its shores,  
 And brooks, were like a dream of novelty  
 To my half-infant thoughts, that very week [430]
- 455 While I was roving up and down alone,  
 Seeking I knew not what, I chanced to cross  
 One of those open fields, which, shaped like ears,  
 Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's Lake  
 Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom, [435]
- 460 I saw distinctly on the opposite Shore  
 A heap of garments, left, as I suppos'd,  
 By one who there was bathing, long I watch'd,  
 But no one own'd them, meanwhile the calm Lake  
 Grew dark, with all the shadows on its breast, [440]
- 465 And, now and then, a fish up-leaping, snapp'd  
 The breathless stillness The succeeding day,  
 (Those unclaimed garments telling a plain Tale) [443]

450-72 *In V this episode follows Bk I 524, and is thus introduced*

All these and more with rival claims demand  
 Grateful acknowledgement It were a song  
 Venial and such as if I rightly judge  
 I might protract unblamed, but I perceive  
 That much is overlooked and we should ill  
 Attain our object if from delicate fears  
 Of breaking in upon the unity  
 Of this my argument I should omit  
 To speak of such effects as cannot here  
 Be regularly classed, yet tend no less  
 To the same point, the growth of mental powers  
 And love of nature's works Ere I had seen  
 Eight summers (and 'twas in the very week  
 When I was first transplanted to thy Vale  
 Belov'd Hawkshead' when thy paths, thy shores  
 And brooks were like a dream of novelty

Mad at their sports like withered leaves in winds ,  
 Though doing wrong and suffering, and full oft  
 Bending beneath our life's mysterious weight  
 Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding not  
 In happiness to the happiest upon earth 420  
 Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,  
 Be these the daily strengtheners of their minds ,  
 May books and Nature be their early joy !  
 And knowledge, rightly honoured with that name  
 Knowledge not purchased by the loss of power ! 425

Well do I call to mind the very week  
 When I was first intrusted to the care  
 Of that sweet Valley , when its paths, its shores  
 And brooks were like a dream of novelty  
 To my half-infant thoughts , that very week, 430  
 While I was roving up and down alone,  
 Seeking I knew not what I chanced to cross  
 One of those open fields, which, shaped like ear-,  
 Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's Lake  
 Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom 435  
 Appeared distinctly on the opposite shore  
 A heap of garments, as if left by one  
 Who might have there been bathing Long I watched,  
 But no one owned them , meanwhile the calm lake  
 Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast 440  
 And, now and then, a fish up-leaping snapped  
 The breathless stillness The succeeding day,  
 Those unclaimed garments telling a plain tale  
 Drew to the spot an anxious crowd , some looked  
 In passive expectation from the shore, 445

To my half infant mind) I chanced to cross  
 460 I saw] Appeared A<sup>2</sup> C In V follows the line Beneath a tree, and  
 close by the lakeside

461-2 garments as if left by one

Who there was bathing Half an hour I watched V

Who there, perchance, was bathing D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

465 a leaping fish disturbed V 467 not in V

466 The breathless stillness Soon as I reach'd home

I to our little household of the sight

Made casual mention The succeeding day W (but deletes Soon  
 mention)

467-9 Those unclaimed garments drew an anxious crowd

Of friends and neighbours to the fatal spot

In passive expectation on the shore

These stood, while others sounded, from a Boat,

The deep—with grappling irons and long poles A<sup>2</sup> C

Went there a Company, and, in their Boat  
 Sounded with grappling irons, and long poles [447]  
 470 At length, the dead Man, 'mid that beauteous scene  
 Of trees, and hills and water, bolt upright  
 Rose with his ghastly face, a spectre shape [450]  
 Of terror even ' and yet no vulgar fear,  
 Young as I was, a Child not nine years old,  
 475 Possess'd me, for my inner eye had seen  
 Such sights before, among the shining streams  
 Of Fairy land, the Forests of Romance [455]  
 Hence came a spirit hallowing what I saw  
 With decoration and ideal grace,  
 480 A dignity, a smoothness, like the works  
 Of Grecian Art, and purest Poesy

I had a precious treasure at that time [460]  
 A little, yellow canvas-cover'd Book,  
 A slender abstract of the Arabian Tales,  
 485 And when I learn'd, as now I first did learn,  
 From my Companions in this new abode,  
 That this dear prize of mine was but a block  
 Hewn from a mighty quarry, in a word, [465]  
 That there were four large Volumes, laden all  
 490 With kindred matter, 'twas, in truth, to me  
 A promise scarcely earthly Instantly  
 I made a league, a covenant with a Friend  
 Of my own age, that we should lay aside [470]  
 The monies we possess'd, and hoard up more,  
 495 Till our joint savings had amass'd enough  
 To make this Book our own Through several months  
 Religiously did we preserve that vow,  
 And spite of all temptation, hoarded up  
 And hoarded up, but firmness fail'd at length [475]  
 500 Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

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469 Sounded with iron hooks and with long poles V

472 Rose with his ghastly face I might advert  
 To numerous accidents in flood or field  
 Quarry or moor, or mid the winter snows  
 Distresses and disasters, tragic facts  
 Of rural history that impressed my mind  
 With images to which in following years  
 Far other feelings were attached, with forms

While from a boat others hung o'er the deep,  
 Sounding with grappling irons and long poles  
 At last, the dead man, 'mid that beauteous scene  
 Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright  
 Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre shape 450  
 Of terror, yet no soul-debasing fear,  
 Young as I was, a child not nine years old,  
 Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen  
 Such sights before, among the shining streams  
 Of faery land, the forest of romance 455  
 Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle  
 With decoration of ideal grace,  
 A dignity, a smoothness, like the works  
 Of Grecian art, and purest poesy

A precious treasure had I long possessed, 460  
 A little yellow, canvas covered book,  
 A slender abstract of the Arabian tales,  
 And, from companions in a new abode,  
 When first I learnt, that this dear prize of mine  
 Was but a block hewn from a mighty quarry— 465  
 That there were four large volumes, laden all  
 With kindred matter, 'twas to me, in truth,  
 A promise scarcely earthly Instantly,  
 With one not richer than myself, I made  
 A covenant that each should lay aside 470  
 The moneys he possessed, and hoard up more,  
 Till our joint savings had amassed enough  
 To make this book our own Through several months,  
 In spite of all temptation, we preserved  
 Religiously that vow, but firmness failed, 475  
 Nor were we ever masters of our wish

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That yet exist with independent life

And like their archetypes know no decay

*So V V then goes on to XI 258 [XII 208]*

474 not nine] of eight W

482 A C D A precious treasure long had been my own D<sup>2</sup> E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

485-7 A C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

488-9 Hewn out of four large volumes, laden all D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

491-3 On the spot

With him who gave the tidings I was bound

By covenant that we should lay aside

The money each possessed and hoard up more D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

497-9 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850



And afterwards, when to my Father's House  
 Returning at the holidays, I found  
 That golden store of books which I had left  
 Open to my enjoyment once again  
 505 What heart was mine ! Full often through the course [480]  
 Of those glad respites in the summer-time  
 When, arm'd with rod and line we went abroad  
 For a whole day together, I have lain  
 Down by thy side, O Derwent ! murmuring Stream,  
 510 On the hot stones and in the glaring sun, [485]  
 And there have read, devouring as I read,  
 Defrauding the day's glory, desperate !  
 Till, with a sudden bound of smart reproach,  
 Such as an Idler deals with in his shame,  
 515 I to the sport betook myself again [490]

A gracious Spirit o'er this earth presides,  
 And o'er the heart of man invisibly  
 It comes, directing those to works of love  
 Who care not, know not, think not what they do : [495]  
 520 The Tales that charm away the wakeful night  
 In Araby, Romances, Legends, penn'd  
 For solace, by the light of monkish Lamps ,  
 Fictions for Ladies, of their Love, devis'd  
 By youthful Squires , adventures endless, spun [500]  
 525 By the dismantled Warrior in old age,  
 Out of the bowels of those very thoughts  
 In which his youth did first extravagate,  
 These spread like day, and something in the shape  
 Of these, will live till man shall be no more. [505]  
 530 Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites are ours,  
 And they must have their food . our childhood sits,  
 Our simple childhood sits upon a throne  
 That hath more power than all the elements  
 I guess not what this tells of Being past, [510]  
 535 Nor what it augurs of the life to come ,  
 But so it is , and in that dubious hour,  
 That twilight when we first begin to see  
 This dawning earth, to recognise, expect ,  
 And in the long probation that ensues, [515]

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 505 heart A C D joy D<sup>a</sup>
Full] How A<sup>a</sup> C

506-7 in the summer time abroad] though a soft west wind

Promised continuance to the angler's sport D E E<sup>a</sup> as 1850.

And when thereafter to my father's house  
 The holidays returned me, there to find  
 That golden store of books which I had left,  
 What joy was mine ! How often in the course 480  
 Of those glad respites, though a soft west wind  
 Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish  
 For a whole day together, have I lain  
 Down by thy side, O Derwent ! murmuring stream,  
 On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun, 485  
 And there have read, devouring as I read,  
 Defrauding the day's glory, desperate !  
 Till with a sudden bound of smart reproach,  
 Such as an idler deals with in his shame,  
 I to the sport betook myself again 490

A gracious spirit o'er this earth presides,  
 And o'er the heart of man invisibly  
 It comes, to works of unreprieved delight,  
 And tendency benign, directing those  
 Who care not, know not, think not what they do 495  
 The tales that charm away the wakeful night  
 In Araby, romances, legends penned  
 For solace by dim light of monkish lamps,  
 Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised  
 By youthful squires, adventures endless, spun 500  
 By the dismantled warrior in old age,  
 Out of the bowels of those very schemes  
 In which his youth did first extravagate,  
 These spread like day, and something in the shape  
 Of these will live till man shall be no more 505  
 Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are ours,  
 And *they must* have their food Our childhood sits,  
 Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne  
 That hath more power than all the elements  
 I guess not what this tells of Being past, 510  
 Nor what it augurs of the life to come,  
 But so it is, and, in that dubious hour,  
 That twilight when we first begin to see  
 This dawning earth, to recognise, expect,  
 And in the long probation that ensues, 515

Of words in tuneful order, found them sweet [555]  
 For *their own sakes*, a passion and a power,  
 580 And phrases pleas'd me, chosen for delight,  
 For pomp, or love Oft in the public roads,  
 Yet unfrequented, while the morning light  
 Was yellowing the hill-tops, with that dear Friend [560]  
 The same whom I have mention'd heretofore,  
 585 I went abroad, and for the better part  
 Of two delightful hours we stroll'd along  
 By the still borders of the misty Lake,  
 Repeating favourite verses with one voice,  
 Or conning more, as happy as the birds [565]  
 590 That round us chaunted Well might we be glad,  
 Lifted above the ground by airy fancies  
 More bright than madness or the dreams of wine,  
 And, though full oft the objects of our love  
 Were false, and in their splendour overwrought, [570]  
 595 Yet, surely, at such time no vulgar power  
 Was working in us, nothing less, in truth,  
 Than that most noble attribute of man,  
 Though yet untutor'd and inordinate,  
 That wish for something loftier, more adorn'd, [575]  
 600 Than is the common aspect, daily garb  
 Of human life What wonder then if sounds  
 Of exultation echoed through the groves!  
 For images, and sentiments, and words,  
 And every thing with which we had to do [580]  
 605 In that delicious world of poesy,  
 Kept holiday, a never-ending show,  
 With music, incense, festival, and flowers!

Here must I pause this only will I add,  
 From heart-experience, and in humblest sense [585]  
 610 Of modesty, that he, who, in his youth  
 A wanderer among the woods and fields,  
 With living Nature hath been intimate,  
 Not only in that raw unpractis'd time  
 Is stirr'd to ecstasy, as others are, [590]  
 615 By glittering verse, but, he doth furthermore,  
 In measure only dealt out to himself,  
 Receive enduring touches of deep joy

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598 Though yet inordinate and unmatur'd M

Of words in tuneful order, found them sweet 555  
 For their own *sakes*, a passion, and a power,  
 And phrases pleased me chosen for delight,  
 For pomp, or love Oft, in the public roads  
 Yet unfrequented, while the morning light  
 Was yellowing the hill tops, I went abroad 560  
 With a dear friend, and for the better part  
 Of two delightful hours we strolled along  
 By the still borders of the misty lake,  
 Repeating favourite verses with one voice,  
 Or conning more, as happy as the birds 565  
 That round us chaunted Well might we be glad,  
 Lifted above the ground by airy fancies,  
 More bright than madness or the dreams of wine,  
 And, though full oft the objects of our love  
 Were false, and in their splendour overwrought, 570  
 Yet was there surely then no vulgar power  
 Working within us,—nothing less, in truth,  
 Than that most noble attribute of man,  
 Though yet untutored and inordinate,  
 That wish for something loftier, more adorned, 575  
 Than is the common aspect, daily garb,  
 Of human life What wonder, then, if sounds  
 Of exultation echoed through the groves!  
 For, images, and sentiments, and words,  
 And everything encountered or pursued 580  
 In that delicious world of poesy,  
 Kept holiday, a never-ending show,  
 With music, incense, festival, and flowers!

Here must we pause this only let me add,  
 From heart-experience, and in humblest sense 585  
 Of modesty, that he, who in his youth  
 A daily wanderer among woods and fields  
 With living Nature hath been intimate,  
 Not only in that raw unpractised time  
 Is stirred to extasy, as others are, 590  
 By glittering verse, but further, doth receive,  
 In measure only dealt out to himself,  
 Knowledge and increase of enduring joy

604 with which we had to do] presented to the soul A<sup>2</sup> C

608 I] we A<sup>2</sup> C

611 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

615-17 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1830.

- From the great Nature that exists in works  
Of mighty Poets Visionary Power [595]  
620 Attends upon the motions of the winds  
Embodied in the mystery of words  
There darkness makes abode, and all the host  
Of shadowy things do work their changes there,  
As in a mansion like their proper home, [600]  
625 Even forms and substances are circumfused  
By that transparent veil with light divine,  
And through the turnings intricate of Verse,  
Present themselves as objects recognis'd,  
In flashes, and with a glory scarce their own [605]
- 630 Thus far a scanty record is deduced  
Of what I owed to Books in early life,  
Their later influence yet remains untold,  
But as this work was taking in my thoughts  
Proportions that seem'd larger than had first  
635 Been meditated, I was indisposed  
To any further progress at a time  
When these acknowledgements were left unpaid

From the great Nature that exists in works  
 Of mighty Poets Visionary power 595  
 Attends the motions of the viewless winds,  
 Embodied in the mystery of words  
 There, darkness makes abode, and all the host  
 Of shadowy things work endless changes,—there,  
 As in a mansion like their proper home, 600  
 Even forms and substances are circumfused  
 By that transparent veil with light divine,  
 And, through the turnings intricate of verse,  
 Present themselves as objects recognised,  
 In flashes, and with glory not their own 605

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623 *A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850*      629 *A<sup>a</sup> C as 1850*      630-7 *A C D E*  
 630 deduced] brought down M      632 influence yet] gifts do yet M  
 630-2 Thus far by tedious retrospect I fear  
     Have I my Friend endeavoured to bring down  
     The register of what I owed to Books  
     In early life, their later gifts do yet  
     Remain untold  
     The record of my early debt to Books *variants in W*  
 633-7 But as this meditative history  
     Was calling me to a far different work  
     Which lies before us, yet untouch'd, (I mean  
     To speak of an abasement in my mind  
     Not altogether wrought without the help  
     Of books ill chosen,) I was loth to think  
     Of such ungracious office, at a time  
     When these acknowledgements were yet unpaid WM

## BOOK SIXTH

### CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS

THE leaves were yellow when to Furness Fells,  
The haunt of Shepherds, and to cottage life  
I bade adieu , and, one among the Flock  
Who by that season are conven'd, like birds  
5 Trooping together at the Fowler's lure, [5]  
Went back to Granta's cloisters , not so fond,  
Or eager, though as gay and undepress'd  
In spirit, as when I thence had taken flight  
A few short months before I turn'd my face  
10 Without repining from the mountain pomp [10]  
Of Autumn, and its beauty enter'd in  
With calmer Lakes, and louder Streams , and You,  
Frank-hearted Maids of rocky Cumberland,  
You and your not unwelcome days of mirth [15]  
I quitted, and your nights of revelry,  
And in my own unlovely Cell sate down  
In lightsome mood , such privilege has Youth,  
That cannot take long leave of pleasant thoughts

## BOOK SIXTH

### CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS

THE leaves were fading when to Esthwaite's banks  
 And the simplicities of cottage life  
 I bade farewell, and, one among the youth  
 Who, summoned by that season, reunite  
 As scattered birds troop to the fowler's lure,                     5  
 Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so prompt  
 Or eager, though as gay and undepressed  
 In mind, as when I thence had taken flight  
 A few short months before I turned my face  
 Without repining from the coves and heights                     10  
 Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern,  
 Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence  
 Of calmer lakes and louder streams, and you,  
 Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumberland,  
 You and your not unwelcome days of mirth,                     15  
 Relinquished, and your nights of revelry,  
 And in my own unlovely cell sate down  
 In lightsome mood—such privilege has youth  
 That cannot take long leave of pleasant thoughts.

20

The bonds of indolent society  
 Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived  
 More to myself Two winters may be passed  
 Without a separate notice many books  
 Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused,

- 
- 10-12                     from the beauty and pomp  
           Of Autumn, entering under azure skies  
           To mountains clothe(a) in yellow robe of fire,  
           To calmer lakes
- 11-12 Of Autumn azure skies and mountains clothed  
           In crested fire with mild magnificence  
           Of calmer lakes *alternatives added in B*
- 11-12 Of Autumn, undisturbed by ruffling winds  
           And entering with the mild magnificence  
           Of calmer Lakes etc A<sup>2</sup> C
- 11-12 In the soft sunshine of their golden fern  
           Attired from Autumn's mild magnificence  
           Her calmer Lakes D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850
- 19-21 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850
- 23-5 read more       promising] A *deletes*, not in C



- But with no settled plan I was detached [25]  
 30 Internally from academic cares,  
 From every hope of prowess and reward,  
 And wish'd to be a lodger in that house  
 Of Letters, and no more and should have been  
 Even such, but for some personal concerns  
 35 That hung about me in my own despite  
 Perpetually, no heavy weight, but still  
 A baffling and a hindrance, a controul  
 Which made the thought of planning for myself  
 A course of independent study seem  
 40 An act of disobedience towards them  
 Who lov'd me, proud rebellion and unkind  
 This bastard virtue, rather let it have [30]  
 A name it more deserves, this cowardice,  
 Gave treacherous sanction to that overlove  
 45 Of freedom planted in me from the very first  
 And indolence, by force of which I turn'd  
 From regulations even of my own,  
 As from restraints and bonds And who can tell, [35]  
 Who knows what thus may have been gain'd both then  
 50 And at a later season, or preserv'd,  
 What love of nature, what original strength  
 Of contemplation, what intuitive truths  
 The deepest and the best, and what research [40]  
 Unbiass'd, unbewilder'd, and unaw'd ?
- 55 The Poet's soul was with me at that time,  
 Sweet meditations, the still overflow  
 Of happiness and truth A thousand hopes  
 Were mine, a thousand tender dreams, of which [45]  
 No few have since been realiz'd, and some  
 60 Do yet remain, hopes for my future life  
 Four years and thirty, told this very week,  
 Have I been now a sojourner on earth,  
 And yet the morning gladness is not gone  
 Which then was in my mind Those were the days  
 65 Which also first encourag'd me to trust  
 With firmness, hitherto but lightly touch'd  
 With such a daring thought, that I might leave [55]  
 Some monument behind me which pure hearts

But with no settled plan I was detached 25  
 Internally from academic cares ,  
 Yet independent study seemed a course  
 Of hardy disobedience toward friends  
 And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind  
 This spurious virtue, rather let it bear 30  
 A name it now deserves, this cowardice,  
 Gave treacherous sanction to that over-love  
 Of freedom which encouraged me to turn  
 From regulations even of my own  
 As from restraints and bonds Yet who can tell— 35  
 Who knows what thus may have been gained, both then  
 And at a later season, or preserved ,  
 What love of nature, what original strength  
 Of contemplation, what intuitive truths,  
 The deepest and the best, what keen research, 40  
 Unbiassed, unbewildered, and unawed ?

The Poet's soul was with me at that time ,  
 Sweet meditations, the still overflow  
 Of present happiness, while future years  
 Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams, 45  
 No few of which have since been realised ,  
 And some remain, hopes for my future life  
 Four years and thirty, told this very week,  
 Have I been now a sojourner on earth,  
 By sorrow not unsmitten , yet for me 50  
 Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills,  
 Her dew is on the flowers Those were the days  
 Which also first emboldened me to trust  
 With firmness, hitherto but lightly touched  
 By such a daring thought, that I might leave 55  
 Some monument behind me which pure hearts

43 more *all* MSS now 1850 45 very first *R* B *deletes* very

45-6 A<sup>1</sup> C *as* 1850 48 And] Yet A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

52-4 what intuitive research

Unbiassed unaw'd E E<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

53 and what *R* C D what keen E

57-60 *R* C

Of happiness from beauty and (from) truth

Proceeding , while the future did not want

Anticipations, tender dreams, of which (*etc as* A) D D<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

63 gladness] radiance A<sup>2</sup> C 64 then was in] gladdened then A<sup>2</sup> C

[51-2] Life's morning Her dew E<sup>2</sup>. The morning The dew DE

65 encourag'd] emboldened A<sup>2</sup> C

Should reverence      The instinctive humbleness  
70 Upheld even by the very name and thought  
Of printed books and authorship, began  
To melt away, and further, the dread awe      [60]  
Of mighty names was soften'd down, and seem'd  
Approachable, admitting fellowship  
75 Of modest sympathy      Such aspect now,  
Though not familiarly my mind put on,  
I lov'd, and I enjoy'd, that was my chief  
And ruling business, happy in the strength  
And loveliness of imagery and thought  
80 All winter long, whenever free to take  
My choice, did I at night frequent our Grove,  
And tributary walks, the last, and oft

Should reverence The instinctive humbleness,  
 Maintained even by the very name and thought  
 Of printed books and authorship, began  
 To melt away, and further, the dread awe 60  
 Of mighty names was softened down and seemed  
 Approachable, admitting fellowship  
 Of modest sympathy Such aspect now,  
 Though not familiarly, my mind put on,  
 Content to observe, to achieve, and to enjoy 65

All winter long, whenever free to choose,  
 Did I by night frequent the College groves  
 And tributary walks, the last, and oft  
 The only one, who had been lingering there  
 Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell 70  
 A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,  
 Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice,  
 Inexorable summons! Lofty elms,  
 Inviting shades of opportune recess,  
 Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood 75  
 Unpeaceful in itself A single tree  
 With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed,  
 Grew there, an ash which Winter for himself  
 Decked as in pride, and with outlandish grace  
 Up from the ground, and almost to the top, 80  
 The trunk and every master branch were green  
 With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs  
 And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds  
 That hung in yellow tassels, while the air  
 Stirred them, not voiceless Often have I stood 85  
 Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree  
 Beneath a frosty moon The hemisphere  
 Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance  
 May never tread, but scarcely Spenser's self  
 Could have more tranquil visions in his youth, 90  
 Or could more bright appearances create  
 Of human forms with superhuman powers,  
 Than I beheld loitering on calm clear nights

[67] Alone by night did I D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

91 There stood, and doubtless yet survives, an Ash A<sup>2</sup> C

94-5 Green were the trunk and master branches, green

With flourishing ivy B<sup>2</sup>. So A<sup>2</sup> (*but second green deleted*), C as A<sup>2</sup>.

[82] flourishing D E clustering E<sup>2</sup>

97 Clustered in yellow tassels as they hung A<sup>2</sup> C

[84] Pendent in yellow tassels, and, if air D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth  
 110 'Twould be a waste of labour to detail  
 The rambling studies of a truant Youth, [95]  
 Which further may be easily divin'd,  
 What, and what kind they were My inner knowledge,  
 (This barely will I note) was oft in depth  
 115 And delicacy like another mind  
 Sequester'd from my outward taste in books,  
 And yet the books which then I lov'd the most  
 Are dearest to me now, for, being vers'd [100]  
 In living Nature, I had there a guide  
 120 Which open'd frequently my eyes, else shut,  
 A standard which was usefully applied,  
 Even when unconsciously, to other things  
 Which less I understood In general terms,  
 I was a better judge of thoughts than words, [106]  
 125 Misled as to these latter, not alone  
 By common inexperience of youth  
 But by the trade in classic niceties,  
 Delusion to young Scholars incident  
 And old ones also, by that overpriz'd  
 130 And dangerous craft of picking phrases out [110]  
 From languages that want the living voice  
 To make of them a nature to the heart,  
 To tell us what is passion, what is truth,  
 What reason, what simplicity and sense  
  
 135 Yet must I not entirely overlook [115]  
 The pleasure gather'd from the elements  
 Of geometric science I had stepp'd  
 In these inquiries but a little way,  
 No farther than the threshold, with regret [119]  
 140 Sincere I mention this, but there I found  
 Enough to exalt, to cheer me and compose  
 With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance  
 Which even was cherish'd, did I meditate  
 Upon the alliance of those simple, pure  
 145 Proportions and relations with the frame  
 And Laws of Nature, how they would become

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110-13 'Twould be they were]

The rambling studies of a truant Youth

'Twere idle to detail A<sup>2</sup> C

[97] This barely may be noted, did full oft

Differ as widely D<sup>2</sup> E (D *illegible*) E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Alone, beneath this fany work of earth  
 On the vague reading of a truant youth 95  
 'Twere idle to descant My inner judgment  
 Not seldom differed from my taste in books,  
 As if it appertained to another mind,  
 And yet the books which then I valued most  
 Are dearest to me *now*, for, having scanned, 100  
 Not heedlessly, the laws, and watched the forms  
 Of Nature, in that knowledge I possessed  
 A standard, often usefully applied,  
 Even when unconsciously, to things removed  
 From a familiar sympathy —In fine, 105  
 I was a better judge of thoughts than words,  
 Misled in estimating words, not only  
 By common inexperience of youth,  
 But by the trade in classic niceties,  
 The dangerous craft of culling term and phrase 110  
 From languages that want the living voice  
 To carry meaning to the natural heart,  
 To tell us what is passion, what is truth,  
 What reason, what simplicity and sense  
  
 Yet may we not entirely overlook 115  
 The pleasure gathered from the rudiments  
 Of geometric science Though advanced  
 In these inquiries, with regret I speak,  
 No farther than the threshold, there I found  
 Both elevation and composed delight 120  
 With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased  
 With its own struggles, did I meditate  
 On the relation those abstractions bear  
 To Nature's laws, and by what process led,  
 Those immaterial agents bowed their heads 125

119-20 In living nature's countenance, and her laws

For the mind's private service I possess'd A<sup>2</sup> C

122-3 to other things terms] to things removed For (From ?) my  
familiar sympathy—in fine A<sup>1</sup> C

128-30 A *deletes*, A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

132 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

135 must I not] may we not A<sup>2</sup> C

136 elements A C D rudiments D<sup>2</sup>

137 I had stepp'd, Though advanced A<sup>2</sup> C

139-40 with regret *in* but] A *deletes*, *not in* C

[120-8] D *stuck over* *in* D<sup>2</sup> E as 1850, *but* [125] agents D<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> creatures

D<sup>2</sup> E

- Herein a leader to the human mind,  
 And made endeavours frequent to detect  
 The process by dark guesses of my own  
 150 Yet from this source more frequently I drew  
 A pleasure calm and deeper, a still sense [130]  
 Of permanent and universal sway  
 And paramount endowment in the mind,  
 An image not unworthy of the one  
 155 Surpassing Life, which out of space and time, [135]  
 Nor touched by welterings of passion, is  
 And hath the name of God Transcendent peace  
 And silence did await upon these thoughts [140]  
 That were a frequent comfort to my youth.
- 160 And as I have read of one by shipwreck thrown  
 With fellow Sufferers whom the waves had spar'd  
 Upon a region uninhabited  
 An island of the Deep, who having brought  
 To land a single Volume and no more, [145]  
 165 A treatise of Geometry, was used,  
 Although of food and clothing destitute,  
 And beyond common wretchedness depress'd,  
 To part from company and take this book,  
 Then first a self-taught pupil in those truths, [150]  
 170 To spots remote and corners of the Isle  
 By the sea side, and draw his diagram—  
 With a long stick upon the sand, and as  
 Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost  
 Forget his feeling, even so, if things  
 175 Producing like effect, from outward cause [155]  
 So different, may rightly be compar'd,  
 So was it with me then, and so will be  
 With Poets ever Mighty is the charm  
 Of those abstractions to a mind beset  
 180 With images, and haunted by itself, [160]  
 And specially delightful unto me  
 Was that clear Synthesis built up aloft

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151-3 *ACD D<sup>a</sup> as 1850*

162-3 Upon a desert coast, who, having brought

169-70 in the lore

Of scientific truth, to spots remote

170 Isle B Island A.

172 stick] staff A<sup>a</sup> C.

Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man ,  
 From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,  
 From system on to system without end

More frequently from the same source I drew  
 A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense 130  
 Of permanent and universal sway,  
 And paramount belief , there, recognised  
 A type, for finite natures, of the one  
 Supreme Existence, the surpassing life  
 Which—to the boundaries of space and time, 135  
 Of melancholy space and doleful time,  
 Superior, and incapable of change,  
 Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,  
 And hath the name of, God Transcendent peace  
 And silence did await upon these thoughts 140  
 That were a frequent comfort to my youth

'Tis told by one whom stormy waters threw,  
 With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck spared,  
 Upon a desert coast, that having brought  
 To land a single volume, saved by chance, 145  
 A treatise of Geometry, he wont,  
 Although of food and clothing destitute,  
 And beyond common wretchedness depressed,  
 To part from company and take this book  
 (Then first a self-taught pupil in its truths) 150  
 To spots remote, and draw his diagrams  
 With a long staff upon the sand, and thus  
 Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost  
 Forget his feeling so (if like effect  
 From the same cause produced, 'mid outward things 155  
 So different, may rightly be compared),  
 O was it then with me, and so will be  
 With Poets ever Mighty is the charm  
 Of those abstractions to a mind beset  
 With images, and haunted by herself, 160  
 And specially delightful unto me  
 Was that clear synthesis built up aloft

175-6 Producing different]

By kindly action of the self same cause  
 Inwardly wrought, mid outward circumstance  
 So different A<sup>c</sup> C



So gracefully, even then when it appear'd  
 No more than as a plaything, or a toy  
 185 Embodied to the sense, not what it is [165]  
 In verity, an independent world  
 Created out of pure Intelligence

Such dispositions then were mine, almost  
 Through grace of Heaven and inborn tenderness [170]  
 190 And not to leave the picture of that time  
 Imperfect, with these habits I must rank  
 A melancholy from humours of the blood  
 In part, and partly taken up, that lov'd  
 A pensive sky, sad days, and piping winds,  
 195 The twilight more than dawn, Autumn than Spring, [175]  
 A treasur'd and luxurious gloom, of choice  
 And inclination mainly, and the mere  
 Redundancy of youth's contentedness  
 Add unto this a multitude of hours  
 200 Pilfer'd away by what the Bard who sang [180]  
 Of the Enchanter Indolence hath call'd  
 'Good-natured lounging,' and behold a map  
 Of my Collegiate life, far less intense  
 Than Duty call'd for, or without regard  
 205 To Duty, might have sprung up of itself  
 By change of accidents, or even, to speak  
 Without unkindness, in another place

In summer among distant nooks I rov'd  
 Dovedale, or Yorkshire Dales, or through bye-trac  
 210 Of my own native region, and was blest  
 Between these sundry wanderings with a joy  
 Above all joys, that seem'd another morn  
 Risen on mid noon, the presence, Friend, I mean  
 Of that sole Sister, she who hath been long

So gracefully , even then when it appeared  
 Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy  
 To sense embodied not the thing it is 165  
 In verity, an independent world,  
 Created out of pure intelligence

Such dispositions then were mine unearned  
 By aught, I fear, of genuine desert—  
 Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn aptitudes 170  
 And not to leave the story of that time  
 Imperfect, with these habits must be joined,  
 Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that loved  
 A pensive sky, sad days, and piping winds,  
 The twilight more than dawn, autumn than spring , 175  
 A treasured and luxurious gloom of choice  
 And inclination mainly, and the mere  
 Redundancy of youth's contentedness  
 —To time thus spent, add multitudes of hours  
 Pilfered away, by what the Bard who sang 180  
 Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called  
 ' Good-natured lounging,' and behold a map  
 Of my collegiate life—far less intense  
 Than duty called for, or, without regard  
 To duty, *might* have sprung up of itself 185  
 By change of accidents, or even, to speak  
 Without unkindness, in another place  
 Yet why take refuge in that plea ?—the fault,  
 This I repeat, was mine , mine be the blame

In summer, making quest for works of art, 190  
 Or scenes renowned for beauty, I explored  
 That streamlet whose blue current works its way  
 Between romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks ,  
 Pried into Yorkshire dales, or hidden tracts  
 Of my own native region, and was blest 195  
 Between these sundry wanderings with a joy  
 Above all joys, that seemed another moiré  
 Risen on mid noon , blest with the presence, Friend !  
 Of that sole Sister, her who hath been long

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Between romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks  
 Roamed with swift foot through Yorkshire's splendid vales  
 Or loitered, prying into hidden tracts A<sup>2</sup> C

- 215 Thy Treasure also, thy true friend and mine, [200]  
 Now, after separation desolate  
 Restor'd to me, such absence that she seem'd  
 A gift then first bestow'd The gentle Banks  
 Of Emont, hitherto unnam'd in Song,  
 220 And that monastic Castle, on a Flat [205]  
 Low-standing by the margin of the Stream,  
 A Mansion not unvisited of old  
 By Sidney, where, in sight of our Helvellyn,  
 Some snatches he might pen, for aught we know,  
 225 Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love [210]  
 Inspir'd, that River and that mouldering Dome  
 Have seen us sit in many a summer hour,  
 My sister and myself, when having climb'd  
 In danger through some window's open space,  
 230 We look'd abroad, or on the Turret's head  
 Lay listening to the wild flowers and the grass,  
 As they gave out their whispers to the wind  
 Another Maid there was, who also breath'd  
 A gladness o'er that season, then to me [225]  
 235 By her exulting outside look of youth  
 And placid under-countenance, first endear'd,  
 That other Spirit, Colendge, who is now  
 So near to us, that meek confiding heart,  
 So revered by us both O'er paths and fields [230]  
 240 In all that neighbourhood, through narrow lanes  
 Of eglantine, and through the shady woods,  
 And o'er the Border Beacon, and the Waste

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220 on a Flat]

mid tall trees

Embowered, and on a level meadow ground A' C

222-4 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850226-30 that River and that  
mouldering DomePile D Tower D<sup>2</sup>Have seen us sit in many a  
summer hour

oftentimes in summer hours D E

When having mounted by the  
darksome stair

(228-31 D stuck over)

Or crept along a ridge of frac-  
tured wallOr crept along the D<sup>2</sup> LIn danger, throughsomewindow's  
open spaceNot without trembling we in safety  
stoodLooking abroad, we gathered  
with one mindWhere through some Gothic win-  
dow's open spaceRich recompense from all that  
we beheldWe gathered (*etc as 1850*) D<sup>2</sup> E

Dear to thee also, thy true friend and mine, 200  
 Now, after separation desolate,  
 Restored to me—such absence that she seemed  
 A gift then first bestowed The varied banks  
 Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,  
 And that monastic castle, 'mid tall trees, 205  
 Low-standing by the margin of the stream,  
 A mansion visited (as fame reports)  
 By Sidney, where, in sight of our Helvellyn,  
 Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he might pen  
 Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love 210  
 Inspired,—that river and those mouldering towers  
 Have seen us side by side, when, having clomb  
 The darksome windings of a broken stair,  
 And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,  
 Not without trembling, we in safety looked 215  
 Forth, through some Gothic window's open space,  
 And gathered with one mind a rich reward  
 From the far-stretching landscape, by the light  
 Of morning beautified, or purple eve,  
 Or, not less pleased, lay on some turret's head, 220  
 Catching from tufts of grass and hare-bell flowers  
 Their faintest whisper to the passing breeze,  
 Given out while mid-day heat oppressed the plains

Another maid there was, who also shed  
 A gladness o'er that season, then to me, 225  
 By her exulting outside look of youth  
 And placid under-countenance, first endeared,  
 That other spirit, Coleridge ' who is now  
 So near to us, that meek confiding heart,  
 So revered by us both O'er paths and fields 230  
 In all that neighbourhood, through narrow lanes  
 Of eglantine, and through the shady woods  
 And o'er the Border Beacon, and the waste

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Of the surrounding landscape by From the D<sup>2</sup> E  
 the light  
 Of morning beautified, or purple  
 eve  
 Or on the turret's head, a happy  
 pair, A<sup>2</sup> C E<sup>2</sup> *throughout as 1850*  
 233 breath'd\ shed A<sup>2</sup> C

Of naked Pools, and common Craggs that lay  
 Expos'd on the bare Fell, was scatter'd love, [235]  
 245 A spirit of pleasure and youth's golden gleam  
 O Friend ! we had not seen thee at that time ,  
 And yet a power is on me and a strong  
 Confusion, and I seem to plant Thee there  
 Far art Thou wander'd now in search of health, [240]  
 250 And milder breezes, melancholy lot !  
 But Thou art with us, with us in the past,  
 The present, with us in the times to come .  
 There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,  
 No languor, no dejection, no dismay, [245]  
 255 No absence scarcely can there be for those  
 Who love as we do Speed Thee well ! divide  
 Thy pleasure with us, thy returning strength  
 Receive it daily as a joy of ours ,  
 Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift [250]  
 260 Of gales Etesian, or of loving thoughts

I, too, have been a Wanderer , but, alas !  
 How different 's the fate of different men  
 Though Twins almost in genius and in mind !  
 Unknown unto each other, yea, and breathing  
 265 As if in different elements, we were framed [255]  
 To bend at last to the same discipline,  
 Predestin'd, if two Beings ever were,  
 To seek the same delights, and have one health,  
 One happiness Throughout this narrative,  
 270 Else sooner ended, I have known full well [260]  
 For whom I thus record the birth and growth  
 Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,  
 And joyous loves that hallow innocent days  
 Of peace and self-command Of Rivers, Fields,  
 275 And Groves, I speak to Thee, my Friend , to Thee, [265]  
 Who, yet a liveried School-Boy, in the depths  
 Of the huge City, on the leaded Roof  
 Of that wide Edifice, thy Home and School,  
 Wast used to lie and gaze upon the clouds  
 280 Moving in Heaven , or haply, tired of this, [270]  
 To shut thine eyes, and by internal light

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245 A C D A spirit of gladness D<sup>2</sup> Joy bearing fragrance D<sup>3</sup> . And  
 gladness, sparkling in Youth's golden gleam D<sup>4</sup> E E as 1830.

Of naked pools, and common crags that lay  
 Exposed on the bare fell, were scattered love, 235  
 The spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden gleam  
 O Friend ! we had not seen thee at that time,  
 And yet a power is on me, and a strong  
 Confusion, and I seem to plant thee there  
 Far art thou wandered now in search of health 240  
 And milder breezes,—melancholy lot !  
 But thou art with us, with us in the past,  
 The present, with us in the times to come  
 There is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,  
 No languor, no dejection, no dismay, 245  
 No absence scarcely can there be, for those  
 Who love as we do Speed thee well ! divide  
 With us thy pleasure, thy returning strength,  
 Receive it daily as a joy of ours,  
 Share with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift 250  
 Of gales Etesian or of tender thoughts

I, too, have been a wanderer, but, alas !  
 How different the fate of different men  
 Though mutually unknown, yea nursed and reared  
 As if in several elements, we were framed 255  
 To bend at last to the same discipline,  
 Predestined, if two beings ever were,  
 To seek the same delights, and have one health,  
 One happiness Throughout this narrative,  
 Else sooner ended, I have borne in mind 260  
 For whom it registers the birth, and marks the growth,  
 Of gentleness, simplicity, and truth,  
 And joyous loves, that hallow innocent days  
 Of peace and self-command Of rivers, fields,  
 And groves I speak to thee, my Friend ! to thee, 265  
 Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths  
 Of the huge city, on the leaded roof  
 Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,  
 Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds  
 Moving in heaven, or, of that pleasure tired, 270  
 To shut thine eyes, and by internal light

---

263-5 A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

270-1 A C D Else sooner closed I have borne in mind for whom  
 I register the birth and mark the growth D<sup>a</sup> E E<sup>a</sup> as 1850.

280 A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

- See trees, and meadows, and thy native Stream  
 Far distant, thus beheld from year to year  
 Of thy long exile Nor could I forget  
 285 In this late portion of my argument [275]  
 That scarcely had I finally resign'd  
 My rights among those academic Bowers  
 When Thou wert thither guided From the heart  
 Of London, and from Cloisters there Thou cam'st,  
 290 And didst sit down in temperance and peace, [280]  
 A rigorous Student What a stormy course  
 Then follow'd Oh ! it is a pang that calls  
 For utterance, to think how small a change  
 Of circumstances might to Thee have spared  
 295 A world of pain, ripen'd ten thousand hopes [285]  
 For ever wither'd Through this retrospect  
 Of my own College life I still have had  
 Thy after sojourn in the self-same place  
 Present before my eyes, I have play'd with times,  
 300 (I speak of private business of the thought)  
 And accidents as children do with cards, [290]  
 Or as a man, who, when his house is built,  
 A frame lock'd up in wood and stone, doth still,  
 In impotence of mind, by his fireside  
 305 Rebuild it to his liking I have thought  
 Of Thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence [295]  
 And all the strength and plumage of thy Youth,  
 Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse  
 Among the Schoolmen, and platonic forms  
 310 Of wild ideal pageantry, shap'd out  
 From things well-match'd, or ill, and words for things, [300]  
 The self-created sustenance of a mind  
 Debarr'd from Nature's living images,  
 Compell'd to be a life unto itself,  
 315 And unrelentingly possess'd by thirst  
 Of greatness, love, and beauty Not alone, [305]  
 Ah ! surely not in singleness of heart  
 Should I have seen the light of evening fade  
 Upon the silent Cam, if we had met,  
 320 Even at that early time, I needs must hope,

---

284-5 A C D Of a long banishment Nor could the Muse

In this late portion of her task forget D<sup>2</sup> E. E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

286-7 A C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,  
 Far distant, thus beheld from year to year  
 Of a long exile Nor could I forget,  
 In this late portion of my argument, 275  
 That scarcely, as my term of pupilage  
 Ceased, had I left those academic bowers  
 When thou wert thither guided From the heart  
 Of London, and from cloisters there, thou camest,  
 And didst sit down in temperance and peace, 280  
 A rigorous student What a stormy course  
 Then followed Oh ! it is a pang that calls  
 For utterance, to think what easy change  
 Of circumstances might to thee have spared  
 A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes, 285  
 For ever withered Through this retrospect  
 Of my collegiate life I still have had  
 Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place  
 Present before my eyes, have played with times  
 And accidents as children do with cards, 290  
 Or as a man, who, when his house is built,  
 A frame locked up in wood and stone, doth still,  
 As impotent fancy prompts, by his fireside,  
 Rebuild it to his liking I have thought  
 Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence, 295  
 And all the strength and plumage of thy youth,  
 Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse  
 Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms  
 Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out  
 From things well-matched or ill, and words for things, 300  
 The self-created sustenance of a mind  
 Debarred from Nature's living images,  
 Compelled to be a life unto herself,  
 And unrelentingly possessed by thirst  
 Of greatness, love, and beauty Not alone, 305  
 Ah ! surely not in singleness of heart  
 Should I have seen the light of evening fade  
 From smooth Cam's silent waters had we met,  
 Even at that early time, needs must I trust

---

293 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850      295 ten thousand A C D E a thousand E<sup>2</sup>.  
 297 own college] collegiate A<sup>2</sup> C  
 300 A *deletes*, not in C      304 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 319 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850      320-3 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850



Must feel, must trust, that my maturer age, [310]  
 And temperature less willing to be mov'd,  
 My calmer habits and more steady voice  
 Would with an influence benign have sooth'd  
 325 Or chas'd away the airy wretchedness  
 That batten'd on thy youth But thou hast trod,  
 In watchful meditation thou hast trod  
 A march of glory, which doth put to shame [315]  
 These vain regrets, health suffers in thee, else  
 330 Such grief for Thee would be the weakest thought  
 That ever harbour'd in the breast of Man

A passing word erewhile did lightly touch  
 On wanderings of my own, and now to these [320]  
 My Poem leads me with an easier mind  
 335 The employments of three winters when I wore  
 A student's gown have been already told,  
 Or shadow'd forth, as far as there is need  
 When the third summer brought its liberty  
 A Fellow Student and myself, he, too,  
 340 A Mountaineer, together sallied forth  
 And, Staff in hand, on foot pursu'd our way [325]  
 Towards the distant Alps An open slight  
 Of College cares and study was the scheme,  
 Nor entertain'd without concern for those  
 345 To whom my worldly interests were dear. [332]  
 But Nature then was sovereign in my heart,  
 And mighty forms seizing a youthful Fancy  
 Had given a charter to irregular hopes [335]  
 In any age, without an impulse sent  
 350 From work of Nations, and their goings-on,  
 I should have been possessed by like desire

---

335-8 *RCD D<sup>2</sup> as 1850*

339 A Fellow Student, a bold Mountaineer *D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850*

339-45 A fellow student, rear'd on Clwyd's banks  
 Mid Cambrian hills, accepted from my voice  
 Bold invitation with no timid mind,  
 And sallying forth on foot, we took our way  
 Towards the distant Alps The scheme implied  
 An open slight of academic cares  
 At a most urgent season (for we then  
 Were near the close of our Novitiate)  
 Nor was it, I acknowledge, framed by me (*etc as 1850*) *A<sup>1</sup>C*

In the belief, that my maturer age, 310  
 My calmer habits, and more steady voice,  
 Would with an influence benign have soothed,  
 Or chased away, the airy wretchedness  
 That batten'd on thy youth But thou hast trod  
 A march of glory, which doth put to shame 315  
 These vain regrets, health suffers in thee, else  
 Such grief for thee would be the weakest thought  
 That ever harboured in the breast of man

A passing word erewhile did lightly touch  
 On wanderings of my own, that now embraced 320  
 With livelier hope a region wider far

When the third summer freed us from restraint,  
 A youthful friend, he too a mountaineer,  
 Not slow to share my wishes, took his staff,  
 And sallying forth, we journeyed side by side,  
 Bound to the distant Alps A hardy slight 355  
 Did this unprecedented course imply  
 Of college studies and their set rewards,  
 Nor had, in truth, the scheme been formed by me  
 Without uneasy forethought of the pain, 3.  
 The censures, and ill-omening of those  
 To whom my worldly interests were dear  
 But Nature then was sovereign in my mind,  
 And mighty forms, seizing a youthful fancy,  
 Had given a charter to irregular hopes. 335  
 In any age of uneventful calm  
 Among the nations, surely would my heart  
 Have been possessed by similar desire,

---

342-5	an open slight	An open slight
Did this unprecedented scheme	express	Was this adventure of scholastic
Of College Studies and those urgent	care(s)	cares
Expected from us, being at that	time	Nor entertained without concern
Near to the close of our noviciate		for all
Nor was it form'd by me without	some fears	To whom our worldly interests
And some uneasy forethought of	the pain	were dear D D <sup>2</sup> as 1850
The censures and illomening of those		
To whom my worldly interests were	dear B <sup>2</sup>	

- But 'twas a time when Europe was rejoiced,  
 France standing on the top of golden hours, [340]  
 And human nature seeming born again  
 335 Bound, as I said, to the Alps, it was our lot  
 To land at Calais on the very eve [345]  
 Of that great federal Day, and there we saw,  
 In a mean City, and among a few,  
 How bright a face is worn when joy of one  
 360 Is joy of tens of millions Southward thence  
 We took our way direct through Hamlets, Towns, [350]  
 Gaudy with reliques of that Festival,  
 Flowers left to wither on triumphal Arcs,  
 And window-Garlands On the public roads,  
 And, once, three days successively, through paths  
 By which our toilsome journey was abridg'd, [355]  
 335 Among sequester'd villages we walked,  
 And found benevolence and blessedness  
 Spread like a fragrance everywhere, like Spring  
 That leaves no corner of the land untouch'd  
 Where Elms, for many and 'many a league, in files, [360]  
 340 With their thin umbrage, on the stately roads  
 Of that great Kingdom, rustled o'er our heads,  
 For ever near us as we paced along,  
 375 'Twas sweet at such a time, with such delights  
 On every side, in prime of youthful strength, [365]  
 To feed a Poet's tender melancholy  
 And fond concert of sadness, to the noise  
 And gentle undulations which they made  
 380 Unhous'd, beneath the Evening Star we saw [370]  
 Dances of liberty, and, in late hours  
 Of darkness, dances in the open air  
 Among the vine-clad Hills of Burgundy, [375]  
 Upon the bosom of the gentle Saone  
 385 We glided forward with the flowing stream  
 Swift Rhone, thou wert the wings on which we cut

352 *R C D* *D*<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

355 Bound to th' Helvetian Alps it was our lot *A*<sup>2</sup> *C*

342-3] Lightly equipped with scarcely one brief look

Cast backward on our native shore *D*

[343-4] Upon the white cliffs of our native shore

Cast backward from the vessel's deck *D*<sup>2</sup> *E* *E*<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

361 took] held *A*<sup>2</sup> *C*

369-70 *R C D* *D*<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

373-4 waved above our heads, Or rustled near us while we *A*<sup>2</sup> *C*

373-83 *D stuck over* *D*<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

384 Saone 1850 *Soane all MSS.*

[379] added to *A*<sup>2</sup> *C*

But Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,  
France standing on the top of golden hours, 340  
And human nature seeming born again

Lightly equipped, and but a few brief looks  
Cast on the white cliffs of our native shore  
From the receding vessel's deck, we chanced  
To land at Calais on the very eve 345  
Of that great federal day, and there we saw,  
In a mean city, and among a few,  
How bright a face is worn when joy of one  
Is joy for tens of millions Southward thence  
We held our way, direct through hamlets, towns, 350  
Gaudy with reliques of that festival,  
Flowers left to wither on triumphal arcs,  
And window-garlands On the public roads,  
And, once, three days successively, through paths  
By which our toilsome journey was abridged, 355  
Among sequestered villages we walked  
And found benevolence and blessedness  
Spread like a fragrance everywhere, when spring  
Hath left no corner of the land untouched  
Where elms for many and many a league in files 360  
With their thin umbrage, on the stately roads  
Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er our heads,  
For ever near us as we paced along  
How sweet at such a time, with such delight  
On every side, in prime of youthful strength, 365  
To feed a Poet's tender melancholy  
And fond concert of sadness, with the sound  
Of undulations varying as might please  
The wind that swayed them, once, and more than once,  
Unhoused beneath the evening star we saw 370  
Dances of liberty, and, in late hours  
Of darkness, dances in the open air  
Deftly prolonged, though grey-haired lookers on  
Might waste their breath in chiding

Under hills—

The vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy, 375  
Upon the bosom of the gentle Saone  
We glided forward with the flowing stream  
Swift Rhone! thou wert the *wings* on which we cut  
A winding passage with majestic ease

- Between thy lofty rocks ! Enchanting show [380]  
 Those woods, and farms, and orchards did present,  
 And single Cottages, and lurking Towns,  
 390 Reach after reach, procession without end  
 Of deep and stately Vales A lonely Pair  
 Of Englishmen we were, and sail'd along [385]  
 Cluster'd together with a merry crowd  
 Of those emancipated, with a host  
 395 Of Travellers, chiefly Delegates, returning  
 From the great Spousals newly solemniz'd  
 At their chief City in the sight of Heaven [390]  
 Like bees they swarm'd, gaudy and gay as bees ,  
 Some vapour'd in the unruliness of joy  
 400 And flourish'd with their swords, as if to fight  
 The saucy air In this blithe Company  
 We landed, took with them our evening Meal, [395]  
 Guests welcome almost as the Angels were  
 To Abraham of old The Supper done,  
 405 With flowing cups elate, and happy thoughts,  
 We rose at signal giv'n, and form'd a ring  
 And, hand in hand, danced round and round the [400]  
 Board ,  
 All hearts were open, every tongue was loud  
 With amity and glee , we bore a name  
 410 Honour'd in France, the name of Englishmen,  
 And hospitably did they give us hail  
 As their forerunners in a glorious course, [405]  
 And round, and round the board they danced again  
 With this same throng our voyage we pursu'd  
 415 At early dawn , the Monastery Bells  
 Made a sweet jingling in our youthful ears ,  
 The rapid River flowing without noise, [410]  
 And every Spire we saw among the rocks  
 Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals  
 420 Touching the heart amid the boisterous Crew [413]  
 With which we were environ'd Having parted  
 From this glad Rout, the Convent of Chartreuse  
 Received us two days afterwards, and there  
 We rested in an awful Solitude , [419]  
 425 Thence onward to the Country of the Swiss.

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 390 procession] succession A<sup>2</sup> C
414 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Between thy lofty rocks    Enchanting show                    380  
 Those woods and farms and orchards did present,  
 And single cottages and lurking towns,  
 Reach after reach, succession without end  
 Of deep and stately vales !    A lonely pair  
 Of strangers, till day closed, we sailed along,                    385  
 Clustered together with a merry crowd  
 Of those emancipated, a blithe host  
 Of travellers, chiefly delegates returning  
 From the great spousals newly solemnised  
 At then chief city, in the sight of Heaven                    390  
 Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees ,  
 Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy,  
 And with their swords flourished as if to fight  
 The saucy air    In this proud company  
 We landed—took with them our evening meal,                    395  
 Guests welcome almost as the angels were  
 To Abraham of old    The supper done,  
 With flowing cups elate and happy thoughts  
 We rose at signal given, and formed a ring  
 And, hand in hand, danced round and round the    400  
     board ,  
 All hearts were open, every tongue was loud  
 With amity and glee ,    we bore a name  
 Honoured in France, the name of Englishmen,  
 And hospitably did they give us hail,  
 As their forerunners in a glorious course ,                    405  
 And round and round the board we danced again  
 With these blithe friends our voyage we renewed  
 At early dawn    The monastery bells  
 Made a sweet jingling in our youthful ears ,  
 The rapid river flowing without noise,                    410  
 And each uprising or receding spire  
 Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals  
 Touching the heart amid the boisterous crew  
 By whom we were encompassed    Taking leave  
 Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side by side,                    415  
 Measuring our steps in quiet we pursued  
 Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set  
 Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and there  
 Rested within an awful *solitude*

- [Yes, for no other than a lonesome place [420]  
 A soul affecting solitude appeared  
 That region's circuit, though our eyes beheld,  
 As we approached the Convent, flash of arms  
 5 And military glare of riotous men  
 Commissioned to expel and overturn [425]  
 With senseless rapine For ourselves we trod,  
 In sympathetic reverence we trod, [475]  
 The floor of those dim cloisters, from the day  
 10 Of their foundation till that rueful change  
 Approached with awe and strangers to the presence  
 Of unrestricted and unthinking man  
 Abroad how chearingly the sunshine lay  
 Upon the open lawns, Vallombre's groves [480]  
 15 Entering, we fed the soul with darkness, thence  
 Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld  
 In every quarter of the bending sky  
 The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if  
 By angels planted on the aerial rock  
 20 And by the storm full surely revered, yet [485]  
 From desperate blasphemers insecure,  
 And too obnoxious to the sweeping rage  
 Of rash destroyers — 'Stay your impious hands,'  
 Such was the vain injunction of that hour  
 25 By Nature uttered from her Alpine Throne, [431]  
 'Oh leave in quiet this transcendent frame  
 Of social Being, this embodied dream  
 This substance by which mortal men have clothed,  
 Humanly clothed, the ghostliness of things  
 30 In silence visible and perpetual calm  
 Let this one Temple last, be this one spot  
 Of earth devoted to Eternity' [435]  
 A radiant cloud upon a spiry rock  
 Through the still bosom of the azure sky  
 35 Descended, and abstracted from my trance  
 I heard no more But as the sea prolongs  
 Her agitation though the wind which first  
 Call'd up the surges from the peaceful deep  
 Be spent or intermitted, so my mind  
 40 Continued still to heave within herself  
 The radiant cloud forsook its spiry seat  
 And while Saint Bruno's wood before me waved  
 Her piny top, not silent as it waved,  
 And while below along their several beds  
 45 Murmured the sister streams of Life and Death, [439]  
 The voice commingling with those sounds returned  
 Upon my inward ear, and thus the strains  
 Proceeded 'Honour to the patriot's zeal,  
 Glory and pride to new born Liberty,  
 50 Hail to the mighty passions of the time,  
 The vengeance and the transport and the hope,  
 The gay or stern delight of this big hour'

Yes, for even then no other than a place 420  
 Of soul-affecting *solitude* appeared  
 That far-famed region, though our eyes had seen,  
 As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,  
 Arms flashing, and a military glare  
 Of riotous men commissioned to expel 425  
 The blameless inmates, and belike subvert  
 That frame of social being, which so long  
 Had bodied forth the ghostliness of things  
 In silence visible and perpetual calm  
 —‘Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!’—The voice 430  
 Was Nature’s, uttered from her Alpine throne,  
 I heard it then and seem to hear it now—  
 ‘Your impious work forbear, perish what may  
 Let this one temple last, be this one spot  
 Of earth devoted to eternity!’ 435  
 She ceased to speak, but while St Bruno’s pines  
 Waved their dark tops, not silent as they waved,  
 And while below, along their several beds,  
 Murmured the sister streams of Life and Death,  
 Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my heart 440  
 Responded, ‘Honour to the patriot’s zeal!  
 Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!  
 Hail to the mighty projects of the time!  
 Discerning sword that Justice wields, do thou  
 Go forth and prosper, and, ye purging fires, 445  
 Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,  
 Fanned by the breath of angry Providence

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[430–1] hands!’ exclaim’d The Voice of Nature D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

[436] I heard no more but D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850



- But spare, if past or future be the wings  
 On whose support harmoniously conjoined
- 55 Moves the great Spirit of human knowledge. spare [450]  
 This house, these courts of Mystery where a step  
 Between the portals of the shadowy rocks  
 Leaves far behind the vanities of life,  
 Where if a Peasant enter or a King
- 60 One holy thought, a single holy thought  
 Has power to initiate, let it be redeemed  
 With all its blameless priesthood, for the sake  
 Of faith and meditative reason resting  
 Upon the word of heaven imparted truth [460]
- 65 Triumphantly assured, for humbler claim  
 Of that imaginative impulse sent  
 From these majestic floods—these shining cliffs,  
 The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,  
 Cerulean ether's pure inhabitants, [465]
- 70 These forests unapproachable by death,  
 That shall endure, as long as man endures  
 To think, to hope, to worship and to feel,  
 To struggle, to be lost within himself  
 In trepidation, from the blank abyss [470]
- 75 To look with bodily eyes and be consoled '  
 We left this desecrated spot with pain  
 And hastened to the country of the Swiss ]

C as A<sup>2</sup>, D, with some variants (recorded below), as 1850 Pasted into A  
 is a version intermediary between C and D

B has three, probably the earliest, drafts of the opening of this passage

- (i) In sympathetic quietness we paced  
 The (*circuit*) floor of those [ ] cloisters from the day  
 Of their foundation hallowed by a law  
 Of silence for the Grey rob'd brotherhood  
 And till the lamentable change which now  
 We witnessed not obnoxious to the vow (? view)  
 Of unrestricted and unthinking men
- (ii) That floor we trod in sympathetic peace  
 Abroad (*etc as A<sup>2</sup> 13-21*), then goes on  
 Alas for what we saw, the flash of arms
- (iii) The last, we two perchance the very last  
 Of strangers destined to repose their limbs  
 Within those modest walls, or in their hearts  
 Receive a comfort from those (*awful*) holy Spires  
 O grief for what we saw the flash of arms  
 And military glare of riotous men  
 Commissioned to expel and overturn  
 With senseless rapine 'Stay your impious hands *etc. as A<sup>2</sup> 24-32*,  
 then goes on .
- I heard or seemed to hear and thus the voice  
 Commingled with the murmur of the breeze  
 That swept along St Bruno's waving wood

But oh ! if Past and Future be the wings  
 On whose support harmoniously conjoined  
 Moves the great spirit of human knowledge, spare 450  
 These courts of mystery, where a step advanced  
 Between the portals of the shadowy rocks  
 Leaves far behind life's treacherous vanities,  
 For penitential tears and trembling hopes  
 Exchanged—to equalise in God's pure sight 455  
 Monarch and peasant be the house redeemed  
 With its unworldly votaries, for the sake  
 Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved  
 Through faith and meditative reason, resting  
 Upon the word of heaven imparted truth, 460  
 Calmly triumphant, and for humbler claim  
 Of that imaginative impulse sent  
 From these majestic floods, yon shining cliffs,  
 The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,  
 Cerulean ether's pure inhabitants, 465  
 These forests unapproachable by death,  
 That shall endure as long as man endures,  
 To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,  
 To struggle, to be lost within himself  
 In trepidation, from the blank abyss 470  
 To look with bodily eyes, and be consoled  
 Not seldom since that moment have I wished  
 That thou, O Friend ! the trouble or the calm  
 Hadst shared, when, from profane regards apart,  
 In sympathetic reverence we trod 475  
 The floors of those dim cloisters, till that hour,  
 From their foundation, strangers to the presence  
 Of unrestricted and unthinking man  
 Abroad, how cheeringly the sunshine lay  
 Upon the open lawns ! Vallombre's groves 480  
 Entering, we fed the soul with darkness, thence  
 Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,

[450] spare E<sup>2</sup> then Let them be spared, for ever undisturbed D E

[453] life's treacherous vanities E<sup>2</sup> the vanities of life D E

[454] trembling hopes D<sup>2</sup> E holy thoughts D

[456] be the house E<sup>2</sup> let it be D E

60 One penitential tear or holy thought A<sup>2</sup> corr -

[457] votaries D<sup>2</sup> E priesthood D

[461] Calmly triumphant E<sup>2</sup> Victoriously assured D E

[472] Not seldom D<sup>2</sup> E How often D

[476-7] till that hour, From E<sup>2</sup> since the day Of D E

And down the sister streams of life and death

And thus my thoughts proceed, yet with that stream

According Honour to the patriot's zeal etc as A<sup>2</sup> to time (50)

*On another page B starts with A<sup>2</sup> 62-75 (With all the blameless . consoled) and goes on*

Yes, I was moved and to this hour am moved

*then goes on as A<sup>2</sup> 8-21, 76-7*

### 1805-6

'Tis not my present purpose to retrace

That variegated journey step by step [490]

A march it was of military speed,

And earth did change her images and forms

430 Before us, fast as clouds are chang'd in Heaven

Day after day, up early and down late,

From vale to vale, from hill to hill we went [495]

From Province on to Province did we pass,

Keen Hunters in a chase of fourteen weeks

435 Eager as birds of prey, or as a Ship

Upon the stretch when winds are blowing fan

Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life, [500]

Enticing Vallies, greeted them and left

Too soon, while yet the very flash and gleam

440 Of salutation were not pass'd away

Oh ' sorrow for the Youth who could have seen

Unchasten'd, unsubdu'd, unaw'd, unrais'd [505]

To patriarchal dignity of mind,

And pure simplicity of wish and will,

445 Those sanctified abodes of peaceful Man

My heart leap'd up when first I did look down

On that which was first seen of those deep haunts,

A green recess, an aboriginal vale

Quiet, and lorded over and possess'd [520]

450 By naked huts, wood-built, and sown like tents

Or Indian cabins over the fresh lawns,

And by the river side That day we first

[484-5] stand erect as if Hands of E<sup>2</sup> stand firm and erect As if D E

[484-7] As if it there had first been fix'd by hands

Of Angels, hovering round the aerial Cliff

Type of a thousand tempests revered

From desperate blasphemers insecure D *deleted*

432-3 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

444-68 D *stuck over* D<sup>2</sup> E [523-8] as A E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

446 My heart leap'd up] How leap'd my heart A<sup>2</sup> C

In different quarters of the bending sky,  
 The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if  
 Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there, 485  
 Memorial revered by a thousand storms,  
 Yet then, from the indiscriminating sweep  
 And rage of one State-whirlwind, insecure

'Tis not my present purpose to retrace  
 That variegated journey step by step 490  
 A march it was of military speed,  
 And Earth did change her images and forms  
 Before us, fast as clouds are changed in heaven  
 Day after day, up early and down late,  
 From hill to vale we dropped, from vale to hill 495  
 Mounted—from province on to province swept,  
 Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen weeks,  
 Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship  
 Upon the stretch, when winds are blowing fair  
 Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral life, 500  
 Enticing valleys, greeted them and left  
 Too soon, while yet the very flash and gleam  
 Of salutation were not passed away  
 Oh ! sorrow for the youth who could have seen  
 Unchastened, unsubdued, unawed, unraised 505  
 To patriarchal dignity of mind,  
 And pure simplicity of wish and will,  
 Those sanctified abodes of peaceful man,  
 Pleased (though to hardship born, and compassed round  
 With danger, varying as the seasons change), 510  
 Pleased with his daily task, or, if not pleased,  
 Contented, from the moment that the dawn  
 (Ah ! surely not without attendant gleams  
 Of soul-illumination) calls him forth  
 To industry, by glistenings flung on rocks, 515  
 Whose evening shadows lead him to repose

Well might a stranger look with bounding heart  
 Down on a green recess, the first I saw  
 Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal vale,  
 Quiet and lorded over and possessed 520  
 By naked huts, wood-built, and sown like tents  
 Or Indian cabins over the fresh lawns  
 And by the river side

That very day,  
 From a bare ridge we also first beheld

Beheld the summit of Mont Blanc, and griev'd [525]  
 To have a soulless image on the eye  
 455 Which had usurp'd upon a living thought  
 That never more could be the wondrous Vale  
 Of Chamouny did, on the following dawn,  
 With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice, [530]  
 A motionless array of mighty waves,  
 460 Five rivers broad and vast, make rich amends,  
 And reconcil'd us to realities  
 There small birds warble from the leafy trees,  
 The Eagle soareth in the element, [535]  
 There doth the Reaper bind the yellow sheaf,  
 465 The Maiden spread the haycock in the sun,  
 While Winter like a tamed Lion walks  
 Descending from the mountain to make sport  
 Among the cottages by beds of flowers [540]

Whate'er in this wide circuit we beheld,  
 470 Or heard, was fitted to our unripe state  
 Of intellect and heart By simple strains  
 Of feeling, the pure breath of real life,  
 We were not left untouch'd With such a book  
 Before our eyes, we could not chuse but read  
 475 A frequent lesson of sound tenderness, [545]  
 The universal reason of mankind,  
 The truth of Young and Old Nor, side by side  
 Pacing, two brother Pilgrims, or alone  
 Each with his humour, could we fail to abound  
 480 (Craft this which hath been hinted at before)  
 In dreams and fictions pensively compos'd, [550]  
 Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,  
 And gilded sympathies, the willow wreath,  
 Even among those solitudes sublime,  
 485 And sober posies of funereal flowers,  
 Cull'd from the gardens of the Lady Sorrow, [555]  
 Did sweeten many a creditative hour

Yet still in me, mingling with these delights  
 Was something of stern mood, an under-thirst

---

454 soulless C E<sup>2</sup> spiritless D<sup>2</sup> E

460-1 Five chasmy rivers bordered by smooth fields  
 Where jocund reapers bind the yellow sheaf  
 And maidens spread the haycock to the sun  
 Made for that recent shock, most rich amends

Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and grieved 525  
 To have a soulless image on the eye  
 That had usurped upon a living thought  
 That never more could be The wondrous Vale  
 Of Chamouny stretched far below, and soon  
 With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice, 530  
 A motionless array of mighty waves,  
 Five rivers broad and vast, made rich amends,  
 And reconciled us to realities,  
 There small birds warble from the leafy trees,  
 The eagle soars high in the element, 535  
 There doth the reaper bind the yellow sheaf,  
 The maiden spread the haycock in the sun,  
 While Winter like a well-tamed lion walks,  
 Descending from the mountain to make sport  
 Among the cottages by beds of flowers 540

Whate'er in this wide circuit we beheld,  
 Or heard, was fitted to our unripe state  
 Of intellect and heart With such a book  
 Before our eyes, we could not choose but read  
 Lessons of genuine brotherhood, the plain 545  
 And universal reason of mankind,  
 The truths of young and old Nor, side by side  
 Pacing, two social pilgrims, or alone  
 Each with his humour, could we fail to abound  
 In dreams and fictions, pensively composed 550  
 Dejection taken up for pleasure's sake,  
 And gilded sympathies, the willow wreath,  
 And sober posies of funereal flowers,  
 Gathered among those solitudes sublime  
 From formal gardens of the lady Sorrow 555  
 Did sweeten many a meditative hour

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries  
 Mixed something of stern mood, an under-thrust

---

And reconciled us to Reality D<sup>2</sup> E E<sup>3</sup> as 1850

Made for that sudden blank of soul, that shock

And recent disappointment rich amends etc E<sup>2</sup>

406-7 A D E While Winter like a lion that has issued  
 In threats and anger from his darksome cave  
 Among the mountains, to a gentler mood  
 Is won as he descends, and maketh sport A<sup>2</sup> C

471-3 By untouch'd D deletes [554] Gathered E<sup>2</sup> Cull'd even D E.

488-9 A C D mingled with these delights Something of sterner mood  
 D<sup>2</sup> E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- 490 Of vigour, never utterly asleep [559]  
 Far different dejection once was mine,  
 A deep and genuine sadness then I felt,  
 The circumstances here I will relate  
 Even as they were Upturning with a Band  
 495 Of Travellers, from the Valais we had clomb  
 Along the road that leads to Italy,  
 A length of hours, making of these our Guides  
 Did we advance, and having reach'd an Inn  
 Among the mountains, we together ate  
 500 Our noon's repast, from which the Travellers rose,  
 Leaving us at the Board Ere long we follow'd,  
 Descending by the beaten road that led  
 Right to a rivulet's edge, and there broke off  
 The only track now visible was one [570]  
 505 Upon the further side, right opposite,  
 And up a lofty Mountain This we took  
 After a little scruple, and short pause,  
 And climb'd with eagerness, though not, at length [575]  
 Without surprise, and some anxiety  
 510 On finding that we did not overtake  
 Our Comrades gone before By fortunate chance,  
 While every moment now increas'd our doubts,  
 A Peasant met us, and from him we learn'd  
 That to the place which had perplex'd us first [580]  
 515 We must descend, and there should find the road  
 Which in the stony channel of the Stream  
 Lay a few steps, and then along its banks,  
 And further, that thenceforward all our course  
 Was downwards, with the current of that Stream [585]  
 520 Hard of belief, we question'd him again,  
 And all the answers which the Man return'd

---

492-4 A deep a genuine sadness that day, fill'd

My heart and soul A<sup>2</sup> C

494-502 Upturning with a band of Muleteers

Along the steep and rugged road that leads

Over the Simplon Pass to Italy

We clomb, and when the ridge was crossed soon reached

The wished for Inn where all together took

Their noon tide meal, in haste the Travellers rose

Leaving us at the Board Ere long we followed

Descending by the beaten track that led

D E, but D road for track E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

497-500 A length of hours thus guided we advanced

And reached a seasonable halting place

Of vigour seldom utterly allayed  
 And from that source how different a sadness 560  
 Would issue, let one incident make known  
 When from the Vallais we had turned, and clomb  
 Along the Simplon's steep and rugged road,  
 Following a band of muleteers, we reached  
 A halting-place, where all together took 565  
 Their noon-tide meal Hastily rose our guide,  
 Leaving us at the board, awhile we lingered,  
 Then paced the beaten downward way that led  
 Right to a rough stream's edge, and there broke off,  
 The only track now visible was one 570  
 That from the torrent's further brink held forth  
 Conspicuous invitation to ascend  
 A lofty mountain After brief delay  
 Crossing the unbridged stream, that road we took,  
 And clomb with eagerness, till anxious fears 575  
 Intruded, for we failed to overtake  
 Our comrades gone before By fortunate chance,  
 While every moment added doubt to doubt,  
 A peasant met us, from whose mouth we learned  
 That to the spot which had perplexed us first 580  
 We must descend, and there should find the road,  
 Which in the stony channel of the stream  
 Lay a few steps, and then along its banks,  
 And, that our future course, all plain to sight,  
 Was downwards, with the current of that stream 585  
 Loth to believe what we so grieved to hear,  
 For still we had hopes that pointed to the clouds,

---

Where we together ate our noon's repast  
 From which the more impatient Travellers rose, A<sup>2</sup> C  
 505-10 That from the streamlet's farther bank held forth  
 Conspicuous invitation to ascend  
 A lofty mountain This bold path we chose  
 After brief pause of scrupulous delay  
 And clomb with eagerness, though not at length  
 Without intrusion of some anxious thoughts  
 On finding that we failed to overtake A<sup>2</sup> So A<sup>2</sup> C, but for This  
 bold delay *they read* After brief delay  
 By prudent scruples bred, the path we chose  
 and for though not at length Without *they read* but soon were check'd By the  
 509 Without surprise, and some foreboding thoughts B<sup>2</sup>  
 520-1 Hard of belief we question'd him again  
 But every answer that the Peasant gave D E . E<sup>2</sup> as 1850



To our inquiries, in their sense and substance,  
Translated by the feelings which we had [590]  
Ended in this, *that we had crossed the Alps*

- 525 Imagination<sup>1</sup> lifting up itself  
Before the eye and progress of my Song  
Like an unfather'd vapour, here that Power,  
In all the might of its endowments, came  
Athwart me, I was lost as in a cloud,  
530 Halted, without a struggle to break through [597]  
And now recovering, to my Soul I say  
I recognise thy glory, in such strength  
Of usurpation, in such visitings  
Of awful promise, when the light of sense [600]  
535 Goes out in flashes that have shewn to us  
The invisible world, doth Greatness make abode,  
There harbours whether we be young or old  
Our destiny, our nature, and our home  
Is with infinitude, and only there, [605]  
540 With hope it is, hope that can never die,  
Effort, and expectation, and desire,  
And something evermore about to be  
The mind beneath such banners militant  
Thinks not of spoils or trophies, nor of aught [610]  
545 That may attest its prowess, blest in thoughts  
That are their own perfection and reward,  
Strong in itself, and in the access of joy  
Which hides it like the overflowing Nile

- The dull and heavy slackening that ensued [617]  
550 Upon those tidings by the Peasant given  
Was soon dislodg'd, downwards we hurried fast,  
And enter'd with the road which we had miss'd [620]  
Into a narrow chasm, the brook and road

---

527-8 Like an unfather'd vapour that bestows  
Its presence on some solitary place  
Here in the might of *etc* A<sup>2</sup> C.

that enwraps

A waywor(n) traveller on a lonely Moor A<sup>3</sup>

531 But to my conscious soul I now can say A<sup>2</sup> C

[592-4] *seq* Imagination—here that awful Power

Before the retrospective Song rose up DE

Imagination at that moment rose

The awful power before my mental eye

Then suddenly depressed before me rose E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

We questioned him again, and yet again,  
 But every word that from the peasant's lips  
 Came in reply, translated by our feelings, 590  
 Ended in this,—*that we had crossed the Alps*

Imagination—here the Power so called  
 Through sad incompetence of human speech,  
 That awful Power rose from the mind's abyss 595  
 Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,  
 At once, some lonely traveller I was lost,  
 Halted without an effort to break through,  
 But to my conscious soul I now can say—  
 'I recognise thy glory' in such strength  
 Of usurpation, when the light of sense 600  
 Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed  
 The invisible world, doth greatness make abode,  
 There harbours, whether we be young or old,  
 Our destiny, our being's heart and home,  
 Is with infinitude, and only there, 605  
 With hope it is, hope that can never die,  
 Effort, and expectation, and desire,  
 And something evermore about to be  
 Under such banners militant, the soul  
 Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils 610  
 That may attest her prowess, blest in thoughts  
 That are their own perfection and reward,  
 Strong in herself and in beatitude  
 That hides her, like the mighty flood of Nile  
 Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds 615  
 To fertilise the whole Egyptian plain

The melancholy slackening that ensued  
 Upon those tidings by the peasant given  
 Was soon dislodged Downwards we hurried fast,  
 And, with the half-shaped road which we had missed, 620  
 Entered a narrow chasm The brook and road

---

533-4 in such visitings Of awful promise A *deletes*, not in C

535 us] Man A<sup>2</sup> C Goes out in glimpse and flash that have revealed A<sup>2</sup> D.  
 D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

536-7 abode, old A C D abode old E

543 The soul beneath such banners militant D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

544 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

[614-16] Which hides her like the fertilizing Nile

That overflows the whole Egyptian plain. D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

549 dull and heavy A melancholy A-C,

- Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,  
 535 And with them did we journey several hours  
 At a slow step The immeasurable height  
 Of woods decaying, never to be decay'd, [625]  
 The stationary blasts of water-falls,  
 And every where along the hollow rent  
 560 Winds thwarting winds, bewilder'd and forlorn,  
 The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
 The rocks that mutter'd close upon our ears, [630]  
 Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side  
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
 565 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
 The unfetter'd clouds, and region of the Heavens,  
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light [635]  
 Were all like workings of one mind, the features  
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree  
 570 Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
 The types and symbols of Eternity,  
 Of first and last, and midst, and without end [640]

- That night our lodging was an Alpine House,  
 An Inn, or Hospital, as they are nam'd,  
 575 Standing in that same valley by itself,  
 And close upon the confluence of two Streams,  
 A dreary Mansion, large beyond all need, [645]  
 With high and spacious rooms, deafen'd and stunn'd  
 By noise of waters, making innocent Sleep  
 580 Lie melancholy among weary bones.

Upris'n betimes, our journey we renew'd,  
 Led by the Stream, ere noon-day magnified [650]

559 And mid the labyrinths of the hollow rent A<sup>2</sup> C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

560 forlorn A D<sup>2</sup> E oppresst A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C D

582 foll The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,  
*With dull reverberation never ceasing*  
*Audibly to attend the astounding uproar*  
*Of the vexed flood, by drizzling crags beset,*  
 Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside  
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
*And ever as we halted, or crept on,*  
*Huge fragments of primeval mountain spread*  
*In powerless ruin, blocks as huge aloft*  
*Impending, nor permitted yet to fall,*  
*The sacred Death cross, monument forlorn*  
*Though frequent of the perished Traveller,*  
 The unfettered etc

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,  
 And with them did we journey several hours  
 At a slow pace The immeasurable height  
 Of woods decaying, never to be decayed, 625  
 The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
 And in the narrow rent at every turn  
 Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,  
 The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
 The rocks that muttered close upon our ears, 630  
 Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side  
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
 The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,  
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light— 635  
 Were all like workings of one mind, the features  
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,  
 Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
 The types and symbols of Eternity,  
 Of first, and last, and midst, and without end 640

That night our lodging was a house that stood  
 Alone within the valley, at a point  
 Where, tumbling from aloft, a torrent swelled  
 The rapid stream whose margin we had trod,  
 A dreary mansion, large beyond all need, 645  
 With high and spacious rooms, deafened and stunned  
 By noise of waters, making innocent sleep  
 Lie melancholy among weary bones

Uprisen betimes, our journey we renewed,  
 Led by the stream, ere noon-day magnified 650

---

*Italicized lines added to A and B C omits Audibly beset D for With*  
 dull wayside has

With dull reverberation, solid crags  
 Drizzling and black that spake by the wayside, *and deletes* And ever  
 Traveller B<sup>3</sup>, after crept on, has  
 Faint voices muttering close upon our ears  
 Reverberations plaintive of the sound  
 From the vex'd flood incessantly received  
 By masses of primeval mountain spread  
 In powerless ruin, or from blocks as huge *etc*  
 Reverberations close upon our ear  
 A plaintive undersong that did not cease B<sup>4</sup>

572-6 D *stuck over* D<sup>1</sup> as E

574 An Hospital, (such name those structures bear) A<sup>2</sup> C

575-6 Where falling from aloft, a torrent swelled

The rapid flood whose margin we had trod A<sup>2</sup>

575 R C D<sup>2</sup> E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- Into a lordly River, broad and deep,  
 Dimpling along in silent majesty,  
 385 With mountains for its neighbours, and in view  
 Of distant mountains and their snowy tops,  
 And thus proceeding to Locarno's Lake, [655]  
 Fit resting-place for such a Visitant  
 —Locarno, spreading out in width like Heaven,  
 590 And Como, thou, a treasure by the earth [660]  
 Kept to itself, a darling bosom'd up  
 In Abyssinian privacy, I spake  
 Of thee, thy chestnut woods, and garden plots  
 Of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed Maids,  
 595 Thy lofty steepes, and pathways roof'd with vines [665]  
 Winding from house to house, from town to town,  
 Sole link that binds them to each other, walks  
 League after league, and cloistral avenues  
 Where silence is, if music be not there  
 600 While yet a Youth, undisciplin'd in Verse, [670]  
 Through fond ambition of my heart, I told  
 Your praises, nor can I approach you now  
 Ungreeted by a more melodious Song,  
 Where tones of learned Art and Nature mix'd  
 605 May frame enduring language Like a breeze [675]  
 Or sunbeam over your domain I pass'd  
 In motion without pause, but Ye have left  
 Your beauty with me, an impassion'd sight  
 Of colours and of forms, whose power is sweet [680]  
 610 And gracious, almost might I dare to say,  
 As virtue is, or goodness, sweet as love  
 Or the remembrance of a noble deed,  
 Or gentlest visitations of pure thought  
 When God, the Giver of all joy, is thank'd  
 615 Religiously, in silent blessedness, [686]  
 Sweet as this last herself, for such it is

Through those delightful pathways we advanc'd,  
 Two days, and still in presence of the Lake,

588 Proud to receive the stately Visitant A<sup>2</sup> C

590-2 whom the earth

Keeps to herself embosomed { in the depths Of A<sup>2</sup>  
 and confined In A<sup>3</sup>

591-2 Embosomed and confined as in a depth Of A<sup>4</sup>

C leaves 591 blank

599 is A C rests D. dwells D<sup>2</sup> E

600 While yet a Youth undisciplin'd in verse,  
 Though most familiar then with noblest works

Into a lordly river, broad and deep,  
 Dimpling along in silent majesty,  
 With mountains for its neighbours, and in view  
 Of distant mountains and their snowy tops,  
 And thus proceeding to Locarno's Lake, 655  
 Fit resting-place for such a visitant  
 Locarno ! spreading out in width like Heaven,  
 How dost thou cleave to the poetic heart,  
 Bask in the sunshine of the memory ,  
     Como ! thou, a treasure whom the earth 660  
     ps to herself, confined as in a depth  
     Abyssinian privacy I spake  
     hee, thy chestnut woods, and garden plots  
     ndian corn tended by dark-eyed maids ,  
     lofty steeps, and pathways roofed with vines, 665  
     ding from house to house, from town to town,  
     link that binds them to each other , walks,  
     gue after league, and cloistral avenues,  
     're silence dwells if music be not there  
     le yet a youth undisciplined in verse, 670  
     ough fond ambition of that hour, I strove  
     shant your praise , nor can approach you now  
     reeted by a more melodious Song,  
     're tones of Nature smoothed by learned Art  
     flow in lasting current Like a breeze 675  
     sunbeam over your domain I passed  
     notion without pause , but ye have left  
     r beauty with me, a serene accord  
     orms and colours, passive, yet endowed  
     heir submissiveness with power as sweet 680  
     gracious, almost might I dare to say,  
     virtue is, or goodness , sweet as love,  
     he remembrance of a generous deed,  
     mildest visitations of pure thought,  
     n God, the giver of all joy, is thanked 685  
     giously, in silent blessedness ,  
     et as this last herself, for such it is  
 'ith those delightful pathways we advanced,  
 two days' space, in presence of the Lake,

esy, and by the heavenly Muse  
 ally encouraged and inspired A<sup>2</sup> C D D *deletes last three lines.*  
 D *stuck over* D<sup>2</sup> as 1850, but [674] as A and in [679-80] and yet  
 et endowed sweet D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 et A D<sup>2</sup> E. Pure A<sup>2</sup> C D 618 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

Which, winding up among the Alps now chang'd [690]  
 620 Slowly its lovely countenance, and put on  
 A sterner character The second night,  
 In earnestness, and by report misled  
 Of those Italian clocks that speak the time  
 In fashion different from ours, we rose  
 625 By moonshine, doubting not that day was near, [695]  
 And that, meanwhile, coasting the Water's edge  
 As hitherto, and with as plain a track  
 To be our guide, we might behold the scene  
 In its most deep repose —We left the Town  
 630 Of Gravedona with this hope, but soon [700]  
 Were lost, bewilder'd among woods immense,  
 Where, having wander'd for a while, we stopp'd  
 And on a rock sate down, to wait for day  
 An open place it was, and overlook'd,  
 635 From high, the sullen water underneath,  
 On which a dull red image of the moon [705]  
 Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form  
 Like an uneasy snake long time we sate,  
 For scarcely more than one hour of the night,  
 640 Such was our error, had been gone, when we  
 Renew'd our journey On the rock we lay  
 And wish'd to sleep but could not, for the stings [711]  
 Of insects, which with noise like that of noon  
 Fill'd all the woods, the cry of unknown birds,  
 645 The mountains, more by darkness visible  
 And their own size, than any outward light, [715]  
 The breathless wilderness of clouds, the clock  
 That told with unintelligible voice  
 The widely-parted hours, the noise of streams  
 650 And sometimes rustling motions nigh at hand  
 Which did not leave us free from personal fear, [720]  
 And lastly the withdrawing Moon, that set  
 Before us, while she still was high in heaven,  
 These were our food, and such a summer's night  
 655 Did to that pair of golden days succeed,  
 With now and then a doze and snatch of sleep,  
 On Como's Banks, the same delicious Lake [725]

---

622-4 By the church clock awakened, and misled  
 By its report, for then we had not learn'd  
 That in this land the course of time doth bear  
 A measure different A° C

That, stretching far among the Alps, assumed 690  
 A character more stern The second night,  
 From sleep awakened, and misled by sound  
 Of the church clock telling the hours with strokes  
 Whose import then we had not learned, we rose  
 By moonlight, doubting not that day was nigh, 695  
 And that meanwhile, by no uncertain path  
 Along the winding margin of the lake,  
 Led, as before, we should behold the scene  
 Hushed in profound repose We left the town  
 Of Gravedona with this hope, but soon 700  
 Were lost, bewildered among woods immense,  
 And on a rock sate down, to wait for day  
 An open place it was, and overlooked,  
 From high, the sullen water far beneath,  
 On which a dull red image of the moon 705  
 Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form  
 Like an uneasy snake From hour to hour  
 We sate and sate, wondering, as if the night  
 Had been ensnared by witchcraft On the rock  
 At last we stretched our weary limbs for sleep, 710  
 But *could not* sleep, tormented by the stings  
 Of insects, which, with noise like that of moon,  
 Filled all the woods, the cry of unknown birds,  
 The mountains more by blackness visible  
 And their own size, than any outward light, 715  
 The breathless wilderness of clouds, the clock  
 That told, with unintelligible voice,  
 The widely parted hours, the noise of streams,  
 And sometimes rustling motions nigh at hand,  
 That did not leave us free from personal fear, 720  
 And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that set  
 Before us, while she still was high in heaven,—  
 These were our food, and such a summer's night  
 Followed that pair of golden days that shed  
 On Como's Lake, and all that round it lay, 725  
 Their fairest, softest, happiest influence

*In middle lines B<sup>2</sup> has for strangers in the land*

*We had not learned that there the hour is told*

622-9 D *stuck over* D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

642-4 And wish'd to sleep, but wish'd to sleep in vain

*From ceaseless persecution by the stings A<sup>1</sup> C*

645 darkness A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

655-7 A C D D as 1850



- But here I must break off, and quit at once, [727]  
 Though loth, the record of these wanderings,  
 660 A theme which may seduce me else beyond  
 All reasonable bounds Let this alone  
 Be mention'd as a parting word, that not  
 In hollow exultation, dealing forth  
 Hyperboles of praise comparative,  
 665 Not rich one moment to be poor for ever, [735]  
 Not prostrate, overboim, as if the mind  
 Itself were nothing, a mean pensioner  
 On outward forms, did we in presence stand  
 Of that magnificent region On the front  
 670 Of this whole Song is written that my heart [740]  
 Must in such temple needs have offer'd up  
 A different worship Finally whate'er  
 I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream  
 That flow'd into a kindred stream, a gale [744]  
 675 That help'd me forwards, did administer  
 To grandeur and to tenderness, to the one  
 Directly, but to tender thoughts by means  
 Less often instantaneous in effect, [750]  
 Conducted me to these along a path  
 680 Which in the main was more circuitous

- Oh! most beloved Friend, a glorious time  
 A happy time that was, triumphant looks [755]  
 Were then the common language of all eyes.  
 As if awak'd from sleep, the Nations hail'd  
 685 Their great expectancy the fife of War  
 Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,  
 A Blackbird's whistle in a vernal grove [760]  
 We left the Swiss exulting in the fate  
 Of their near Neighbours, and when shortening fast  
 690 Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,  
 We cross'd the Brabant Armies on the fret  
 For battle in the cause of Liberty [765]  
 A Stripling, scarcely of the household then  
 Of social life, I look'd upon these things  
 695 As from a distance, heard, and saw, and felt,

659-61 these wanderings bounds] that ardent quest Curious and  
 intricate A<sup>2</sup> C So B<sup>2</sup>, which adds and every step Pregnant with new delight

659 D stuck over D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

679-80 [751-3], 687 R C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

But here I must break off, and bid farewell  
 To days, each offering some new sight, or traught  
 With some untried adventure, in a course  
 Prolonged till sprinklings of autumnal snow 730  
 Checked our unwearied steps Let this alone  
 Be mentioned as a parting word, that not  
 In hollow exultation, dealing out  
 Hyperboles of praise comparative,  
 Not rich one moment to be poor for ever, 735  
 Not prostrate, overborne, as if the mind  
 Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner  
 On outward forms—did we in presence stand  
 Of that magnificent region On the front  
 Of this whole Song is written that my heart 740  
 Must, in such Temple, needs have offered up  
 A different worship Finally, what'e'er  
 I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream  
 That flowed into a kindred stream, a gale,  
 Confederate with the current of the soul, 745  
 To speed my voyage, every sound or sight,  
 In its degree of power, administered  
 To grandeur or to tenderness,—to the one  
 Directly, but to tender thoughts by means  
 Less often instantaneous in effect, 750  
 Led me to these by paths that, in the main,  
 Were more circuitous, but not less sure  
 Duly to reach the point marked out by Heaven

Oh, most belovèd Friend! a glorious time,  
 A happy time that was, triumphant looks 755  
 Were then the common language of all eyes,  
 As if awaked from sleep, the Nations hailed  
 Their great expectancy the life of war  
 Was then a spirit stirring sound indeed,  
 A black-bird's whistle in a budding grove 760  
 We left the Swiss exulting in the fate  
 Of their near neighbours, and, when shortening fast  
 Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,  
 We crossed the Brabant armies on the fret  
 For battle in the cause of Liberty 765  
 A stripping, scarcely of the household then  
 Of social life, I looked upon these things  
 As from a distance, heard, and saw, and felt,

Was touch'd, but with no intimate concern ;  
 I seem'd to move among them as a bird [770]  
 Moves through the air, or as a fish pursues  
 Its business, in its proper element ,  
 700 I needed not that joy, I did not need  
 Such help , the ever-living Universe, [774]  
 And independent spirit of pure youth  
 Were with me at that season, and delight  
 Was in all places spread around my steps  
 705 As constant as the grass upon the fields

---

699 business *A C D* sport, and feeds *D*<sup>s</sup>

700 need *A C D* want *D*<sup>s</sup>

Was touched, but with no intimate concern ,  
 I seemed to move along them, as a bird                   770  
 Moves through the air, or as a fish pursues  
 Its sport, or feeds in its proper element ,  
 I wanted not that joy, I did not need  
 Such help , the ever-living universe,  
 Turn where I might, was opening out its glories,       775  
 And the independent spirit of pure youth  
 Called forth, at every season, new delights  
 Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er green fields

---

702-5 *D stuck over*   D<sup>s</sup> as E

[778] Spread round my steps like grass o'er sunny fields   D<sup>s</sup> E   E<sup>s</sup> as 1850.

## BOOK SEVENTH

### RESIDENCE IN LONDON

- FIVE years are vanish'd since I first pour'd out  
 Saluted by that animating breeze  
 Which met me issuing from the City's Walls,  
 A glad preamble to this Verse I sang  
 5 Aloud, in Dythyrambic fervour, deep [5]  
 But short-liv'd uproar, like a torrent sent  
 Out of the bowels of a bursting cloud  
 Down Scafell, or Blencathra's rugged sides,  
 A waterspout from Heaven But 'twas not long  
 10 Ere the interrupted stream broke forth once more,  
 And flow'd awhile in strength, then stopp'd for years, [10]  
 Not heard again until a little space  
 Before last primrose-time Beloved Friend,  
 The assurances then given unto myself,  
 15 Which did beguile me of some heavy thoughts  
 At thy departure to a foreign Land,  
 Have fail'd, for slowly doth this work advance [15]  
 Through the whole summer have I been at rest,  
 Partly from voluntary holiday  
 20 And part through outward indolence But I heard,  
 After the hour of sunset yester even,  
 Sitting within doors betwixt light and dark, [20]  
 A voice that stirr'd me 'Twas a little Band,  
 A Quire of Redbreasts gather'd somewhere near  
 25 My threshold, Minstrels from the distant woods  
 And dells, sent in by Winter to bespeak  
 For the Old Man a welcome, to announce,  
 With preparation artful and benign,  
 Yea the most gentle music of the year,  
 30 That their rough Lord had left the surly North [25]  
 And hath begun his journey A delight,  
 At this unthought of greeting, unawares

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[MSS for Bk VII A B C D E for ll 75-end X]

BOOK SEVENTH Residence in London BC 7 A

1-2 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

5 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

6 uproar A transport A B C

## BOOK SEVENTH

### RESIDENCE IN LONDON

Six changeful years have vanished since I first  
 Poured out (saluted by that quickening breeze  
 Which met me issuing from the City's walls)  
 A glad preamble to this Verse I sang  
 Aloud, with fervour irresistible 5  
 Of short-lived transport, like a torrent bursting,  
 From a black thunder-cloud, down Scafell's side  
 To rush and disappear But soon broke forth  
 (So willed the Muse) a less impetuous stream,  
 That flowed awhile with unabating strength, 10  
 Then stopped for years, not audible again  
 Before last primrose-time Beloved Friend !  
 The assurance which then cheered some heavy thoughts  
 On thy departure to a foreign land  
 Has failed, too slowly moves the promised work 15  
 Through the whole summer have I been at rest,  
 Partly from voluntary holiday,  
 And part through outward hindrance But I heard,  
 After the hour of sunset yester even,  
 Sitting within doois between light and dark, 20  
 A choir of redbreasts gathered somewhere near  
 My threshold,—minstrels from the distant woods  
 Sent in on Winter's service to announce,  
 With preparation artful and benign,  
 That the rough lord had left the surly North 25  
 On his accustomed journey The delight,  
 Due to this timely notice, unawares

- 
- 6-9 Of short lived transport, like a torrent bursting  
 From out the bowels of a cloud to rush  
 Down Scawfell, or Blencathra's rugged sides  
 With momentary sweep A<sup>2</sup> C
- 6-7 Though short lived transport like a torrent sent  
 From out the bowels of a bursting cloud B<sup>2</sup>
- 10 But soon broke forth a less impetuous stream B<sup>2</sup> (*omitting l 9*)
- 12 heard again A audible A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C 20 indolence A hindrance A<sup>2</sup> C
- 23 *deleted from A B, not in C* 26-7 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850
- 26 Sent in on Winter's service A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C A<sup>2</sup> *deletes l 27, C returns*

Smote me, a sweetness of the coming time,  
 And listening, I half whispered, ' We will be  
 35 Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will be  
 Brethren, and in the hearing of bleak winds [30]  
 Will chaunt together ' And, thereafter, walking  
 By later twilight on the hills, I saw  
 A Glow-worm from beneath a dusky shade  
 40 Or canopy of the yet unwithered fern,  
 Clear-shining, like a Hermit's taper seen [35]  
 Through a thick forest, silence touch'd me here  
 No less than sound had done before, the Child  
 Of Summer, lingering, shining by itself,  
 45 The voiceless Worm on the unfrequented hills,  
 Seem'd sent on the same errand with the Quire [40]  
 Of Winter that had warbled at my door,  
 And the whole year seem'd tenderness and love

The last Night's genial feeling overflow'd  
 50 Upon this morning, and my favourite grove,  
 Now tossing its dark boughs in sun and wind [45]  
 Spreads through me a commotion like its own,  
 Something that fits me for the Poet's task,  
 Which we will now resume with chearful hope,  
 55 Nor check'd by aught of tamer argument [50]  
 That lies before us, needful to be told.

Return'd from that excursion, soon I bade  
 Farewell for ever to the private Bowers  
 Of gown'd Students, quitted these, no more [54]  
 60 To enter them, and pitch'd my vagrant tent,  
 A casual Reveller and at large, among  
 The unfenc'd regions of society

Yet undetermin'd to what plan of life  
 I should adhere, and seeming thence to have  
 65 A little space of intermediate time [60]

---

34 And listening thus I whisper'd my resolve A<sup>1</sup> thus I whisper'd ' we  
 will be ' A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

37-8

Straitway to the hills

Gone forth, as twilight deepened, I espied D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 48 seem'd] breathed A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C.

Smote me, and, listening, I in whispers said,  
 'Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will be  
 Associates, and, unscared by blustering winds, 30  
 Will chant together' Thereafter, as the shades  
 Of twilight deepened, going forth, I spied  
 A glow-worm underneath a dusky plume  
 Or canopy of yet unwithered fern,  
 Clear-shining, like a hermit's taper seen 35  
 Through a thick forest Silence touched me here  
 No less than sound had done before, the child  
 Of Summer, lingering, shining, by herself,  
 The voiceless worm on the unfrequented hills,  
 Seemed sent on the same errand with the choir 40  
 Of Winter that had warbled at my door,  
 And the whole year breathed tenderness and love

The last night's genial feeling overflowed  
 Upon this morning, and my favourite grove,  
 Tossing in sunshine its dark boughs aloft, 45  
 As if to make the strong wind visible,  
 Wakes in me agitations like its own,  
 A spirit friendly to the Poet's task,  
 Which we will now resume with lively hope,  
 Nor checked by aught of tamer argument 50  
 That lies before us, needful to be told

Returned from that excursion, soon I bade  
 Farewell for ever to the sheltered seats  
 Of gowned students, quitted hall and bower,  
 And every comfort of that privileged ground, 55  
 Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent among  
 The unfenced regions of society

Yet, undetermined to what course of life  
 I should adhere, and seeming to possess  
 A little space of intermediate time 60

---

51 A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

52-3 Awakens agitations like its own

Friendly as music to the poet's task D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

58-9 A<sup>a</sup> B<sup>a</sup> C as 1850 [55] every D<sup>a</sup> all the D

60 [55] No more to tread that consecrated ground

With privileged steps, and pitched my vagrant tent A<sup>a</sup> B<sup>a</sup> C  
 64 thence to have] to possess A<sup>a</sup> B<sup>a</sup> C



- Loose and at full command, to London first  
 I turn'd, if not in calmness, nevertheless  
 In no disturbance of excessive hope,  
 At ease from all ambition personal,  
 70 Frugal as there was need, and though self-will'd, [64]  
 Yet temperate and reserv'd, and wholly free  
 From dangerous passions 'Twas at least two years  
 Before this season when I first beheld  
 That mighty place, a transient visitant  
 75 And now it pleas'd me my abode to fix [69]  
 Single in the wide waste, to have a house  
 It was enough (what matter for a home ?)  
 That own'd me, living chearfully abroad,  
 With fancy on the star from day to day, [75]  
 80 And all my young affections out of doors
- There was a time when whatsoe'er is feign'd  
 Of airy Palaces, and Gardens built  
 By Geni of Romance, or hath in grave  
 Authentic History been set forth of Rome, [80]  
 85 Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis,  
 Or given upon report by Pilgrim-Friars  
 Of golden Cities ten months' journey deep  
 Among Tartarian wilds, fell short, far short,  
 Of that which I in simpleness believed [85]  
 90 And thought of London, held me by a chain  
 Less strong of wonder, and obscure delight  
 I know not that herein I shot beyond  
 The common mark of childhood, but I well  
 Remember that among our flock of Boys [90]  
 95 Was one, a Cripple from his birth, whom chance  
 Summon'd from School to London, fortunate  
 And envied Traveller ! and when he return'd,  
 After short absence, and I first set eyes  
 Upon his person, verily, though strange  
 100 The thing may seem, I was not wholly free [95]  
 From disappointment to behold the same

66-7 A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C as 185069 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850[70-1] pleasure And] *not in* D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

72-4 I had felt the shock

Of that huge Town's first presence heretofore

And paced her streets A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C D D<sup>2</sup> as 185079 A C D A<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup> as 185080 my A C D E . his D<sup>2</sup> E89 I in simpleness] my simplicity A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C 92-4 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

At full command, to London first I turned,  
 In no disturbance of excessive hope,  
 By personal ambition unenslaved,  
 Frugal as there was need, and, though self-willed,  
 From dangerous passions free Three years had flown 65  
 Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock  
 Of the huge town's first presence, and had paced  
 Her endless streets, a transient visitant  
 Now, fixed amid that concourse of mankind  
 Where pleasure whirls about incessantly, 70  
 And life and labour seem but one, I filled  
 An idler's place, an idler well content  
 To have a house (what matter for a home ?)  
 That owned him, living cheerfully abroad  
 With unchecked fancy ever on the stir, 75  
 And all my young affections out of doors

There was a time when whatsoe'er is feigned  
 Of airy palaces, and gardens built  
 By Genu of romance, or hath in grave  
 Authentic history been set forth of Rome, 80  
 Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis,  
 Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,  
 Of golden cities ten months' journey deep  
 Among Tartarian wilks—fell short, far short,  
 Of what my fond simplicity believed 85  
 And thought of London—held me by a chain  
 Less strong of wonder and obscure delight  
 Whether the bolt of childhood's Fancy shot  
 For me beyond its ordinary mark,  
 'Twere vain to ask, but in our flock of boys 90  
 Was One, a cripple from his birth, whom chance  
 Summoned from school to London, fortunate  
 And envied traveller! When the Boy returned,  
 After short absence, curiously I scanned  
 His mien and person, nor was free, in sooth, 95  
 From disappointment, not to find some change

---

96-8 Summoned from School and homely rural scenes  
 To Britain's capital city, fortunate  
 And envied traveller—scarcely did a Month  
 Elapse, ere to our Valley he returned  
 And in the moment when I first set eyes A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

Appearance, the same body, not to find  
 Some change, some beams of glory brought away  
 From that new region Much I question'd him,  
 105 And every word he utter'd, on my ears  
 Fell flatter than a caged Parrot's note, [100]  
 That answers unexpectedly awry,  
 And mocks the Prompter's listening Marvellous things  
 My fancy had shap'd forth, of sights and shows,  
 110 Processions, Equipages, Lords and Dukes,  
 The King, and the King's Palace, and not last  
 Or least, heaven bless him! the renown'd Lord Mayor.  
 Dreams hardly less intense than those which wrought  
 A change of purpose in young Whittington,  
 115 When he in friendlessness, a drooping Boy,  
 Sate on a Stone, and heard the Bells speak out  
 Articulate music Above all, one thought [115]  
 Baffled my understanding, how men lived  
 Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet still  
 120 Strangers, and knowing not each other's names  
 Oh wond'rous power of words, how sweet they are  
 According to the meaning which they bring! [120]  
 Vauxhall and Ranelagh, I then had heard  
 Of your green groves, and wilderness of lamps,  
 125 Your gorgeous Ladies, fairy cataracts, [124]  
 And pageant fireworks, nor must we forget  
 Those other wonders different in kind,  
 Though scarcely less illustrious in degree,  
 The River proudly bridged, the giddy top  
 130 And Whispering Gallery of St Paul's, the Tombs [130]  
 Of Westminster, the Giants of Guildhall,

102-3 Appearance, not to find some obvious trace  
 Of transformation wrought upon his frame

Or countenance—some beams of glory fetch'd A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

109-14 A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C D as 1850, but fond for quick [103], fancied for pictured  
 [107], and did beget for once begat [111]

115-16 When he a solitary, friendless boy  
 Upon a stone sate drooping, till the bells  
 Chiming far off in sympathetic tones  
 Repeatedly deliver'd to his ear A<sup>2</sup> C

117-18 Above all it seem'd

A thing unfathomable how men could live X X<sup>2</sup> as 1850

118 followed in A<sup>2</sup> C by the line In the metropolis from year to year

120 A C D nor knowing each the other's name D<sup>2</sup> E not etc 1850

123 followed in X by the line Among our distant mountain vales had  
 heard

In look and air, from that new region brought,  
 As if from Fairy-land Much I questioned him ,  
 And every word he uttered, on my ears  
 Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note, 100  
 That answers unexpectedly awry,  
 And mocks the prompter's listening Marvellous things  
 Had vanity (quick Spirit that appears  
 Almost as deeply seated and as strong  
 In a Child's heart as fear itself) conceived 105  
 For my enjoyment Would that I could now  
 Recal what then I pictured to myself,  
 Of mitred Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,  
 The King, and the King's Palace, and, not last,  
 Nor least, Heaven bless him ! the renowned Lord Mayor  
 Dreams not unlike to those which once begat  
 A change of purpose in young Whittington,  
 When he, a friendless and a drooping boy,  
 Sate on a stone, and heard the bells speak out  
 Articulate music Above all, one thought 115  
 Baffled my understanding how men lived  
 Even next-door neighbours, as we say, yet still  
 Strangers, not knowing each the other's name

O, wond'rous power of words, by simple faith  
 Licensed to take the meaning that we love ! 120  
 Vauxhall and Ranelagh ! I then had heard  
 Of your green groves, and wilderness of lamps  
 Dimming the stars, and fireworks magical,  
 And gorgeous ladies, under splendid domes,  
 Floating in dance, or warbling high in air 125  
 The songs of spirits ! Nor had Fancy fed  
 With less delight upon that other class  
 Of marvels, broad-day wonders permanent  
 The River proudly bridged , the dizzy top  
 And Whispering Gallery of St Paul's , the tombs 130  
 Of Westminster , the Giants of Guildhall ,

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124 wilderness A X<sup>2</sup> labyrinth X

126 And pageant fireworks, and had wings been mine  
 I surely should have taken flight

Your visitant , nor must I overlook X  
 126-7 nor unnoticed leave

The class of broad day wonders permanent D A<sup>2</sup> D<sup>o</sup> as 1850.  
 131-3 Of Westminster, Streets, Churches numberless X

Bedlam, and the two maniacs at its Gates,  
 Streets without end, and Churches numberless,  
 Statues, with flowery gardens in vast Squares, [135]  
 135 The Monument, and Armoury of the Tower

These fond imaginations of themselves [142]  
 Had long before given way in season due,  
 Leaving a throng of others in their stead,  
 And now I looked upon the real scene,  
 140 Familiarly perus'd it day by day [145]  
 With keen and lively pleasure even there  
 Where disappointment was the strongest, pleas'd  
 Through courteous self-submission, as a tax  
 Paid to the object by prescriptive right, [148]  
 145 A thing that ought to be Shall I give way,  
 Copying the impression of the memory,  
 Though things unnumber'd idly do half seem  
 The work of fancy, shall I, as the mood  
 Inclines me, here describe, for pastime's sake  
 150 Some portion of that motley imagery,  
 A vivid pleasure of my Youth, and now  
 Among the lonely places that I love  
 A frequent day-dream for my riper mind ?  
 —And first the look and aspect of the place  
 155 The broad high-way appearance, as it strikes  
 On Strangers of all ages, the quick dance  
 Of colours, lights and forms, the Babel din [155]  
 The endless stream of men, and moving things.  
 From hour to hour the illimitable walk  
 160 Still among streets with clouds and sky above,  
 The wealth, the bustle and the eagerness,  
 The glittering Chariots with their pamper'd Steeds,  
 Stalls, Barrows, Porters, midway in the Street  
 The Scavenger, who begs with hat in hand,  
 165 The labouring Hackney Coaches, the rash speed  
 Of Coaches travelling far, whirl'd on with horn  
 Loud blowing, and the sturdy Drayman's Team,  
 Ascending from some Alley of the Thames  
 And striking right across the crowded Strand  
 170 Till the fore Horse veer round with punctual skill  
 Here there and everywhere a weary throng

---

132 Bedlam, and these two Maniacs carved in stone  
 Perpetually recumbent at her gates A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at the gates,  
 Perpetually recumbent, Statues—man,  
 And the horse under him—in gilded pomp  
 Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid vast squares, 135  
 The Monument, and that Chamber of the Tower  
 Where England's sovereigns sit in long array,  
 Their steeds bestriding,—every mimic shape  
 Cased in the gleaming mail the monarch wore,  
 Whether for gorgeous tournament addressed, 140  
 Or life or death upon the battle-field  
 Those bold imaginations in due time  
 Had vanished, leaving others in their stead  
 And now I looked upon the living scene,  
 Familiarly perused it, oftentimes, 145  
 In spite of strongest disappointment pleased  
 Through courteous self-submission, as a tax  
 Paid to the object by prescriptive right

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill on the plain  
 Of a too busy world! Before me flow, 150  
 Thou endless stream of men and moving things!  
 Thy every-day appearance, as it strikes—  
 With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe—  
 On strangers, of all ages, the quick dance  
 Of colours, lights, and forms, the deafening din, 155

135 [136-41] The Monument and that chamber of the Tower

Where England's sovereigns sit in long array,  
 Their steeds bestriding, and each mimic shape  
 Cased in the very suit of gleaming mail  
 Which in his time the living monarch wore  
 For tournament addressed or deadly fight  
 Mid thickest conflict on the ensanguin'd field A<sup>2</sup> C So D, but

[140-1] Whether for shock of gaudy tournament

Addressed, or conflict on the ensanguined field D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

136 fond] vague A<sup>2</sup> C

137 given way] withdrawn A C

136-8 A *deletes*

142-53 A C D, but A<sup>2</sup> D, for 148-9, The work of fancy shall I here  
 describe, D<sup>2</sup> 150-3, after many corrections,

Some portion of those lively images  
 That charmed my youth, and may be now to thousands  
 Of my coevals scatter'd through the world (or all climes)  
 A frequent day dream for the riper mind D<sup>3</sup> as 1850

145-55 A thing that ought to be, with slight regard

I pass the first blunt aspect of the place The broad etc X

153 mind? ] mind A C

154-62 A C D, but A<sup>2</sup> C D every day for broad highway and D deafening  
 for Babel D omits 159-61

163-71 A B *deletes*, not in C

163-4 not in D

[151] Thou swarming wilderness of brick and stone! D (*deleted*)

- The Comers and the Goers face to face, [156]  
 Face after face, the string of dazzling Wares,  
 Shop after shop, with Symbols, blazon'd Names,  
 175 And all the Tradesman's honours overhead,  
 Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page [160]  
 With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,  
 Station'd above the door, like guardian Saints,  
 There, allegoric shapes, female or male,  
 180 Or physiognomies of real men,  
 Land-Warriors, Kings, or Admirals of the Sea, [165]  
 Boyle, Shakspear, Newton, or the attractive head  
 Of some Scotch doctor, famous in his day  
 Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,  
 185 Escaped as from an enemy, we turn  
 Abruptly into some sequester'd nook [170]  
 Still as a shelter'd place when winds blow loud  
 At leisure thence, through tracts of thin resort,  
 And sights and sounds that come at intervals,  
 190 We take our way a raree-show is here  
 With children gather'd round, another Street [175]  
 Presents a company of dancing Dogs,  
 Or Dromedary, with an antic pair  
 Of Monkies on his back, a minstrel Band  
 195 Of Savoyards, or, single and alone,  
 An English Ballad-singer Private Courts, [180]  
 Gloomy as Coffins, and unsightly Lanes  
 Thrill'd by some female Vender's scream, belike  
 The very shrillest of all London Cries,  
 200 May then entangle us awhile,  
 Conducted through those labyrinths unawares [185]  
 To privileg'd Regions and inviolate,  
 Where from their airy lodges studious Lawyers  
 Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green  
 205 Thence back into the throng, until we reach,  
 Following the tide that slackens by degrees, [190]  
 Some half-frequented scene where wider Streets  
 Bring straggling breezes of suburban air,  
 Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls,  
 210 Advertisements of giant-size, from high  
 Press forward in all colours on the sight, [195]

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177-8 toe, saints, A C D toe, saints E

183 some Scotch X A Scottish B some Quack A<sup>2</sup> C

The comers and the goers face to face,  
 Face after face , the string of dazzling wares,  
 Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,  
 And all the tradesman's honours overhead  
 Here, fronts of houses, like a title-page, 160  
 With letters huge inscribed from top to toe,  
 Stationed above the door, like guardian saints ,  
 There, allegoric shapes, female or male,  
 Or physiognomies of real men,  
 Land-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea, 165  
 Boyle, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attractive head  
 Of some quack-doctor, famous in his day

Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,  
 Escaped as from an enemy, we turn  
 Abruptly into some sequestered nook, 170  
 Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud !  
 At leisure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,  
 And sights and sounds that come at intervals,  
 We take our way A raree-show is here,  
 With children gathered round , another street 175  
 Presents a company of dancing dogs,  
 Or dromedary, with an antic pair  
 Of monkeys on his back , a minstrel band  
 Of Savoyards , or, single and alone,  
 An English ballad-singer Private courts, 180  
 Gloomy as coffins, and unsightly lanes  
 Thrilled by some female vendor's scream, belike,  
 The very shrillest of all London cries,  
 May then entangle our impatient steps ,  
 Conducted through those labyrinths, unawares, 185  
 To privileged regions and inviolate,  
 Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers  
 Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green

Thence back into the throng, until we reach,  
 Following the tide that slackens by degrees, 190  
 Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets  
 Bring straggling breezes of suburban air  
 Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls ,  
 Advertisements, of giant-size, from high  
 Press forward, in all colours, on the sight , 195

200 A C D Perhaps entangle us awhile at length (at length deleted) X.  
 D<sup>s</sup> as 1850



- These, bold in conscious merit, lower down  
 That, fronted with a most imposing word,  
 Is, peradventure, one in masquerade  
 215 As on the broadening Causeway we advance,  
 Behold a Face turn'd up toward us, strong [200]  
 In lineaments, and red with over-toil,  
 'Tis one perhaps, already met elsewhere,  
 A travelling Cripple, by the trunk cut short,  
 220 And stumping with his arms in Sailor's garb  
 Another lies at length beside a range [205]  
 Of written characters, with chalk inscrib'd  
 Upon the smooth flat stones the Nurse is here,  
 The Bachelor that loves to sun himself,  
 225 The military Idler, and the Dame,  
 That field-ward takes her walk in decency [210]

- Now homeward through the thickening hubbub, where  
 See, among less distinguishable shapes,  
 The Italian, with his frame of Images [215]  
 230 Upon his head, with Basket at his waist  
 The Jew, the stately and slow-moving Turk  
 With freight of slippers piled beneath his arm  
 Briefly, we find, if tired of random sights  
 And haply to that search our thoughts should turn,  
 235 Among the crowd, conspicuous less or more, [221]  
 As we proceed, all specimens of Man  
 Through all the colours which the sun bestows,  
 And every character of form and face,  
 The Swede, the Russian, from the genial South,  
 240 The Frenchman and the Spaniard, from remote [225]  
 America, the Hunter-Indian, Moors,  
 Malays, Lascars, the Tartar and Chinese,  
 And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns

- At leisure let us view, from day to day,  
 245 As they present themselves, the Spectacles  
 Within doors, troops of wild Beasts, birds and beasts [230]

213-17 That peradventure, one in masquerade  
 Inviting is the leading word, a bait  
 Which cannot be resisted, at the close  
 The simple reader, if he laugh not, looks  
 Blank as an April fool Behold a face  
 Turn'd up towards us strong in lineaments,  
 Heated and red as if with overtoil X *deleted* X<sup>2</sup> as *A*.  
 218 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850. 222 written *A* C D well-formed D<sup>2</sup>

These, bold in conscious merit, lower down ,  
*That*, fronted with a most imposing word,  
 Is, peradventure, one in masquerade  
 As on the broadening causeway we advance,  
 Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong 200  
 In lineaments, and red with over-toil  
 'Tis one encountered here and everywhere ,  
 A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,  
 And stumping on his arms In sailor's garb  
 Another lies at length, beside a range 205  
 Of well-formed characters, with chalk inscribed  
 Upon the smooth flat stones the Nurse is here,  
 The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,  
 The military Idler, and the Dame,  
 That field-ward takes her walk with decent steps 210

Now homeward through the thickening hubbub, where  
 See, among less distinguishable shapes,  
 The begging scavenger, with hat in hand ,  
 The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,  
 Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images 215  
 Upon his head , with basket at his breast  
 The Jew , the stately and slow-moving Turk,  
 With freight of slippers piled beneath his arm !

Enough,—the mighty concourse I surveyed  
 With no unthinking mind, well pleased to note 220  
 Among the crowd all specimens of man,  
 Through all the colours which the sun bestows,  
 And every character of form and face  
 The Swede, the Russian , from the genial south,  
 The Frenchman and the Spaniard , from remote 225  
 America, the Hunter-Indian , Moors,  
 Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,  
 And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to day,  
 The spectacles within doors,—birds and beasts 230

226 in decency *A* with decent steps *A*<sup>2</sup> *B*<sup>2</sup> *C*

232 With pile of slippers underneath his arm *X* grasped beneath *X*<sup>2</sup>

233-6 Briefly proceed *A*

Enough, a mighty concourse was before me  
 Which I surveyed with no unthinking mind  
 Still pleased to note conspicuous less or more  
 Among the crowd *A*<sup>2</sup> *B*<sup>2</sup> *C* *D* *D*<sup>2</sup> as 1850

243 gowns *A* *D* *E* robes *A*<sup>2</sup> *C*

244-6 *A*<sup>2</sup> *B*<sup>2</sup> *C* as 1850

- Of every nature, from all climes conven'd,  
And, next to these, those mimic sights that ape  
The absolute presence of reality,  
250 Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,  
And what earth is, and what she has to shew, [235]  
I do not here allude to subtlest craft,  
By means refin'd attaining purest ends,  
But imitations fondly made in plain  
255 Confession of Man's weakness, and his loves  
Whether the Painter fashioning a work [240]  
To Nature's circumambient scenery,  
And with his greedy pencil taking in  
A whole horizon with power on all sides,  
260 Like that of Angels or commission'd Spirits,  
Plant us upon some lofty Pinnacle,  
Or in a Ship on Waters with a world [245]  
Of life, and life-like mockery, to East,  
To West, beneath, behind us, and before,  
265 Or more mechanic Artist represent  
By scale exact, in Model, wood or clay,  
From shading colours also borrowing help, [250]  
Some miniature of famous spots and things  
Domestic, or the boast of foreign Realms,  
270 The Firth of Forth, and Edinburgh throned  
On crags, fit empress of that mountain Land,  
St Peter's Church, or, more aspiring aim,  
In microscopic vision, Rome itself,  
Or, else perhaps, some rural haunt, the Falls  
275 Of Tivoli, and high upon that steep [255]  
The Temple of the Sibyl, every tree  
Through all the landscape, tuft, stone, scratch minute,  
And every Cottage, lurking in the rocks,  
All that the Traveller sees when he is there
- 280 Add to these exhibitions mute and still [260]  
Others of wider scope, where living men,  
Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,  
Together join'd their multifarious aid  
To heighten the allurements Need I fear  
285 To mention by its name, as in degree [265]  
Lowest of these, and humblest in attempt,  
Though richly graced with honours of its own,

Of every nature, and strange plants convened  
 From every clime, and, next, those sights that ape  
 The absolute presence of reality,  
 Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,  
 And what earth is, and what she has to shew 235  
 I do not here allude to subtlest craft,  
 By means refined attaining purest ends,  
 But imitations, fondly made in plain  
 Confession of man's weakness and his loves  
 Whether the Painter, whose ambitious skill 240  
 Submits to nothing less than taking in  
 A whole horizon's circuit, do with power,  
 Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,  
 Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,  
 Or in a ship on waters, with a world 245  
 Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,  
 Above, behind, far stretching and before,  
 Or more mechanic artist represent  
 By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,  
 From blended colours also borrowing help, 250  
 Some miniature of famous spots or things,—  
 St Peter's Church, or, more aspiring aim,  
 In microscopic vision, Rome herself,  
 Or, haply, some choice rural haunt,—the Falls  
 Of Tivoli, and, high upon that steep, 255  
 The Sibyl's mouldering Temple ' every tree,  
 Villa, or cottage, lurking among rocks  
 Throughout the landscape, tuft, stone scratch minute—  
 All that the traveller sees when he is there

And to these exhibitions, mute and still, 260  
 Others of wider scope, where living men,  
 Music, and shifting pantomimic scenes,  
 Diversified the allurements Need I fear  
 To mention by its name, as in degree,  
 Lowest of these and humblest in attempt, 265  
 Yet richly graced with honours of her own,

247-8 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

256-9 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

263-4 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

269-71 Domestic Land A B *delete*, not in C

274 A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

275 Of Tivoli and dim Frescati's (*sic*) bowers

And high upon the steep that mouldering fane X A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C as 1850  
 (*v. note*)

- Half-rural Sadler's Wells ? Though at that time  
Intolerant, as is the way of Youth
- 290 Unless itself be pleased, I more than once  
Here took my seat, and, maugre frequent fits [270]  
Of irksomeness, with ample recompense  
Saw Singers, Rope-dancers, Giants and Dwarfs,  
Clowns, Conjurors, Posture-masters, Harlequins,
- 295 Amid the uproar of the rabblement,  
Perform their feats Nor was it mean delight  
To watch crude nature work in untaught minds, [275]  
To note the laws and progress of belief,  
Though obstinate on this way, yet on that
- 300 How willingly we travel, and how far !  
To have, for instance, brought upon the scene  
The Champion Jack the Giant-killer, Lo !  
He dons his Coat of Darkness, on the Stage [281]  
Walks, and achieves his wonders, from the eye
- 305 Of living mortal safe as is the moon  
' Hid in her vacant interlunar cave  
Delusion bold ! and faith must needs be coy, [285]  
How is it wrought ? His garb is black, the word  
INVISIBLE flames forth upon his chest
- 310 Nor was it unamusing here to view  
Those samples as of ancient Comedy  
And Thespian times, dramas of living Men,  
And recent things, yet warm with life, a Sea-fight,  
Shipwreck, or some domestic incident
- 315 The fame of which is scatter'd through the Land,  
Such as the daring brotherhood of late  
Set forth, too holy theme for such a place, [295]  
And doubtless treated with irreverence  
Albeit with their very best of skill,
- 320 I mean, O distant Friend ! a Story drawn  
From our own ground, the Maid of Buttermere,  
And how the Spoiler came, ' a bold bad Man '  
To God unfaithful, Children, Wife, and Home,  
And wooed the artless Daughter of the hills, [300]
- 325 And wedded her, in cruel mockery  
Of love and marriage bonds O Friend ! I speak  
With tender recollection of that time  
When first we saw the Maiden, then a name

Half-rural Sadler's Wells ? Though at that time  
 Intolerant as is the way of youth  
 Unless itself be pleased, here more than once  
 Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to add, 270  
 With ample recompense) giants and dwarfs,  
 Clowns, conjurors, posture-masters, harlequins,  
 Amid the uproar of the rabblement,  
 Perform their feats Nor was it mean delight  
 To watch crude Nature work in untaught minds, 275  
 To note the laws and progress of belief,  
 Though obstinate on this way, yet on that  
 How willingly we travel, and how far !  
 To have, for instance, brought upon the scene  
 The champion Jack the Giant-killer Lo ! 280  
 He dons his coat of darkness, on the stage  
 Walks, and achieves his wonders, from the eye  
 Of living Mortal covert, 'as the moon  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave'  
 Delusion bold ! and how can it be wrought ' 285  
 The garb he wears is black as death, the word  
 '*Invisible*' flames forth upon his chest

Here, too, were 'forms and pressures of the time,'  
 Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy displayed  
 When Art was young, diamas of living men, 290  
 And recent things yet warm with life, a sea-fight,  
 Shipwreck, or some domestic incident  
 Divulged by Truth and magnified by Fame,  
 Such as the daring brotherhood of late  
 Set forth, too serious theme for that light place— 295  
 I mean, O distant Friend ! a story drawn  
 From our own ground,—the Maid of Buttermere,—  
 And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife  
 Deserted and deceived, the spoiler came  
 And wooed the artless daughter of the hills, 300  
 And wedded her, in cruel mockery  
 Of love and marriage bonds These words to thee  
 Must needs bring back the moment when we first,  
 Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's name,

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 290-3 A C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850
315 A<sup>s</sup> C as 1850

316 Such as of late this bold adventure: X

318 A *deletes*, not in C[298] a virtuous D<sup>s</sup> an honoured D319 Albert treated with their best of skill A<sup>s</sup> C

- By us unheard of, in her cottage Inn [305]  
 330 Were welcomed, and attended on by her,  
 Both stricken with one feeling of delight,  
 An admiration of her modest mien,  
 And carriage, mark'd by unexampled grace  
 Not unfamiliarly we since that time  
 335 Have seen her, her discretion have observ'd, [310]  
 Her just opinions, female modesty,  
 Her patience, and retiredness of mind  
 Unsoil'd by commendation, and the excess  
 Of public notice This memorial Verse  
 340 Comes from the Poet's heart, and is her due  
 For we were nursed, as almost might be said,  
 On the same mountains, Children at one time  
 Must haply often on the self-same day  
 Have from our several dwellings gone abroad  
 345 To gather daffodils on Coker's Stream

- These last words utter'd, to my argument  
 I was returning, when, with sundry Forms  
 Mingled, that in the way which I must tread  
 Before me stand, thy image rose again,  
 350 Mary of Buttermere! She lives in peace [320]  
 Upon the ground where she was born and rear'd,  
 Without contamination does she live  
 In quietness, without anxiety  
 Beside the mountain-Chapel sleeps in earth  
 355 Her new-born Infant, fearless as a lamb [325]  
 That thither comes, from some unsheltered place,  
 To rest beneath the little rock-like Pile  
 When storms are blowing Happy are they both  
 Mother and Child! These feelings, in themselves  
 360 Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I think [330]  
 On those ingenuous moments of our youth,  
 Ere yet by use we have learn'd to slight the crimes  
 And sorrows of the world. Those days are now  
 My theme; and, mid the numerous scenes which they [334]  
 365 Have left behind them, foremost I am cross'd  
 Here by remembrance of two figures, One  
 A rosy Babe, who, for a twelvemonth's space  
 Perhaps, had been of age to deal about

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[309-15] *Against this passage is written in E, Revise this page and the next (i.e. down to [350])*

Beheld her serving at the cottage inn, 305  
 Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,  
 With admiration of her modest mien  
 And carriage, marked by unexampled grace  
 We since that time not unfamiliarly  
 Have seen her,—her discretion have observed, 310  
 Her just opinions, delicate reserve,  
 Her patience, and humility of mind  
 Unspoiled by commendation and the excess  
 Of public notice—an offensive light  
 To a meek spirit suffering inwardly 315

From this memorial tribute to my theme  
 I was returning, when, with sundry forms  
 Commingled—shapes which met me in the way  
 That we must tread—thy image rose again,  
 Maiden of Buttermere ! She lives in peace 320  
 Upon the spot where she was born and reared ;  
 Without contamination doth she live  
 In quietness, without anxiety  
 Beside the mountain chapel, sleeps in earth  
 Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb 325  
 That, thither driven from some unsheltered place,  
 Rests underneath the little rock-like pile  
 When storms are raging Happy are they both—  
 Mother and child !—These feelings, in themselves  
 Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I think 330  
 On those ingenuous moments of our youth  
 Ere we have learnt by use to slight the crimes  
 And sorrows of the world Those simple days  
 Are now my theme , and, foremost of the scenes,  
 Which yet survive in memory, appears 335  
 One, at whose centre sate a lovely Boy,  
 A sportive infant, who, for six months' space,  
 Not more, had been of age to deal about

330 A B *delete* not in C331 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

334 All MSS as A

336 Her delicacy, female modesty, X

348-9 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850350 Mary A Maiden A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C351 ground A spot A<sup>2</sup> B C356-7 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850358 blowing A C D gathering D<sup>2</sup> raging D<sup>2</sup> E359 Mother and Child X<sup>2</sup> Alas how many women now alive Might envy them X361-74 D<sup>2</sup> *stuck over* D<sup>2</sup> as 1850368 Perhaps A I guess A<sup>2</sup> C Not more A<sup>2</sup>



- Articulate prattle, Child as beautiful  
 370 As ever sate upon a Mother's knee,  
 The other was the Parent of that Babe,  
 But on the Mother's cheek the tints were false,  
 A painted bloom 'Twas at a Theatre  
 That I beheld this Pair, the Boy had been  
 375 The pride and pleasure of all lookers on  
 In whatsoever place, but seem'd in this  
 A sort of Alien scatter'd from the clouds [350]  
 Of lusty vigour, more than infantine,  
 He was in limbs, in face a cottage rose  
 380 Just three parts blown, a Cottage Child, but ne'er  
 Saw I, by Cottage or elsewhere, a Babe [355]  
 By Nature's gifts so honor'd Upon a Board  
 Whence an attendant of the Theatre  
 Serv'd out refreshments, had this Child been plac'd,  
 385 And there he sate, environ'd with a Ring  
 Of chance Spectators, chiefly dissolute men [360]  
 And shameless women, treated and caress'd,  
 Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses play'd,  
 While oaths, indecent speech, and ribaldry  
 390 Were rife about him as are songs of birds  
 In spring-time after showers The Mother, too, [365]  
 Was present! but of her I know no more  
 Than hath been said, and scarcely at this time  
 Do I remember her But I behold  
 395 The lovely Boy as I beheld him then,  
 Among the wretched and the falsely gay,  
 Like one of those who walk'd with hair unsinged  
 Amid the fiery furnace He hath since [370]  
 Appear'd to me oft times as if embalm'd  
 400 By Nature, through some special privilege, [375]  
 Stopp'd at the growth he had, destined to live,

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373-4 'Twas at a Theatre *etc* ] By lamp and taper light  
 Within the walls of Drury's splendid house  
 Did I behold A<sup>1</sup> C

374 That I beheld this Pair, and at the time

Which now my tale hath reached The boy had been X

378 Of lusty vigour *etc* ] A miracle, an infant Hercules X

379-83 D *stuck over* D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

384-6 Serv'd cakes liqueurs and wines he sate begirt With chance *etc* X

393 Than may be gathered from this fact, and what

Hath been already said, and scarcely now X

398-408 Amid the fiery furnace We have heard  
 Of potent spells by which the kindly growth

Articulate prattle—Child as beautiful  
 As ever clung around a mother's neck, 340  
 Or father fondly gazed upon with pride  
 There, too, conspicuous for stature tall  
 And large dark eyes, beside her infant stood  
 The mother, but, upon her cheeks diffused,  
 False tints too well accorded with the glare 345  
 From play-house lustres thrown without reserve  
 On every object near The Boy had been  
 The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on  
 In whatsoever place, but seemed in this  
 A sort of alien scattered from the clouds 350  
 Of lusty vigour, more than infantine  
 He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose  
 Just three parts blown—a cottage-child—if e'er,  
 By cottage-door on breezy mountain side,  
 Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a babe 355  
 By Nature's gifts so favoured Upon a board  
 Decked with refreshments had this child been placed,  
 His little stage in the vast theatre,  
 And there he sate surrounded with a throng  
 Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute men 360  
 And shameless women, treated and caressed,  
 Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses played,  
 While oaths and laughter and indecent speech  
 Were rife about him as the songs of birds  
 Contending after showers The mother now 365  
 Is fading out of memory, but I see  
 The lovely Boy as I beheld him then  
 Among the wretched and the falsely gay,  
 Like one of those who walked with hair unsinged  
 Amid the fiery furnace Charms and spells 370  
 Muttered on black and spiteful instigation  
 Have stopped, as some believe, the kindest growths

---

Of nature hath maliciously been check'd  
 Ah, with how different spirit might a prayer  
 Have been preferr'd that on this opening flower  
 A hindrance might be laid, that this fair creature  
 By special privilege of Nature's hand  
 Might in his childhood be detained for ever!  
 Not subject to the motion of those years  
 That bear us forward to distress and guilt  
 Pain and abasement, wretchedness and fear  
 But with *etc as* [377-8] A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

To be, to have been, come and go, a Child  
 And nothing more, no partner in the years  
 That bear us forward to distress and guilt,  
 405 Pain and abasement, beauty in such excess  
 Adorn'd him in that miserable place  
 So have I thought of him a thousand times,  
 And seldom otherwise But he perhaps  
 Mary! may now have liv'd till he could look  
 410 With envy on thy nameless Babe that sleeps [380]  
 Beside the mountain Chapel, undisturb'd!

It was but little more than three short years  
 Before the season which I speak of now  
 When first, a Traveller from our pastoral hills,  
 415 Southward two hundred miles I had advanced,  
 And for the first time in my life did hear  
 The voice of Woman utter blasphemy, [385]  
 Saw Woman as she is to open shame  
 Abandon'd and the pride of public vice  
 420 Full surely from the bottom of my heart  
 I shuddered, but the pain was almost lost,  
 Absorb'd and buried in the immensity  
 Of the effect a barrier seemed at once  
 Thrown in, that from humanity divorced  
 425 The Human Form, splitting the race of Man [390]  
 In twain, yet leaving the same outward shape  
 Distress of mind ensued upon this sight  
 And ardent meditation, afterwards  
 A milder sadness on such spectacles  
 430 Attended, thought, commiseration, grief [395]  
 For the individual, and the overthrow  
 Of her soul's beauty, farther at that time  
 Than this I was but seldom led, in truth  
 The sorrow of the passion stopp'd me here.

435 I quit this painful theme, enough is said [400]

412 It was but little short of four long years X

412-15 Not four brief years were numbered at that time

Since first a traveller from our pastoral hills

Southward through town and village far advanced D D<sup>a</sup> as 18.0

428-30 Later years

Brought milder sadness on such spectacles

Attendant, thought etc D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

432-4 farther at that time

Than this I was but seldom led, untaught

Ah, with how different spirit might a prayer  
 Have been preferred, that this fair creature, checked  
 By special privilege of Nature's love, 375  
 Should in his childhood be detained for ever !  
 But with its universal freight the tide  
 Hath rolled along, and this bright innocent,  
 Mary ! may now have lived till he could look  
 With envy on thy nameless babe that sleeps, 380  
 Beside the mountain chapel, undisturbed

Four rapid years had scarcely then been told  
 Since, travelling southward from our pastoral hills,  
 I heard, and for the first time in my life,  
 The voice of woman utter blasphemy— 385  
 Saw woman as she is, to open shame  
 Abandoned, and the pride of public vice ,  
 I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once  
 Thrown in, that from humanity divorced  
 Humanity, splitting the race of man 390  
 In twain, yet leaving the same outward form  
 Distress of mind ensued upon the sight  
 And ardent meditation Later years  
 Brought to such spectacle a milder sadness,  
 Feelings of pure commiseration, grief 395  
 For the individual and the overthrow  
 Of her soul's beauty , farther I was then  
 But seldom led, or wished to go , in truth  
 The sorrow of the passion stopped me there

But let me now, less moved, in order take 400

---

At these appearances habitually  
 To feel that such division has no place  
 And cannot have , that in society  
 [As light with light, worst evil to best good  
 Can give a taint, that in society]  
 There are no gaps, that whatsoever shape  
 It may put on a breathing object is  
 No statue and doth momentarily send forth  
 Her respirations to be blown about  
 At random by the universal air X

432-3 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

435-44 A C A<sup>2</sup> has first draft of 1850 [400-12], but ordered passions of  
 the stage , though trod By Siddons in the zenith of her power [405-6] and  
 The lustres carving gilding etc [408] After [407] Life then was new, the  
 sense was easily pleased

To shew what thoughts must often have been mine  
 At theatres, which then were my delight,  
 A yearning made more strong by obstacles  
 Which slender funds imposed Life then was new,  
 440 The senses easily pleased, the lustres, lights,  
 The carving and the gilding, paint and glare,  
 And all the mean upholstery of the place,  
 Wanted not animation in my sight [410]  
 Far less the living Figures on the Stage,  
 445 Solemn or gay whether some beauteous Dame  
 Advanced in radiance through a deep recess  
 Of thick-entangled forest, like the Moon [415]  
 Opening the clouds, or sovereign King, announced  
 With flourishing Trumpets, came in full-blown State  
 450 Of the world's greatness, winding round with Train  
 Of Courtiers, Banners, and a length of Guards,  
 Or Captive led in abject weeds, and jingling [420]  
 His slender manacles, or romping Girl  
 Bounced, leapt, and paw'd the air, or mumbling Sire,  
 455 A scare-crow pattern of old Age, patch'd up  
 Of all the tatters of infirmity,  
 All loosely put together, hobbled in, [425]  
 Stumping upon a Cane, with which he smites,  
 From time to time, the solid boards, and makes them  
 460 Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabout  
 Of one so overloaded with his years  
 But what of this! the laugh, the grin, grimace, [430]  
 And all the antics and buffoonery,  
 The least of them not lost, were all received  
 465 With charitable pleasure Through the night,  
 Between the show, and many-headed mass  
 Of the Spectators, and each little nook [435]  
 That had its fray or brawl, how eagerly,  
 And with what flashes, as it were, the mind  
 470 Turn'd this way, that way! sportive and alert  
 And watchful, as a kitten when at play,  
 While winds are blowing round her, among grass [440]  
 And rustling leaves Enchanting age and sweet!  
 Romantic almost, looked at through a space,

[410-11] Lacked not the animation could the tide  
 Of pleasure ebb but to return as fast A<sup>2</sup> D *stuck over*; D<sup>2</sup> as  
 A<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

455-6 patch'd up Of] composed From A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

463-5, 467 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

468 A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

472 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Our argument Enough is said to show  
 How casual incidents of real life,  
 Observed where pastime only had been sought,  
 Outweighed, or put to flight, the set events  
 And measured passions of the stage, albeit 405  
 By Siddons tied in the fulness of her power  
 Yet was the theatre my dear delight,  
 The very gilding, lamps and painted scrolls,  
 And all the mean upholstery of the place,  
 Wanted not animation, when the tide 410  
 Of pleasure ebbed but to return as fast  
 With the ever-shifting figures of the scene,  
 Solemn or gay whether some beauteous dame  
 Advanced in radiance through a deep recess  
 Of thick entangled forest, like the moon 415  
 Opening the clouds, or sovereign king, announced  
 With flourishing trumpet, came in full-blown state  
 Of the world's greatness, winding round with train  
 Of courtiers, banners, and a length of guards,  
 Or captive led in abject weeds, and jingling 420  
 His slender manacles, or romping girl  
 Bounced, leapt, and pawed the air, or mumbling sire,  
 A scare-crow pattern of old age dressed up  
 In all the tatters of infirmity  
 All loosely put together, hobbled in, 425  
 Stumping upon a cane with which he smites,  
 From time to time, the solid boards, and makes them  
 Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabouts  
 Of one so overloaded with his years  
 But what of this! the laugh, the grin, grimace, 430  
 The antics striving to outstrip each other,  
 Were all received, the least of them not lost,  
 With an unmeasured welcome Through the night,  
 Between the show, and many-headed mass  
 Of the spectators, and each several nook 435  
 Filled with its fray or brawl, how eagerly  
 And with what flashes, as it were, the mind  
 Turned this way—that way! sportive and alert  
 And watchful, as a kitten when at play,  
 While winds are eddying round her, among straws 440  
 And rustling leaves Enchanting age and sweet!  
 Romantic almost, looked at through a space,

- 475 How small of intervening years ' For then,  
 Though surely no mean progress had been made  
 In meditations holy and sublime, [445]  
 Yet something of a girlish child-like gloss  
 Of novelty surviv'd for scenes like these ,  
 480 Pleasure that had been handed down from times  
 When, at a Country-Playhouse, having caught, [449]  
 In summer, through the fractur'd wall, a glimpse  
 Of daylight, at the thought of where I was  
 I gladden'd more than if I had beheld  
 485 Before me some bright cavern of Romance, [455]  
 Or than we do, when on our beds we lie  
 At night, in warmth, when rains are beating hard

- The matter that detains me now will seem,  
 To many neither dignified enough  
 490 Nor arduous , and is, doubtless, in itself [460]  
 Humble and low , yet not to be despis'd  
 By those who have observ'd the curious props  
 By which the perishable hours of life  
 Rest on each other, and the world of thought  
 495 Exists and is sustain'd More lofty Themes, [465]  
 Such as, at least, do wear a prouder face,  
 Might here be spoken of , but when I think  
 Of these, I feel the imaginative Power  
 Languish within me , even then it slept  
 500 When, wrought upon by tragic sufferings, [470]  
 The heart was full ; amid my sobs and tears  
 It slept, even in the season of my youth  
 For though I was most passionately moved  
 And yielded to the changes of the scene  
 505 With most obsequious feeling, yet all this [475]  
 Pass'd not beyond the suburbs of the mind  
 If aught there were of real grandeur here  
 'Twas only then when gross realities,

---

480 A C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

481-3 A C D if I caught

On summer evenings through the fractured wall

A glimpse of daylight, thought of where I was D<sup>s</sup> E E<sup>s</sup> as 1850

486-7 A<sup>s</sup> B<sup>s</sup> C D as 1850, but occupied in for busy among D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

488-9 The matter which detains me at this time

Will (like that string of figures which erewhile

We threaded as we pass'd along the streets

How small, of intervening years ! For then,  
 Though surely no mean progress had been made  
 In meditations holy and sublime, 445  
 Yet something of a girlish child-like gloss  
 Of novelty survived for scenes like these ,  
 Enjoyment haply handed down from times  
 When at a country-playhouse, some rude barn  
 Tricked out for that proud use, if I perchance 450  
 Caught, on a summer evening through a chunk  
 In the old wall, an unexpected glimpse  
 Of daylight, the bare thought of where I was  
 Gladdened me more than if I had been led  
 Into a dazzling cavern of romance, 455  
 Crowded with Genu busy among works  
 Not to be looked at by the common sun

The matter that detains us now may seem,  
 To many, neither dignified enough  
 Nor arduous, yet will not be scorned by them, 460  
 Who, looking inward, have observed the ties  
 That bind the perishable hours of life  
 Each to the other, and the curious props  
 By which the world of memory and thought  
 Exists and is sustained More lofty themes, 465  
 Such as at least do wear a prouder face,  
 Solicit our regard , but when I think  
 Of these, I feel the imaginative power  
 Languish within me , even then it slept,  
 When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the heart 470  
 Was more than full , amid my sobs and tears  
 It slept, even in the pregnant season of youth  
 For though I was most passionately moved  
 And yielded to all changes of the scene  
 With an obsequious promptness, yet the storm 475  
 Passed not beyond the suburbs of the mind ,  
 Save when realities of act and mien,  
 The incarnation of the spirits that move

---

An Indian toy of many coloured beads)

Appear to some not dignified enough X

491-5 *A C* yet safe from their contempt, Who *etc* as 1850 [461-5],  
*A<sup>2</sup> D* *D<sup>2</sup> as* 1850

500-1 *A C D* *D<sup>2</sup> as* 1850

502 *A<sup>2</sup> as* 1850

505 *A C D* *D<sup>2</sup> as* 1850

507-10 *A<sup>2</sup> as* 1850.



The incarnation of the Spirits that mov'd  
 510 Amid the Poet's beauteous world, call'd forth, [480]  
 With that distinctness which a contrast gives  
 Or opposition, made me recognize  
 As by a glimpse, the things which I had shap'd  
 And yet not shaped, had seen, and scarcely seen,  
 515 Had felt, and thought of in my solitude [485]

Pass we from entertainments that are such  
 Professedly to others titled higher,  
 Yet in the estimate of youth at least,  
 More near akin to those than names imply,  
 520 I mean the brawls of Lawyers in their Courts [490]  
 Before the ermined Judge, or that great Stage  
 Where Senators, tongue-favour'd Men, perform,  
 Admir'd and envied Oh! the beating heart!  
 When one among the prime of these rose up,  
 525 One, of whose name from Childhood we had heard [495]  
 Familiarly, a household term, like those,  
 The Bedfords, Glocesters, Salisburys of old,  
 Which the fifth Harry talks of Silence! hush!  
 This is no trifier, no short-flighted Wit,  
 530 No stammerer of a minute, painfully [500]  
 Deliver'd No! the Orator hath yoked  
 The Hours, like young Aurora, to his Car,  
 O Presence of delight, can patience e'er  
 Grow weary of attending on a track  
 535 That kindles with such glory? Marvellous! [505]  
 The enchantment spreads and rises, all are rapt  
 Astonish'd, like a Hero in Romance  
 He winds away his never-ending horn,  
 Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense,  
 540 What memory and what logic! till the Strain  
 Transcendent, superhuman as it is, [510]  
 Grows tedious even in a young Man's ear

---

511-15 *R C D* D<sup>1</sup> as 1850 [481-5]

532 to his Car] *X adds line* And stands he not most radiant in his seat?

In harmony amid the Poet's world,  
 Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth 480  
 By power of contrast, made me recognise,  
 As at a glance, the things which I had shaped,  
 And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely seen,  
 When, having closed the mighty Shakspeare's page,  
 I mused, and thought, and felt, in solitude 485

Pass we from entertainments, that are such  
 Professedly, to others titled higher,  
 Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,  
 More near akin to those than names imply,—  
 I mean the brawls of lawyers in their courts 490  
 Before the ermined judge, or that great stage  
 Where senators, tongue-favoured men, perform,  
 Admired and envied Oh ! the beating heart,  
 When one among the prime of these rose up,—  
 One, of whose name from childhood we had heard 495  
 Familiarly, a household term, like those,  
 The Bedfords, Glosters, Salsburys, of old  
 Whom the fifth Harry talks of Silence ! hush !  
 This is no trifier, no short-flighted wit,  
 No stammerer of a minute, painfully 500  
 Delivered No ! the Orator hath yoked  
 The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car  
 Thrice welcome Presence ! how can patience e'er  
 Grow weary of attending on a track  
 That kindles with such glory ! All are charmed, 505  
 Astonished, like a hero in romance,  
 He winds away his never-ending horn,  
 Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense  
 What memory and what logic ! till the strain  
 Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed, 510  
 Grows tedious even in a young man's ear

---

533 A C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

541 Transcendent *etc* ] Work, as it seems, of superhuman power X

These are grave follies other public Shows  
 The capital City teems with, of a kind  
 545 More light, and where but in the holy Church ?  
 There have I seen a comely Bachelor, [551]  
 Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend  
 The Pulpit, with seraphic glance look up,

[512-43] *not in A C First draft, written into A, runs*

- i Genius of Burke ' forgive the pen seduced  
 By specious wonders, and too slow to tell  
 Of what the ingenuous and the sensitive,  
 All wise men wishing to grow wiser caught  
 v Rapt auditors ' from thy most eloquent tongue—  
 Now mute, forever mute in the cold grave  
 I see thee stand, stricken with many years  
 Stand like an oak whose stag horn boughs start forth  
 Out of his leafy brows, the more to awe  
 x The younger brethren of the grove Who sits  
 Listening beside thee—no—no longer near  
 Yet still in heart thy friend Illustrious Fox  
 Thy grateful pupil In the power of words  
 Thundering and light(e)ning when his turn shall come  
 xv A British Penicles The times were big  
 With change that failed not nightly to provoke  
 Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion raised  
 Yet Wisdom like the Goddess from Jove's brain  
 Broke forth in armour of resplendent words  
 xx Who, above all if he were young, and one  
 In ancient story versed, whose breast had heaved  
 Under the weight of ancient eloquence,  
 Could sit, see, hear, ungrateful, uninspired ?

x-xxiii *stuck over in D D<sup>2</sup> as A<sup>2</sup>, but in xiii-xiv reads*

Thy grateful pupil in his turn to rise,  
 Thunder, and scatter lightning thro' the realm  
*which is corr to who in turn shall rise, Thunder, and etc And in xvi*

With fearful change that night by night provoked  
 D<sup>2</sup> E as 1850, *except that for [323-32] (launches forth . Murmur) they*  
*read*

or insists

Upon the paramount force of ancient rights  
 And that allegiance to which men are born  
 Murmur E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

*After uninspired draft in A goes on*

Yet then and there parade of follies, grave  
 Or light, grew rank, while other public shows

543 public shows A X spectacles X<sup>2</sup>

[544-50] *stuck in to D*

[549] domineering, oft E<sup>2</sup> paramount there, full oft D<sup>2</sup> E

Genius of Burke ! forgive the pen seduced  
 By specious wonders, and too slow to tell  
 Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered men,  
 Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides, 515  
 And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,  
 Rapt auditors ! from thy most eloquent tongue—  
 Now mute, for ever mute in the cold grave  
 I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—  
 Stand like an oak whose stag horn branches start 520  
 Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe  
 The younger brethren of the grove But some—  
 While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth  
 Against all systems built on abstract rights,  
 Keen ridicule, the majesty proclaims 525  
 Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time,  
 Declares the vital power of social ties  
 Endeared by Custom, and with high disdain,  
 Exploding upstart Theory, insists  
 Upon the allegiance to which men are born— 530  
 Some—say at once a froward multitude—  
 Murmur (for truth is hated, where not loved)  
 As the winds fret within the Æolian cave,  
 Galled by their monarch's chain The times were big  
 With ominous change, which, night by night, provoked  
 Keen struggles, and black clouds of passion raised,  
 But memorable moments intervened, 537  
 When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove's brain,  
 Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,  
 Startling the Synod Could a youth, and one 540  
 In ancient story versed, whose breast had heaved  
 Under the weight of classic eloquence,  
 Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, uninspired ?

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail  
 To achieve its higher triumph Not unfelt 545  
 Were its admonishments, nor lightly heard  
 The awful truths delivered thence by tongues  
 Endowed with various power to search the soul,  
 Yet ostentation, domineering, oft  
 Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of place !— 550  
 There have I seen a comely bachelor  
 Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend  
 His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,

And, in a tone elaborately low  
 550 Beginning, lead his voice through many a maze, [555]  
 A minuet course, and winding up his mouth,  
 From time to time into an orifice  
 Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small  
 And only not invisible, again  
 555 Open it out, diffusing thence a smile [560]  
 Of rapt irradiation exquisite  
 Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,  
 Moses, and he who penn'd the other day  
 The Death of Abel, Shakspear, Doctor Young,  
 560 And Ossian, (doubt not, 'tis the naked truth)  
 Summon'd from streamy Morven, each and all  
 Must in their turn lend ornament and flowers  
 To entwine the Crook of eloquence with which [570]  
 This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the Plains,  
 565 Leads up and down his captivated Flock

I glance but at a few conspicuous marks,  
 Leaving ten thousand others, that do each,  
 In Hall or Court, Conventicle, or Shop, [575]  
 In public Room or private, Park or Street,  
 570 With fondness rear'd on his own Pedestal,  
 Look out for admiration Folly, vice,  
 Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress,  
 And all the strife of singularity, [580]  
 Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense,  
 575 Of these, and of the living shapes they wear,  
 There is no end Such Candidates for regard,  
 Although well pleased to be where 'Ægy were found,  
 I did not hunt after, or greatly prize, [585]  
 Nor made unto myself a secret boast  
 580 Of reading them with quick and curious eye,  
 But as a common produce, things that are  
 To-day, to-morrow will be, took of them  
 Such willing note as, on some errand bound [590]  
 Of pleasure or of Love some Traveller might,  
 585 Among a thousand other images,  
 Of sea-shells that bestud the sandy beach,  
 Or daisies swarming through the fields in June

---

558 the other day A D<sup>a</sup> in these our days A<sup>a</sup> C D

559 Doctor Young A and the Bard Of night who spangled stars as  
 1850, A<sup>a</sup> C D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

And, in a tone elaborately low  
 Beginning, lead his voice through many a maze 555  
 A minuet course, and, winding up his mouth,  
 From time to time, into an orifice  
 Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,  
 And only not invisible, again  
 Open it out, diffusing thence a smile 560  
 Of rapt irradiation, exquisite  
 Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,  
 Moses, and he who penned, the other day,  
 The Death of Abel, Shakspeare, and the Bard  
 Whose genius spangled o'er a gloomy theme 565  
 With fancies thick as his inspiring stars,  
 And Ossian (doubt not, 'tis the naked truth)  
 Summoned from streamy Morven—each and all  
 Would, in their turns, lend ornaments and flowers  
 To entwine the crook of eloquence that helped 570  
 This pretty Shepherd, pride of all the plains,  
 To rule and guide his captivated flock

I glance but at a few conspicuous marks,  
 Leaving a thousand others, that, in hall,  
 Court, theatre, conventicle, or shop, 575  
 In public room or private, park or street,  
 Each fondly reared on his own pedestal,  
 Looked out for admiration Folly, vice,  
 Extravagance in gesture, mien, and dress,  
 And all the strife of singularity, 580  
 Lies to the ear, and lies to every sense—  
 Of these, and of the living shapes they wear,  
 There is no end Such candidates for regard,  
 Although well pleased to be where they were found,  
 I did not hunt after, nor greatly prize, 585  
 Nor made unto myself a secret boast  
 Of reading them with quick and curious eye,  
 But, as a common produce, things that are  
 To-day, to-morrow will be, took of them  
 Such willing note, as, on some errand bound 590  
 That asks not speed, a Traveller might bestow  
 On sea-shells that bestrew the sandy beach,  
 Or daisies swarming through the fields of June

But foolishness, and madness in parade,  
 Though most at home in this their dear domain, [595]  
 590 Are scatter'd everywhere, no rarities,  
 Even to the rudest novice of the Schools [597]  
 O Friend ! one feeling was there which belong'd  
 To this great City, by exclusive right ,  
 How often in the overflowing Streets, [626]  
 595 Have I gone forward with the Crowd, and said  
 Unto myself, the face of every one  
 That passes by me is a mystery  
 Thus have I look'd, nor ceas'd to look, oppress'd [630]  
 By thoughts of what, and whither, when and how,  
 600 Until the shapes before my eyes became  
 A second-sight procession, such as glides  
 Over still mountains, or appears in dreams ;  
 And all the ballast of familiar life,  
 The present, and the past , hope, fear ; all stays,  
 605 All laws of acting, thinking, speaking man  
 Went from me, neither knowing me, nor known  
 And once, far-travell'd in such mood, beyond [635]

---

592-3 A C D E E<sup>2</sup> *deletes and adds* [598-625], cf VIII 839-59

594 A sentiment that stood far far aloof

From all obtrusive individual sights

And every petty effort that cried out

For notice Off in the overflowing streets X X<sup>2</sup> *illegible* X<sup>3</sup> as A.

[598-9] Well might it please me more to mark and keep

In Memory, how that vast abiding place

Of human creatures turn where I might was sown

Profusely sown with individual sights E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

603-6 A A *deletes*, B *queries*, not in C.

But foolishness and madness in parade,  
 Though most at home in this their dear domain, 595  
 Are scattered everywhere, no rarities,  
 Even to the rudest novice of the Schools  
 Me, rather, it employed, to note, and keep  
 In memory, those individual sights  
 Of courage, or integrity, or truth, 600  
 Or tenderness which there, set off by foil,  
 Appeared more touching One will I select,  
 A Father—for he bore that sacred name—  
 Him saw I, sitting in an open square,  
 Upon a corner-stone of that low wall, 605  
 Wherein were fixed the iron pales that fenced  
 A spacious grass-plot, there, in silence, sate  
 This One Man, with a sickly babe outstretched  
 Upon his knee, whom he had thither brought  
 For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher air 610  
 Of those who passed, and me who looked at him,  
 He took no heed, but in his brawny arms  
 (The Artificer was to the elbow bare,  
 And from his work this moment had been stolen)  
 He held the child, and, bending over it, 615  
 As if he were afraid both of the sun  
 And of the air, which he had come to seek,  
 Eyed the poor babe with love unutterable

As the black storm upon the mountain top  
 Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so 620  
 That huge fermenting mass of human-kind  
 Serves as a solemn back-ground, or relief,  
 To single forms and objects, whence they draw,  
 For feeling and contemplative regard,  
 More than inherent liveliness and power 625  
 How oft, amid those overflowing streets,  
 Have I gone forward with the crowd, and said  
 Unto myself, 'The face of every one  
 That passes by me is a mystery!'  
 Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look, oppressed 630  
 By thoughts of what and whither, when and how,  
 Until the shapes before my eyes became  
 A second-sight procession, such as glides  
 Over still mountains, or appears in dreams,  
 And once, far-travelled in such mood, beyond 635



The reach of common indications, lost  
 Amid the moving pageant, 'twas my chance  
 610 Abruptly to be smitten with the view  
 Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,  
 Stood propp'd against a Wall, upon his Chest [640]  
 Wearing a written paper, to explain  
 The story of the Man, and who he was  
 615 My mind did at this spectacle turn round  
 As with the might of waters, and it seem'd  
 To me that in this Label was a type,  
 Or emblem, of the utmost that we know, [645]  
 Both of ourselves and of the universe,  
 620 And, on the shape of the unmoving man,  
 His fix'd face and sightless eyes, I look'd  
 As if admonish'd from another world

Though rear'd upon the base of outward things, [650]  
 These, chiefly, are such structures as the mind  
 625 Builds for itself Scenes different there are,  
 Full-form'd, which take, with small internal help,  
 Possession of the faculties, the peace  
 Of night, for instance, the solemnity [655]  
 Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,  
 630 When the great tide of human life stands still,  
 The business of the day to come unborn,  
 Of that gone by, lock'd up as in the grave,  
 The calmness, beauty, of the spectacle, [660]  
 Sky, stillness, moonshine, empty streets, and sounds  
 635 Unfrequent as in desarts, at late hours  
 Of winter evenings when unwholesome rains  
 Are falling hard, with people yet astir,  
 The feeble salutation from the voice [665]  
 Of some unhappy Woman, now and then  
 640 Heard as we pass, when no one looks about,  
 Nothing is listen'd to But these, I fear,  
 Are falsely catalogu'd, things that are, are not,  
 Even as we give them welcome, or assist, [670]  
 Are prompt, or are remiss What say you then,

---

609-10 *A C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850*

615-21 *A C A<sup>2</sup> D E as 1850, but look'd for gazed (E<sup>2</sup>)*

624-5 *A C D D<sup>2</sup> E as 1850, but doth mainly Build. E<sup>2</sup> as 1850.*

The reach of common indication, lost  
 Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten  
 Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)  
 Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,  
 Stood, propped against a wall, upon his chest 640  
 Wearing a written paper, to explain  
 His story, whence he came, and who he was  
 Caught by the spectacle my mind turned round  
 As with the might of waters, an apt type  
 This label seemed of the utmost we can know, 645  
 Both of ourselves and of the universe,  
 And, on the shape of that unmoving man,  
 His steadfast face and sightless eyes, I gazed,  
 As if admonished from another world

Though reared upon the base of outward things, 650  
 Structures like these the excited spirit mainly  
 Builds for herself, scenes different there are,  
 Full-formed, that take, with small internal help,  
 Possession of the faculties,—the peace  
 That comes with night, the deep solemnity 655  
 Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,  
 When the great tide of human life stands still,  
 The business of the day to come, unborn,  
 Of that gone by, locked up, as in the grave,  
 The blended calmness of the heavens and earth, 660  
 Moonlight and stars, and empty streets, and sounds  
 Unfrequent as in deserts, at late hours  
 Of winter evenings, when unwholesome rains  
 Are falling hard, with people yet astir,  
 The feeble salutation from the voice 665  
 Of some unhappy woman, now and then  
 Heard as we pass, when no one looks about,  
 Nothing is listened to But these, I fear,  
 Are falsely catalogued, things that are, are not,  
 As the mind answers to them, or the heart 670  
 Is prompt, or slow, to feel What say you, then,

628 Of night for instance, the solemnity *A C* Of drowsy night, the deep  
 solemnity *A<sup>2</sup> D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850*

629 Of midnight nature's intermediate rest *X X<sup>2</sup> as 1850*

633-4 *A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850*

643-5 Just as we give them welcome or assist

Prompt or remiss What say you then to times

When half the populous city shall break out *A<sup>2</sup> D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850*

- 645 To times, when half the City shall break out  
 Full of one passion, vengeance, rage, or fear,  
 To executions, to a Street on fire,  
 Mobs, riots, or rejoicings ? From these sights [675]  
 Take one, an annual Festival, the Fair
- 650 Holden where Martyrs suffer'd in past time,  
 And named of Saint Bartholomew, there see  
 A work that's finish'd to our hands, that lays,  
 If any spectacle on earth can do, [680]  
 The whole creative powers of man asleep !
- 655 For once the Muse's help will we implore,  
 And she shall lodge us, wafted on her wings,  
 Above the press and danger of the Crowd,  
 Upon some Showman's platform what a hell [685]  
 For eyes and ears ! what anarchy and din
- 660 Barbarian and infernal ! 'tis a dream,  
 Monstrous in colour, motion, shape, sight, sound  
 Below, the open space, through every nook  
 Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive [690]  
 With heads, the midway region and above
- 665 Is throng'd with staring pictures, and huge scrolls,  
 Dumb proclamations of the prodigies,  
 And chattering monkeys dangling from their poles,  
 And children whirling in their roundabouts, [695]  
 With those that stretch the neck, and strain the eyes,
- 670 And crack the voice in rivalry, the crowd  
 Inviting, with buffoons against buffoons  
 Grimacing, writhing, screaming, him who grinds  
 The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weaves, [700]  
 Rattles the salt-box, thumps the kettle-drum,
- 675 And him who at the trumpet puffs his cheeks,  
 The silver-collar'd Negro with his timbrel,  
 Equestrians, Tumblers, Women, Girls, and Boys,  
 Blue-breech'd, punk-vested, and with towering plumes  
 —All moveables of wonder from all parts, [706]
- 680 Are here, Albinos, painted Indians, Dwarfs,  
 The Horse of Knowledge, and the learned Pig,  
 The Stone-eater, the Man that swallows fire,  
 Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl, [710]  
 The Bust that speaks, and moves its goggling eyes,

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649 annual *Æ* C D ancient E

652 that's finish'd *Æ* completed A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

To times when half the city shall break out  
 Full of one passion, vengeance rage, or fear ?  
 To executions, to a street on fire,  
 Mobs, riots, or rejoicings ? From these sights 675  
 Take one,—that ancient festival, the Fair,  
 Holden where martyrs suffered in past time,  
 And named of St Bartholomew, there, see  
 A work completed to our hands, that lays,  
 If any spectacle on earth can do, 680  
 The whole creative powers of man asleep !—  
 For once, the Muse's help will we implore,  
 And she shall lodge us, wafted on her wings,  
 Above the press and danger of the crowd,  
 Upon some showman's platform What a shock 685  
 For eyes and ears ! what anarchy and 'din,  
 Barbarian and infernal,—a phantasma,  
 Monstrous in colour, motion, shape, sight, sound !  
 Below, the open space, through every nook  
 Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive 690  
 With heads, the midway region, and above,  
 Is thronged with staring pictures and huge scrolls,  
 Dumb proclamations of the Prodiges,  
 With chattering monkeys dangling from their poles,  
 And children whirling in their roundabouts, 695  
 With those that stretch the neck and strain the eyes,  
 And crack the voice in rivalry, the crowd  
 Inviting, with buffoons against buffoons  
 Grimacing, writhing, screaming,—him who grinds  
 The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weaves, 700  
 Rattles the salt-box, thumps the kettle-drum,  
 And him who at the trumpet puffs his cheeks,  
 The silver-collared Negro with his timbrel,  
 Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls, and boys,  
 Blue-breeched, pink-vested, with high-towering plumes 705  
 All moveables of wonder, from all parts,  
 Are here—Albinos, painted Indians, Dwarfs,  
 The Horse of knowledge, and the learned Pig,  
 The Stone-eater, the man that swallows fire,  
 Giants, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl, 710  
 The Bust that speaks and moves its goggling eyes,

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 658 hell] shock A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

 660 'tis a dream] a phantasma A<sup>2</sup> C

- 685 The Wax-work, Clock-work, all the marvellous craft  
 Of modern Merlins, wild Beasts, Puppet-shows,  
 All out-o'-the-way, far-fetch'd, perverted things,  
 All freaks of Nature, all Promethean thoughts [715]  
 Of Man, his dulness, madness, and their feats,
- 690 All jumbled up together to make up  
 This Parliament of Monsters Tents and Booths  
 Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast Mill,  
 Are vomiting, receiving, on all sides, [720]  
 Men, Women, three-years' Children, Babes in arms.
- 695 Oh, blank confusion! and a type not false  
 Of what the mighty City is itself  
 To all except a Straggler here and there,  
 To the whole Swarm of its inhabitants,  
 An undistinguishable world to men,
- 700 The slaves unrespite'd of low pursuits,  
 Living amid the same perpetual flow [725]  
 Of trivial objects, melted and reduced  
 To one identity, by differences  
 That have no law, no meaning, and no end,
- 705 Oppression under which even highest minds  
 Must labour, whence the strongest are not free, [730]  
 But though the picture weary out the eye,  
 By nature an unmanageable sight,  
 It is not wholly so to him who looks
- 710 In steadiness, who hath among least things  
 An under-sense of greatest, sees the parts [735]  
 As parts, but with a feeling of the whole  
 Thus, of all acquisitions first, awaits  
 On sundry and most widely different modes
- 715 Of education, nor with least delight  
 On that through which I pass'd Attention comes, [740]  
 And comprehensiveness and memory,  
 From early converse with the works of God  
 Among all regions, chiefly where appear
- 720 Most obviously simplicity and power [744]

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690 make up A C D E compose A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup>

695 a type not false A C D true epitome D<sup>2</sup>

Oh blank confusion strange reality

Surpassing aught that wildest Fancy e'er

Conceived or grasp'd in a distemper'd [ ? ] B<sup>2</sup>

The Wax-work, Clock-work, all the marvellous craft  
 Of modern Merlins, Wild Beasts, Puppet-shows,  
 All out-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted things,  
 All freaks of nature, all Promethean thoughts 715  
 Of man, his dullness, madness, and their feats  
 All jumbled up together, to compose  
 A Parliament of Monsters Tents and Booths  
 Meanwhile, as if the whole were one vast mill,  
 Are vomiting, receiving on all sides, 720  
 Men, Women, three-years Children, Babes in arms.

Oh, blank confusion ! true epitome  
 Of what the mighty City is herself  
 To thousands upon thousands of her sons,  
 Living amid the same perpetual whirl 725  
 Of trivial objects, melted and reduced  
 To one identity, by differences  
 That have no law, no meaning, and no end—  
 Oppression, under which even highest minds  
 Must labour, whence the strongest are not free 730  
 But though the picture weary out the eye,  
 By nature an unmanageable sight,  
 It is not wholly so to him who looks  
 In steadiness, who hath among least things  
 An under-sense of greatest, sees the parts 735  
 As parts, but with a feeling of the whole  
 This, of all acquisitions, first awaits  
 On sundry and most widely different modes  
 Of education, nor with least delight  
 On that through which I passed Attention springs, 740  
 And comprehensiveness and memory flow,  
 From early converse with the works of God  
 Among all regions, chiefly where appear  
 Most obviously simplicity and power  
 Think, how the everlasting streams and woods, 745  
 Stretched and still stretching far and wide, exalt

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697-700 To thousand and ten thousand of her sons D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 In E follows line 700, against which is written in pencil out  
 701 flow A C D strife D<sup>2</sup> E whirl E<sup>2</sup>  
 2925

- By influence habitual to the mind  
 The mountain's outline and its steady form  
 Gives a pure grandeur, and its presence shapes  
 The measure and the prospect of the soul [755]  
 725 To majesty, such virtue have the forms  
 Perennial of the ancient hills, nor less  
 The changeful language of their countenances  
 Gives movement to the thoughts, and multitude,  
 With order and relation This, if still, [761]  
 730 As hitherto, with freedom I may speak,  
 And the same perfect openness of mind,  
 Not violating any just restraint,  
 As I would hope, of real modesty,  
 This did I feel in that vast receptacle [765]  
 735 The Spirit of Nature was upon me here,  
 The Soul of Beauty and enduring life  
 Was present as a habit, and diffused,  
 Through meagre lines and colours, and the press  
 Of self-destroying, transitory things [770]  
 740 Composure and ennobling Harmony

[745-60] D *stuck over*

[747-9] Indian, Arab's eye E<sup>2</sup> Indian On his desert sands  
 What grandeur meets the sunburnt Arab's eye D<sup>2</sup> E

[753] even so, its powers and aspects D<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> God's visible presence there  
 D<sup>2</sup> E

The roving Indian, on his desert sands  
 What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant show  
 Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's eye  
 And, as the sea propels, from zone to zone, 750  
 Its currents, magnifies its shoals of life  
 Beyond all compass, spreads, and sends aloft  
 Armies of clouds,—even so, its powers and aspects  
 Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,  
 The views and aspirations of the soul 755  
 To majesty Like virtue have the forms  
 Perennial of the ancient hills, nor less  
 The changeful language of their countenances  
 Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids the thoughts,  
 However multitudinous, to move 760  
 With order and relation This, if still,  
 As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,  
 Not violating any just restraint,  
 As may be hoped, of real modesty,—  
 Thus did I feel, in London's vast domain 765  
 The Spirit of Nature was upon me there,  
 The soul of Beauty and enduring Life  
 Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,  
 Through meagre lines and colours and the press  
 Of self-destroying, transitory things, 770  
 Composure, and ennobling Harmony

---

734 A C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

    This had I cause to feel tho' then I took

    No note thereof in that vast receptacle X

736 enduring] eternal X

737 A<sup>s</sup> C as 1850



## BOOK EIGHTH

### RETROSPECT — LOVE OF NATURE LEADING TO LOVE OF MANKIND

- WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, which are heard  
Up to thy summit ? Through the depth of air  
Ascending, as if distance had the power  
To make the sounds more audible what Crowd  
5 Is yon, assembled in the gay green Field ? [5]  
Crowd seems it, solitary Hill ' to thee,  
Though but a little Family of Men,  
Twice twenty, with their Children and their Wives,  
And here and there a Stranger interspers'd [10]  
10 It is a summer festival, a Fair,  
Such as, on this side now, and now on that,  
Repeated through his tributary Vales,  
Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,  
Sees annually, if storms be not abroad, [15]  
15 And mists have left him an unshrouded head.  
Delightful day it is for all who dwell  
In this secluded Glen, and eagerly  
They give it welcome. Long ere heat of noon [20]  
Behold the cattle are driven down, the sheep  
20 That have for traffic been cull'd out are penn'd  
In cotes that stand together on the Plain  
Ranged side by side, the chaffering is begun  
The Heifer lows uneasy at the voice  
Of a new Master, bleat the Flocks aloud,  
25 Booths are there none, a Stall or two is here, [25]  
A lame Man, or a blind, the one to beg,

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[MSS for Bk VIII A B C D E for ll 68—end Y, for ll 221—310 J]

BOOK EIGHTH Retrospect etc B Book Eighth C 8 A

3 had the A C D E<sup>2</sup> lacked not D<sup>2</sup> E

5, 6 A C D What crowd is yonder, in the gay green croft

Espied, crowd seems it, solitary hill, to thee D<sup>2</sup> E

Behold we yonder *deleted* E<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

8 Twice twenty, A C Attended by A<sup>2</sup> Mere shepherds D D<sup>2</sup> E as  
1850

## BOOK EIGHTH

### RETROSPECT—LOVE OF NATURE LEADING TO LOVE OF MAN

WHAT sounds are those, Helvellyn, that are heard  
 Up to thy summit, through the depth of air  
 Ascending, as if distance had the power  
 To make the sounds more audible? What crowd  
 Covers, or sprinkles o'er, yon village green? 5  
 Crowd seems it, solitary hill! to thee,  
 Though but a little family of men,  
 Shepherds and tillers of the ground—betimes  
 Assembled with their children and their wives,  
 And here and there a stranger interspersed 10  
 They hold a rustic fair—a festival,  
 Such as, on this side now, and now on that,  
 Repeated through his tributary vales,  
 Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,  
 Sees annually, if clouds towards either ocean 15  
 Blown from their favourite resting-place, or mists  
 Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded head.  
 Delightful day it is for all who dwell  
 In this secluded glen, and eagerly  
 They give it welcome Long ere heat of noon, 20  
 From byre or field the kine were brought, the sheep  
 Are penned in cotes, the chaffering is begun  
 The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice  
 Of a new master, bleat the flocks aloud  
 Booths are there none, a stall or two is here, 25  
 A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,

---

8 children and their wives *A C D E*<sup>2</sup> wives and little ones *E*

10 It is a Festival, a rustic fair *A*<sup>2</sup>

They hold a rustic fair—a festival *D E*<sup>2</sup>

Amid the throng they hold a rustic fair *D*<sup>2</sup> *E*<sup>2</sup>

14–15 *A C D E D*<sup>2</sup> *E*<sup>2</sup> as 1850

16 Delightful day for those whose lives are past *A*<sup>2</sup>.

19 *A C D E E*<sup>2</sup> as 1850

20–1 That have for this day's traffic been cull'd out  
 Are penn'd in cotes together on the Plain *A*<sup>2</sup> *C*

- The other to make music, hither, too,  
 From far, with Basket, slung upon her arm,  
 Of Hawker's Wares, books, pictures, combs, and pins,  
 30 Some aged Woman finds her way again, [30]  
 Year after year a punctual visitant!  
 The Showman with his Freight upon his Back,  
 And once, perchance, in lapse of many years  
 Prouder Itinerant, Mountebank, or He [35]  
 35 Whose Wonders in a cover'd Wain he hid  
 But One is here, the loveliest of them all,  
 Some sweet Lass of the Valley, looking out  
 For gains, and who that sees her would not buy?  
 Fruits of her Father's Orchard, apples, pears, [40]  
 40 (On that day only to such office stooping)  
 She carries in her Basket, and walks round  
 Among the crowd, half pleas'd with, half ashamed  
 Of her new calling, blushing restlessly  
 The Children now are rich, the old Man now  
 45 Is generous, so gaiety prevails [45]  
 Which all partake of, Young and Old Immense [55]  
 Is the Recess, the circumambient World  
 Magnificent, by which they are embraced  
 They move about upon the soft green field  
 50 How little They, they and their doings seem,  
 Their herds and flocks about them, they themselves,  
 And all that they can further or obstruct! [60]  
 Through utter weakness pitiaibly dear  
 As tender Infants are and yet how great!  
 55 For all things serve them, them the Morning light  
 Loves as it glistens on the silent rocks,  
 And them the silent Rocks, which now from high [65]  
 Look down upon them, the reposing Clouds,  
 The lurking Brooks from their invisible haunts,

29 pins, C pins A

32 The Showman on his back bearing [ ] D The stout man bent under  
 his raree show D<sup>2</sup> (*deleted*) D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 33 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

39-41 A C D (*but on that day for apples, pears, D*) D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

45-8 A C D E

Is generous or haply if the sire  
 Content with looking on should sit apart  
 'A cheerful smile *etc* as 1850 E<sup>2</sup>

sit apart

And single, or in converse with his mate  
 Memory's dear partner, hope's unfailing stay  
 'A cheerful smile *etc* E<sup>2</sup> E<sup>4</sup> as 1850

The other to make music, hither, too,  
 From far, with basket, slung upon her arm,  
 Of hawker's wares—books, pictures, combs, and pins—  
 Some aged woman finds her way again, 30  
 Year after year, a punctual visitant !  
 There also stands a speech-maker by rote,  
 Pulling the strings of his boxed raree show,  
 And in the lapse of many years may come  
 Prouder itinerant, mountebank, or he 35  
 Whose wonders in a covered wain he hid  
 But one there is, the loveliest of them all,  
 Some sweet lass of the valley, looking out  
 For gains, and who that sees her would not buy ?  
 Fruits of her father's orchard, are her wares, 40  
 And with the ruddy produce, she walks round  
 Among the crowd, half pleased with half ashamed  
 Of her new office, blushing restlessly  
 The children now are rich, for the old to-day  
 Are generous as the young, and, if content 45  
 With looking on, some ancient wedded pair  
 Sit in the shade together, while they gaze,  
 ' A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled brow,  
 The days departed start again to life,  
 And all the scenes of childhood reappear, 50  
 Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing sun  
 To him who slept at noon and wakes at eve '  
 Thus gaiety and cheerfulness prevail,  
 Spreading from young to old, from old to young,  
 And no one seems to want his share —Immense 55  
 Is the recess, the circumambient world  
 Magnificent, by which they are embraced  
 They move about upon the soft green turf  
 How little they, they and their doings, seem,  
 And all that they can further or obstruct ! 60  
 Through utter weakness pitifully dear,  
 As tender infants are and yet how great !  
 For all things serve them them the morning light  
 Loves, as it glistens on the silent rocks  
 And them the silent rocks, which now from high 65  
 Look down upon them, the reposing clouds,  
 The wild brooks prattling from invisible haunts,

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 49 held A C D helds E turf E<sup>2</sup>

 59 from A E<sup>2</sup> mid A<sup>2</sup> C D E

60 And Old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir,  
And the blue Sky that roofs their calm abode

With deep devotion, Nature, did I feel [70]  
In that great City what I owed to thee,  
High thoughts of God and Man, and love of Man,  
65 Triumphant over all those loathsome sights  
Of wretchedness and vice, a watchful eye,  
Which with the outside of our human life  
Not satisfied, must read the inner mind,  
For I already had been taught to love  
70 My Fellow-beings, to such habits tram'd  
Among the woods and mountains, where I found  
In thee a gracious Guide, to lead me forth  
Beyond the bosom of my Family,  
My Friends and youthful Playmates 'Twas thy power  
75 That rais'd the first complacency in me,  
And noticeable kindness of heart, [124]  
Love human to the Creature in himself  
As he appear'd, a stranger in my path,  
Before my eyes a Brother of this world,  
80 Thou first didst with those motions of delight  
Inspire me—I remember, far from home  
Once having stray'd, while yet a very Child,  
I saw a sight, and with what joy and love!  
It was a day of exhalations, spread  
85 Upon the mountains, mists and steam-like fogs  
Redounding everywhere, not vehement,  
But calm and mild, gentle and beautiful,  
With gleams of sunshine on the eyelet spots  
And loop-holes of the hills, wherever seen,  
90 Hidden by quiet process, and as soon  
Unfolded, to be huddled up again  
Along a narrow Valley and profound  
I journey'd, when, aloft above my head,  
Emerging from the silvery vapours, lo!  
95 A Shepherd and his Dog! in open day  
Girt round with mists they stood and look'd about  
From that enclosure small, inhabitants  
Of an aerial Island floating on,  
As seem'd, with that Abode in which they were,  
100 A little pendant area of grey rocks,  
By the soft wind breath'd forward With delight

And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir  
Which animates this day their calm abode

With deep devotion, Nature, did I feel,  
In that enormous City's turbulent world  
Of men and things, what benefit I owed  
To thee, and those domains of rural peace,

70

---

55-61 *A supplies this alternative version*

For all things serve them, serve them for delight  
Or profit from the moment when the dawn  
Ah surely not without attendant gleams  
Of heart illumination strikes the sense  
With its first glistening on the silent rock  
Whose evening shadows led them to repose  
And doubt ye that these solitudes are paced  
By tutelary Powers more safely versed  
In weal and woe than aught that fabled Greece  
Invented, Spirits gentle and benign  
Who now perhaps from yon reposing cloud  
Look down upon them or frequent the ridge  
Of old Helvellyn listening to the stir  
That with this ancient festival returns  
To animate and cheer their calm abode

61 *A C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850*

64 love of] hope in *A<sup>2</sup> C*

71-2 Amid those regions where in thee I found  
A guide that led the young affections forth *A<sup>2</sup>*

[70-87] *D stuck over D<sup>2</sup> as 1850*

74-83 My friends and playmates, ne'er shall I forget  
The kindness a simple pastoral sight  
Raised in me once while yet a very child  
On careless pastime bent and far from home *A*

81-5 I remember, on a day  
Of summer, while the mountains were involved  
With exhalations, mists, etc *A C (but C omits involved)*

85 steam-like fogs] fogs like smoke *Y*

After 86 *Y has extra line*

Like those which have been recently described

93 I journey'd on, when high above my head *Y*

96-7 and looked about] and forth did look *B<sup>2</sup> A deletes and looked  
about small not in C*

98 Of an aerial and floating Isle *A<sup>2</sup> C*

99 *A deletes not in C*

- As bland almost, one Evening I beheld,  
 And at as early age (the spectacle  
 Is common, but by me was then first seen)  
 105 A Shepherd in the bottom of a Vale  
 Towards the centre standing, who with voice,  
 And hand waved to and fro as need required  
 Gave signal to his Dog, thus teaching him  
 To chace along the mazes of steep crags  
 110 The Flock he could not see and so the Brute  
 Dear Creature ! with a Man's intelligence  
 Advancing, or retreating on his steps,  
 Through every pervious strait, to right or left,  
 Thridded away unbaffled , while the Flock  
 115 Fled upwards from the terror of his Bark  
 Through rocks and seams of turf with liquid gold  
 Irradiate, that deep farewell light by which  
 The setting sun proclaims the love he bears  
 To mountain regions
- Beauteous the domain
- 120 Where to the sense of beauty first my heart  
 Was open'd, tract more exquisitely fair [75]  
 Than is that Paradise of ten thousand Trees,  
 Or Gehol's famous Gardens, in a Clime  
 Chosen from widest empire, for delight  
 125 Of the Tartarian Dynasty composed ,  
 (Beyond that mighty Wall, not fabulous,  
 China's stupendous mound ') by patient skill [80]  
 Of myriads, and boon Nature's lavish help ,  
 Scene link'd to scene, an evergrowing change,  
 130 Soft, grand, or gay ! with Palaces and Domes  
 Of Pleasure spangled over, shady Dells [85]  
 For Eastern Monasteries, sunny Mounds  
 With Temples crested, Bridges, Gondolas,  
 Rocks, Dens, and Groves of foliage taught to melt  
 135 Into each other their obsequious hues  
 Going and gone again, in subtle chace, [90]  
 Too fine to be pursued , or standing forth  
 In no discordant opposition, strong  
 And gorgeous as the colours side by side  
 140 Bedded among rich plumes of Tropic Birds ;  
 And mountains over all embracing all , [95]  
 And all the landscape endlessly enrich'd  
 With waters running, falling, or asleep

Where to the sense of beauty first my heart  
 Was opened , tract more exquisitely fair 75  
 Than that famed paradise of ten thousand trees  
 Or Gehol's matchless gardens, for delight  
 Of the Tartarian dynasty composed  
 (Beyond that mighty wall, not fabulous,  
 China's stupendous mound) by patient toil 80  
 Of myriads and boon nature's lavish help ,  
 There, in a clime from widest empire chosen,  
 Fulfilling (could enchantment have done more ?)  
 A sumptuous dream of flowery lawns, with domes  
 Of pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells 85  
 For eastern monasteries, sunny mounts  
 With temples crested, bridges, gondolas,  
 Rocks, dens, and groves of foliage taught to melt  
 Into each other their obsequious hues,  
 Vanished and vanishing in subtle chase, 90  
 Too fine to be pursued , or standing forth  
 In no discordant opposition, strong  
 And gorgeous as the colours side by side  
 Bedded among rich plumes of tropic birds ,  
 And mountains over all, embracing all , 95  
 And all the landscape, endlessly enriched  
 With waters running, falling, or asleep

---

103-4 A *deletes*, C *retains*

108 thus teaching him A instructed thus A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

111 *not in* C With his own speed and Man's intelligence A<sup>2</sup>

134 Rocks dens and caves and forests taught to melt Y Y<sup>2</sup> as A

136 Going and gone again A C Vanished and vanishing A<sup>2</sup>



But lovelier far than this the Paradise  
 145 Where I was rear'd, in Nature's primitive gifts  
 Favor'd no less, and more to every sense [100]  
 Delicious, seeing that the sun and sky,  
 The elements and seasons in their change  
 Do find their dearest Fellow-labourer there,  
 150 The heart of Man, a district on all sides  
 The fragrance breathing of humanity,  
 Man free, man working for himself, with choice  
 Of time, and place, and object, by his wants, [105]  
 His comforts, native occupations, cares,  
 155 Conducted on to individual ends  
 Or social, and still followed by a train  
 Unwoo'd, unthought-of even, simplicity,  
 And beauty, and inevitable grace [110]

Yea, doubtless, at an age when but a glimpse  
 160 Of those resplendent Gardens, with their frame  
 Imperial, and elaborate ornaments,  
 Would to a child be transport over-great,  
 When but a half-hour's roam through such a place  
 Would leave behind a dance of images  
 165 That shall break in upon his sleep for weeks, [115]  
 Even then the common haunts of the green earth,  
 With the ordinary human interests  
 Which they embosom, all without regard  
 As both may seem, are fastening on the heart  
 170 Insensibly, each with the other's help, [120]  
 So that we love, not knowing that we love,  
 And feel, not knowing whence our feeling comes.

Such league have these two principles of joy  
 In our affections I have singled out  
 175 Some moments, the earliest that I could, in which  
 Their several currents blended into one,  
 Weak yet, and gathering imperceptibly,  
 Flow'd in by gushes My first human love,  
 As hath been mention'd, did incline to those  
 180 Whose occupations and concerns were most  
 Illustrated by Nature and adorn'd, [127]

---

149 their dearest] a worthy A<sup>2</sup> C

150-1 A deletes, not in C

159-72 For alternative passage in Y v notes

167 With the ordinary interests of man D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

But lovelier far than this, the paradise  
 Where I was reared, in Nature's primitive gifts  
 Favoured no less, and more to every sense 100  
 Delicious, seeing that the sun and sky,  
 The elements, and seasons as they change,  
 Do find a worthy fellow-labourer there—  
 Man free, man working for himself, with choice  
 Of time, and place, and object, by his wants, 105  
 His comforts, native occupations, cares,  
 Cheerfully led to individual ends  
 Or social, and still followed by a train  
 Unwooded, unthought-of even—simplicity,  
 And beauty, and inevitable grace 110

Yea, when a glimpse of those imperial bowers  
 Would to a child be transport over-great,  
 When but a half-hour's roam through such a place  
 Would leave behind a dance of images,  
 That shall break in upon his sleep for weeks, 115  
 Even then the common haunts of the green earth,  
 And ordinary interests of man,  
 Which they embosom, all without regard  
 As both may seem, are fastening on the heart  
 Insensibly, each with the other's help 120  
 For me, when my affections first were led  
 From kindred, friends, and playmates, to partake  
 Love for the human creature's absolute self,  
 That noticeable kindness of heart  
 Sprang out of fountains, there abounding most 125  
 Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks  
 And occupations which her beauty adorned,

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171-91 *C has some rough pencillings of later version, which in D is struck over earlier version* In place of [122] D<sup>2</sup> E read Beyond the bosom of my family My friends and playmates to participate (D<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> as 1850), and after [123] E has As he appeared a stranger in my path (marked 'out') [125] From casual fountains flowed, abounding there D<sup>2</sup> E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850 After [128] D<sup>2</sup> E have Not such, tho' imagination played around them [136] D<sup>2</sup> wind, D<sup>2</sup> fate.

- And Shepherds were the men who pleas'd me first  
 Not such as in Arcadian Fastnesses  
 Sequester'd, handed down among themselves,  
 185 So ancient Poets sing, the golden Age ,  
 Nor such, a second Race, allied to these,  
 As Shakespeare in the Wood of Arden plac'd  
 Where Phoebe sigh'd for tne false Ganymede, [141]  
 Or there where Florizel and Perdita  
 190 Together danc'd, Queen of the Feast and King ,  
 Nor such as Spenser fabled True it is,  
 That I had heard (what he perhaps had seen) [145]  
 Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far  
 Their May-bush, and along the Streets, in flocks,  
 195 Parading with a Song of taunting Rhymes,  
 Aim'd at the Laggards slumbering within doors ,  
 Had also heard, from those who yet remember'd, [150]  
 Tales of the May-pole Dance, and flowers that deck'd  
 The Posts and the Kirk-pillars and of Youths,  
 200 That each one with his Maid, at break of day,  
 By annual custom issued forth in troops,  
 To drink the waters of some favorite well,  
 And hang it round with Garlands This, alas !  
 Was but a dream , the times had scatter'd all  
 205 These lighter graces, and the rural custom  
 And manners which it was my chance to see [160]  
 In childhood were severe and unadorn'd,  
 The unluxuriant produce of a life

- 
- 183 Not such as in the depths of Arcady Y  
 183-5 Not such as by the changes of the world  
 Unbreath'd upon, preserv'd from sire to son  
 Among Arcadian fastnesses, so sing  
 The bards of ancient Greece, the golden age A<sup>2</sup> C  
 186-7 Nor such as by the changes of the world  
 Unbreath'd upon or wishing so to be  
 Among the wide spread woods of Arden dwelt B<sup>a</sup>  
 188-90 Where wayward Phoebe, scorning Sylvius, made  
 To the false Ganymede her suit, or there  
 Where Florizel and beauteous Perdita  
 Together danced, King of the Feast, and Queen A<sup>2</sup> C  
 194-6 In celebration of thy birth, sweet May '  
 A branch of flowery hawthorn, and, in shoals  
 And mirthful companies, from street to street  
 Parading with a song of taunting Raymes  
 Aimed at the laggards slumbering within doors,  
 Heedless of spring and morning's pure delight A<sup>2</sup> C

And Shepherds were the men that pleased me first ,  
 Not such as Saturn ruled 'mid Latian wilds,  
 With arts and laws so tempered, that their lives 130  
 Left, even to us toiling in this late day,  
 A bright tradition of the golden age ,  
 Not such as, 'mid Arcadian fastnesses  
 Sequestered, handed down among themselves  
 Felicity, in Grecian song renowned , 135  
 Nor such as, when an adverse fate had driven,  
 From house and home, the courtly band whose fortunes  
 Entered, with Shakspeare's genius, the wild woods  
 Of Arden, amid sunshine or in shade,  
 Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted hours, 140  
 Ere Phoebe sighed for the false Ganymede ,  
 Or there where Perdita and Florizel  
 Together danced, Queen of the feast, and King ,  
 Nor such as Spenser fabled True it is,  
 That I had heard (what he perhaps had seen) 145  
 Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far  
 Their May-bush, and along the street in flocks  
 Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,  
 Aimed at the laggards slumbering within doors ,  
 Had also heard, from those who yet remembered, 150  
 Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths that decked  
 Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar , and of youths,  
 Each with his maid, before the sun was up,  
 By annual custom, issuing forth in troops  
 To drink the waters of some sainted well, 155  
 And hang it round with garlands Love survives ,  
 But, for such purpose, flowers no longer grow  
 The times, too sage, perhaps too proud, have dropped  
 These lighter graces , and the rural ways  
 And manners which my childhood looked upon 160  
 Were the unluxuriant produce of a life

203-7

Garlands Love survives

But for such purpose flowers no longer grow  
 The times too wise, or shall we say too proud  
 Have dropped these lighter graces and the shews  
 Of rural manners which I chanced to see  
 In childhood etc A<sup>2</sup>C

205-7 These graces and the aspect which I saw

In child(hood) was severe and unadorn'd Y

Intent on little but substantial needs,  
 210 Yet beautiful, and beauty that was felt  
 But images of danger and distress,  
 And suffering among awful Powers, and Forms , [165]  
 Of this I heard and saw enough to make  
 The imagination restless , nor was free  
 215 Myself from frequent perils , nor were tales  
 Wanting, the tragedies of former times,  
 Or hazards and escapes, which in my walks [170]  
 I carried with me among crags and woods  
 And mountains , and of these may here be told  
 220 One, as recorded by my Household Dame

At the first falling of autumnal snow  
 A Shepherd and his Son one day went forth  
 (Thus did the Matron's Tale begin) to seek  
 A Straggler of their Flock They both had rang'd  
 225 Upon this service the preceding day  
 All over their own pastures and beyond,  
 And now, at sun-rise sallying out again  
 Renew'd their s arch begun where from Dove Crag,  
 Ill home for bird so gentle, they look'd down  
 230 On Deep-dale Head, and Brothers-water, named  
 From those two Brothers that were drown'd therein  
 Thence, northward, having pass'd by Arthur's Seat,  
 To Fairfield's highest summit , on the right  
 Leaving St Sunday's Pike, to Grisedale Tarn  
 235 They shot, and over that cloud-loving Hill,  
 Seat Sandal, a fond lover of the clouds ,  
 Thence up Helvellyn, a superior Mount  
 With prospect underneath of Striding-Edge,  
 And Grisedale's houseless Vale, along the brink  
 240 Of Russet Cove, and those two other Coves,  
 Huge skeletons of crags, which from the trunk  
 Of old Helvellyn spread their arms abroad,  
 And make a stormy harbour for the winds  
 Far went those Shepherds in their devious quest,  
 245 From mountain ridges peeping as they pass'd  
 Down into every Glen at length the Boy  
 Said, ' Father, with your leave I will go back,  
 And range the ground which we have search'd before '  
 So speaking, southward down the hill the Lad  
 250 Sprang like a gust of wind, crying aloud

Intent on little but substantial needs,  
 Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt  
 But images of danger and distress,  
 Man suffering among awful Powers and Forms, 165  
 Of this I heard, and saw enough to make  
 Imagination restless, nor was free  
 Myself from frequent perils, nor were tales  
 Wanting,—the tragedies of former times,  
 Hazards and strange escapes, of which the rocks 170  
 Immutable and everflowing streams,  
 Where'er I roamed, were speaking monuments

*Between 209 and 210 Y has*

Set off by Nature's weekday help alone.

210 beautiful, and ACD rich in beauty, E

211-12 But 'twas the image of a danger in them  
 And suffering man that took my[?]  
 Man suffering among etc Y

217-29 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

219-310 A B delete, not in C (241-93 cut out of B)

220 followed in Y by

The story of a child a Shepherd boy  
 Whose perilous adventure pleas'd me much  
 To hear while I myself was yet a child Y

222-5 A shepherd and his son one day went forth  
 In search of a stray sheep—It was the time  
 When from the heights our shepherds drive their flocks  
 To gather all their mountain family  
 Into the homestalls, ere they send them back  
 There to defend themselves the winter long  
 Old Michael for this purpose had driven down  
 His flock into the Vale, but as it chanced,  
 A single sheep was wanting They had sought  
 The straggler during the preceding day J<sup>2</sup>

223-5 Thus did the matron's narrative begin  
 In search of a stray sheep The flock had all  
 By custom of the season been driven down  
 To the homestalls the whole mountain family  
 Gather'd together, but a single sheep  
 As it befell was missing etc as J<sup>2</sup>, J

227 And sallying forth before the sun was up J

227-8 And now at sunrise sallying forth again  
 Far did they go that morning with their search  
 Beginning towards the south, where from Dove Crag J<sup>2</sup> Y Y<sup>2</sup> as A

232 having passed] did they pass J 234 Pike] crag J

246 Glen] nook J

246-8 And far d.d they look forth At length said Luke  
 Father 'tis loss of labour etc as J<sup>2</sup>, but 248 Up to the ground  
 which we have search'd before J

247-9 Said Father, 'tis lost labour with your leave  
 I will go back and range a second time  
 The grounds which we have hunted through before  
 So saying, homeward J<sup>2</sup> Y Y<sup>2</sup> as A

‘ I know where I shall find him ’ ‘ For take note,  
Said here my grey hair’d Dame, that tho’ the storm  
Drive one of these poor Creatures miles and miles,  
If he can crawl he will return again  
255 To his own hills, the spots where, when a Lamb,  
He learn’d to pasture at his Mother’s side ’  
After so long a labour, suddenly  
Bethinking him of this, the Boy  
Pursued his way towards a brook whose course  
260 Was through that untenced tract of mountain-ground  
Which to his Father’s little Farm belong’d,  
The home and ancient Birth-right of their Flock  
Down the deep channel of the Stream he went,  
Prying through every nook , meanwhile the rain  
265 Began to fall upon the mountain tops,  
Thick storm and heavy which for three hours’ space  
Abated not , and all that time the Boy  
Was busy in his search until at length  
He spied the Sheep upon a plot of grass,  
270 An Island in the Brook It was a place  
Remote and deep, piled round with rocks where foot  
Of man or beast was seldom used to tread ,  
But now, when everywhere the summer grass  
Had fail’d, this one Adventurer, hunger-press’d,  
275 Had left his Fellows, and made his way alone  
To the green plot of pasture in the Brook  
Before the Boy knew well what he had seen  
He leapt upon the Island with proud heart  
And with a Prophet’s joy Immediately  
280 The Sheep sprang forward to the further Shore  
And was borne headlong by the roaring flood  
At this the Boy look’d round him, and his heart  
Fainted with fear ; thrice did he turn his face  
To either brink , nor could he summon up  
285 The courage that was needful to leap back  
Cross the tempestuous torrent , so he stood,  
A Prisoner on the Island, not without  
More than one thought of death and his last hour  
Meanwhile the Father had return’d alone  
290 To his own house , and now at the approach  
Of evening he went forth to meet his Son,  
Conjecturing vainly for what cause the Boy  
Had stay’d so long The Shepherd took his way

---

250-3    wind and with a heart                      wind his heart was full  
 Brimful of glory said within himself    Of confidence that he should quickly  
 I know where I shall find him, though                      find  
                  the storm                      What they had sought so long, for  
 Have driven him twenty miles                      ye must know  
                  before this time J                      Said here *etc as A* 2512 J<sup>1</sup>  
 258 These thoughts thus working in his mind, the Lad J  
                  Bethinking him of this again the boy J<sup>1</sup>  
 274 Began to fail, this sheep by hunger pressed J    J<sup>1</sup> *as A*  
 275 made his way J<sup>1</sup> A    had gone J  
 289 the Father J<sup>1</sup> A    old Michael J  
 292 Conjecturing vainly] Nor could he guess J



Up his own mountain grounds, where, as he walk'd  
 295 Along the Steep that overhung the Brook,  
 He seem'd to hear a voice, which was again  
 Repeated, like the whistling of a kite  
 At this, not knowing why, as oftentimes  
 Long afterwards he has been heard to say,  
 300 Down to the Brook he went, and track'd its course  
 Upwards among the o'erhanging rocks, nor thus  
 Had he gone far, ere he espied the Boy  
 Where on that little plot of ground he stood  
 Right in the middle of the roaring Stream,  
 305 Now stronger every moment and more fierce  
 The sight was such as no one could have seen  
 Without distress and fear The Shepherd heard  
 The outcry of his Son, he stretch'd his Staff  
 Towards him, bade him leap, which word scarce said  
 310 The Boy was safe within his Father's arms

Smooth life had Flock and Shepherd in old time,  
 Long Springs and tepid Winters on the Banks  
 Of delicate Galesus, and no less [175]  
 Those scatter'd along Adria's myrtle Shores  
 315 Smooth life the herdsman and his snow-white Herd  
 To Triumphs and to sacrificial Rites  
 Devoted, on the inviolable Stream  
 Of rich Clitumnus, and the Goat-herd liv'd [180]  
 As sweetly, underneath the pleasant brows  
 320 Of cool Lucretius, where the Pipe was heard  
 Of Pan, the invisible God, thrilling the rocks  
 With tutelary music, from all harm  
 The Fold protecting I myself, mature [185]  
 In manhood then, have seen a pastoral Tract  
 325 Like one of these, where Fancy might run wild,  
 Though under skies less generous and serene;  
 Yet there, as for herself, had Nature fram'd  
 A Pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse [190]  
 Of level Pasture, islanded with Groves  
 330 And bank'd with woody Risings, but the Plain  
 Endless, here opening widely out, and there  
 Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn  
 And intricate recesses, creek or bay [195]  
 Shelter'd within a shelter, where at large  
 335 The Shepherd strays, a rolling hut his home:

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,  
 Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks  
 Of delicate Galesus, and no less 175  
 Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores  
 Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-white herd  
 To triumphs and to sacrificial rites  
 Devoted, on the inviolable stream  
 Of rich Clitumnus, and the goat-herd lived 180  
 As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows  
 Of cool Lucretius, where the pipe was heard  
 Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the rocks  
 With tutelary music, from all harm  
 The fold protecting I myself, mature 185  
 In manhood then, have seen a pastoral tract  
 Like one of these, where Fancy might run wild,  
 Though under skies less generous, less serene  
 There, for her own delight had Nature framed  
 A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse 190  
 Of level pasture, islanded with groves  
 And banked with woody usings, but the Plain  
 Endless, here opening widely out, and there  
 Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn  
 And intricate recesses, creek or bay 195  
 Sheltered within a shelter, where at large  
 The shepherd strays, a rolling hut his home

---

299 The old man afterwards was heard to say J

305 *Not in J*

306-7 Without alarm and trouble, Michael heard J J<sup>2</sup> as A

310 his Father's J<sup>2</sup> A the old man's J

314 Those scatter'd along]

To kindly Jupiter owed they, who dwelt

Scattered along warm D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

315 the] had A<sup>2</sup> C

319 sweetly A calmly A<sup>2</sup> C

327 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

- Thither he comes with spring-time, there abides  
 All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear  
 His flute or flagelet resounding far,  
 There 's not a Nook or Hold of that vast space,  
 340 Nor Strait where passage is, but it shall have  
 In turn its Visitant, telling there his hours  
 In unlabourous pleasure, with no task [105]  
 More toilsome than to carve a beechen bowl  
 For Spring or Fountain, which the Traveller finds  
 345 When through the region he pursues at will  
 His devious course A glimpse of such sweet life  
 I saw when, from the melancholy Walls [210]  
 Of Goslar, once Imperial! I renew'd  
 My daily walk along that cheerful Plain,  
 350 Which, reaching to her Gates, spreads East and West  
 And Northwards, from beneath the mountainous verge  
 Of the Hercynian forest Yet hail to You, [215]  
 Your rocks and precipices, Ye that seize  
 The heart with firmer grasp! your snows and streams  
 355 Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds, [220]  
 That howl'd so dismally when I have been  
 Companionless, among your solitudes  
 There 'tis the Shepherd's task the winter long  
 To wait upon the storms of their approach  
 360 Sagacious, from the height he drives his Flock [225]  
 Down into sheltering coves, and feeds them there  
 Through the hard time, long as the storm is lock'd,  
 (So do they phrase it) bearing from the stalls  
 A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,  
 365 To strew it on the snow And when the Spring  
 Looks out, and all the mountains dance with lambs, [230]  
 He through the enclosures won from the steep Waste,  
 And through the lower Heights hath gone his rounds,  
 And when the Flock with warmer weather climbs  
 370 Higher and higher, him his office leads  
 To range among them, through the hills dispers'd,  
 And watch their goings, whatsoever track  
 Each Wanderer chuses for itself, a work  
 That lasts the summer through He quits his home

338 His liquid flute or flageolet from far D D<sup>1</sup> as 1850

339-40 A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

346 devious A C D dubious E *query* devious E-

349-50 A<sup>1</sup> C as 1850 352-3 A C D, but D huge for, Ye D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Thither he comes with spring-time, there abides  
 All summer, and at sunrise ye may hear  
 His flageolet to liquid notes of love 200  
 Attuned, or sprightly fife resounding far  
 Nook 's there none, nor tract of that vast space  
 Where passage opens, but the same shall have  
 In turn its visitant, telling there his hours  
 In unlaborious pleasure, with no task 205  
 More toilsome than to carve a beechen bowl  
 For spring or fountain, which the traveller finds,  
 When through the region he pursues at will  
 His devious course A glimpse of such sweet life  
 I saw when, from the melancholy walls 210  
 Of Goslar, once imperial, I renewed  
 My daily walk along that wide champaign,  
 That, reaching to her gates, spreads east and west,  
 And northwards, from beneath the mountainous verge  
 Of the Hercynian forest Yet, hail to you 215  
 Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye hollow vales,  
 Ye long deep channels for the Atlantic's voice,  
 Powers of my native region ! Ye that seize  
 The heart with firmer grasp ! Your snows and streams  
 Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds, 220  
 That howl so dismally for him who treads  
 Companionless your awful solitudes !  
 There, 'tis the shepherd's task the winter long  
 To wait upon the storms of their approach  
 Sagacious, into sheltering coves he drives 225  
 His flock, and thither from the homestead bears  
 A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,  
 And deals it out, their regular nourishment  
 Strewn on the frozen snow And when the spring  
 Looks out, and all the pastures dance with lambs, 230  
 And when the flock, with warmer weather, climbs  
 Higher and higher, him his office leads  
 To watch their goings, whatsoever track  
 The wanderers choose For this he quits his home

---

353 rocks] crags Y

356-7 when I have trod,

Companionless, your awful solitudes A<sup>2</sup> C

360-4 A C So D, but *omitting* feeds bearing *and adding*, after 364, He  
 duly bears their welcome nourishment D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

361 Downwards and feeds them among sheltering coves A<sup>2</sup>

[228] regular E<sup>2</sup> punctual D E 366 mountains A C D pastures D<sup>2</sup>

- 375 At day-spring and no sooner doth the sun [235]  
 Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat  
 Than he lies down upon some shining place  
 And breakfasts with his Dog, when he hath stay'd,  
 As for the most he doth, beyond his time, [239]
- 380 He springs up with a bound, and then away '  
 Ascending fast with his long Pole in hand,  
 Or winding in and out among the crags  
 What need to follow him through what he does [250]  
 Or sees in his day's march ? He feels himself
- 385 In those vast regions where his service is  
 A Freeman, wedded to his life of hope  
 And hazard, and hard labour interchang'd  
 With that majestic indolence so dear [255]  
 To native Man A rambling Schoolboy, thus
- 390 Have I beheld him, without knowing why  
 Have felt his presence in his own domain,  
 As of a Lord and Master, or a Power  
 Or Genius, under Nature, under God,  
 Presiding, and severest solitude [260]
- 395 Seem'd more commanding oft when he was there  
 Seeking the raven's nest, and suddenly  
 Surpriz'd with vapours, or on rainy days  
 When I have angled up the lonely brooks  
 Mine eyes have glanced upon him, few steps off, [265]
- 400 In size a giant, stalking through the fog,  
 His Sheep like Greenland Bears, at other times  
 When round some shady promontory turning,  
 His Form hath flash'd upon me, glorified  
 By the deep radiance of the setting sun [270]
- 405 Or him have I descried in distant sky,  
 A solitary object and sublime,

---

377 place] rock A<sup>2</sup> C

379-84 As he is wont, beyond the allotted time

From his hard couch he starts *etc to* turf [244] *as* 1850  
 with beauty how profuse

The lingering dews smoke round him—On he lies

His staff portending like a hunter's spear *etc to* [251] *as* 1850 A<sup>1</sup> C

385 is A lies A<sup>2</sup> C

395 A<sup>2</sup> C<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

396 While seeking the Kite's nest Y Y<sup>2</sup> *as* A.

396-9 How oft when angling up the lonely brooks

On rainy days, or suddenly surpriz'd

With vapour, when I sought the raven's nest

At day-spring, and no sooner doth the sun                   235  
 Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,  
 Than he lies down upon some shining rock,  
 And breakfasts with his dog When they have stolen,  
 As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,  
 For rest not needed or exchange of love,                   240  
 Then from his couch he starts, and now his feet  
 Crush out a livelier fragrance from the flowers  
 Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill enwrought  
 In the wild turf the lingering dews of morn  
 Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he hies,                   245  
 His staff protending like a hunter's spear,  
 Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,  
 And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged streams  
 Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,  
 Might deign to follow him through what he does                   250  
 Or sees in his day's march, himself he feels,  
 In those vast regions where his service lies,  
 A freeman, wedded to his life of hope  
 And hazard, and hard labour interchanged  
 With that majestic indolence so dear                   255  
 To native man A rambling school-boy, thus  
 I felt his presence in his own domain,  
 As of a lord and master, or a power,  
 Or genius, under Nature, under God,  
 Presiding, and severest solitude                   260  
 Had more commanding looks when he was there  
 When up the lonely brooks on rainy days  
 Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills  
 By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes  
 Have glanced upon him distant a few steps,                   265  
 In size a giant, stalking through thick fog,  
 His sheep like Greenland bears, or, as he stepped  
 Beyond the boundary line of some hill-shadow,  
 His form hath flashed upon me, glorified  
 By the deep radiance of the setting sun                   270  
 Or him have I descried in distant sky,  
 A solitary object and sublime,

---

Have I beheld him, distant a few steps A<sup>2</sup>  
 When I have angled up the lonely brooks  
 On rainy days, or trod the trackless hills  
 By mists bewildered suddenly mine eyes  
 Have glanced upon him distant a few steps A<sup>2</sup> C

Above all height ' like an aerial Cross,  
 As it is stationed on some spiry Rock  
 Of the Chartreuse, for worship Thus was Man [275]  
 410 Ennobled outwardly before mine eyes,  
 And thus my heart at first was introduc'd  
 To an unconscious love and reverence  
 Of human Nature, hence the human form  
 To me was like an index of delight, [280]  
 415 Of grace and honour, power and worthiness  
 Meanwhile, this Creature, spiritual almost  
 As those of Books, but more exalted far,  
 Far more of an imaginative form,  
 Was not a Corin of the groves, who lives [285]  
 420 For his own fancies, or to dance by the hour  
 In coronal, with Phillis in the midst,  
 But, for the purposes of kind, a Man  
 With the most common, Husband, Father, learn'd,  
 Could teach, admonish, suffer'd with the rest [290]  
 425 From vice and folly, wretchedness and fear;  
 Of this I little saw, car'd less for it,  
 But something must have felt

Call ye these appearances  
 Which I beheld of Shepherds in my youth,  
 This sanctity of Nature given to Man [295]  
 430 A shadow, a delusion, ye who are fed  
 By the dead letter, miss the spirit of things,  
 Whose truth is not a motion or a shape  
 Instinct with vital functions, but a Block  
 Or waxen Image which yourselves have made, [300]  
 435 And ye adore But blessed be the God  
 Of Nature and of Man that this was so,  
 That Men did at the first present themselves  
 Before my untaught eyes thus purified,  
 Remov'd, and at a distance that was fit  
 440 And so we all of us in some degree  
 Are led to knowledge, whencesoever led,  
 And howsoever, were it otherwise,  
 And we found evil fast as we find good  
 In our first years, or think that it is found, [310]  
 445 How could the innocent heart bear up and live '  
 But doubly fortunate my lot; not here

Above all height ! like an aerial cross  
 Stationed alone upon a spiry rock  
 Of the Chartreuse, for worship Thus was man 275  
 Ennobled outwardly before my sight,  
 And thus my heart was early introduced  
 To an unconscious love and reverence  
 Of human nature , hence the human form  
 To me became an index of delight, 280  
 Of grace and honour, power and worthiness  
 Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost  
 As those of books, but more exalted far ,  
 Far more of an imaginative form.  
 Than the gay Corin of the groves, who lives 285  
 For his own fancies, or to dance by the hour,  
 In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—  
 Was, for the purposes of kind, a man  
 With the most common , husband, father , learned,  
 Could teach, admonish , suffered with the rest 290  
 From vice and folly, wretchedness and fear ,  
 Of this I little saw, cared less for it,  
 But something must have felt  
 Call ye these appearances—  
 Which I beheld of shepherds in my youth,  
 This sanctity of Nature given to man— 295  
 A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore  
 On the dead letter, miss the spirit of things,  
 Whose truth is not a motion or a shape  
 Instinct with vital functions, but a block  
 Or waxen image which yourselves have made, 300  
 And ye adore ! But blessed be the God  
 Of Nature and of Man that this was so ,  
 That men before my inexperienced eyes  
 Did first present themselves thus purified,  
 Removed, and to a distance that was fit 305  
 And so we all of us in some degree  
 Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led,  
 And howsoever , were it otherwise,  
 And we found evil fast as we find good  
 In our first years, or think that it is found, 310  
 How could the innocent heart bear up and live !  
 But doubly fortunate my lot , not here



- Alone, that something of a better life  
 Perhaps was round me than it is the privilege  
 Of most to move in, but that first I look'd [315]
- 450 At Man through objects that were great or fair,  
 First commun'd with him by their help And thus  
 Was founded a sure safeguard and defence  
 Against the weight of meanness, selfish cares,  
 Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that beat in [320]
- 455 On all sides from the ordinary world  
 In which we traffic Starting from this point,  
 I had my face towards the truth, began  
 With an advantage, furnish'd with that kind  
 Of prepossession without which the soul [325]
- 460 Receives no knowledge that can bring forth good,  
 No genuine insight ever comes to her  
 Happy in this, that I with nature walk'd, [330]  
 Not having a too early intercourse  
 With the deformities of crowded life,
- 465 And those ensuing laughs and contempts  
 Self-pleasing, which if we would wish to think  
 With admiration and respect of man [325]  
 Will not permit us, but pursue the mind  
 That to devotion willingly would be rais'd
- 470 Into the Temple and the Temple's heart

- Yet do not deem, my Friend, though thus I speak  
 Of Man as having taken in my mind [340]  
 A place thus early which might almost seem  
 Pre-eminent, that it was really so
- 475 Nature herself was at this unripe time,  
 But secondary to my own pursuits  
 And animal activities, and all  
 Their trivial pleasures, and long afterwards [345]  
 When these had died away, and Nature did
- 480 For her own sake become my joy, even then  
 And upwards through late youth, until not less  
 Than three and twenty summers had been told  
 Was man in my affections and regards [350]  
 Subordinate to her, her awful forms

---

458 furnish'd with *A C D* rising from *A*<sup>2</sup> founded on *A*<sup>2</sup> furnished  
 by *D*<sup>2</sup>

[328-9] added to *D* and *E* in Wordsworth's hand

466 *D* deletes

467 *A C D*. *D*<sup>2</sup> as 1850 [335-6]

469 be raised *A C D* rise *D*<sup>2</sup>.

Alone, that something of a better life  
 Perhaps was round me than it is the privilege  
 Of most to move in, but that first I looked 315  
 At Man through objects that were great or fair,  
 First communed with him by their help And thus  
 Was founded a sure safeguard and defence  
 Against the weight of meanness, selfish cares,  
 Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that beat in 320  
 On all sides from the ordinary world  
 In which we traffic Starting from this point  
 I had my face turned toward the truth, began  
 With an advantage furnished by that kind  
 Of prepossession, without which the soul 325  
 Receives no knowledge that can bring forth good,  
 No genuine insight ever comes to her  
 From the restraint of over-watchful eyes  
 Preserved, I moved about, year after year,  
 Happy, and now most thankful that my walk 330  
 Was guarded from too early intercourse  
 With the deformities of crowded life,  
 And those ensuing laughs and contempts,  
 Self-pleasing, which, if we would wish to think  
 With a due reverence on earth's rightful lord, 335  
 Here placed to be the inheritor of heaven,  
 Will not permit us, but pursue the mind,  
 That to devotion willingly would rise,  
 Into the temple and the temple's heart

Yet deem not, Friend! that human kind with me 340  
 Thus early took a place pre eminent,  
 Nature herself was, at this unique time,  
 But secondary to my own pursuits  
 And animal activities, and all  
 Their trivial pleasures, and when these had drooped 345  
 And gradually expired, and Nature, prized  
 For her own sake, became my joy, even then—  
 And upwards through late youth, until not less  
 Than two-and-twenty summers had been told—  
 Was Man in my affections and regards 350  
 Subordinate to her, her visible forms

---

478-9 and away] A<sup>2</sup> C a; 1850

482 three ACD two D<sup>2</sup>

484 awful ACD visible D<sup>2</sup>

- 485 And viewless agencies a passion, she !  
 A rapture often, and immediate joy,  
 Ever at hand, he distant, but a grace  
 Occasional, an accidental thought, [355]  
 His hour being not yet come Far less had then  
 490 The inferior Creatures, beast or bird, attun'd  
 My spirit to that gentleness of love,  
 Won from me those minute obeisances [360]  
 Of tenderness, which I may number now  
 With my first blessings Nevertheless, on these  
 495 The light of beauty did not fall in vain,  
 Or grandeur circumfuse them to no end [364]

- Why should I speak of Tillers of the soil ?  
 The Ploughman and his Team, or Men and Boys  
 In festive summer busy with the rake,  
 500 Old Men and ruddy Maids, and Little Ones  
 All out together, and in sun and shade  
 Dispers'd among the hay-grounds alder-fringed,  
 The Quarry-man, far heard ! that blasts the rock,  
 The Fishermen in pairs, the one to row,  
 505 And one to drop the Net, plying their trade  
 'Mid tossing lakes and tumbling boats ' and winds  
 Whistling, the Miner, melancholy Man !  
 That works by taper light, while all the hills  
 Are shining with the glory of the day  
 510 But when that first poetic Faculty [365]  
 Of plain imagination and severe,  
 No longer a mute Influence of the soul,  
 An Element of Nature's inner self,  
 Began to have some promptings to put on  
 515 A visible shape, and to the works of art,  
 The notions and the images of books [370]  
 Did knowingly conform itself, by these  
 Enflamed, and proud of that her new delight,  
 There came among those shapes of human life  
 520 A wilfulness of fancy and conceit  
 Which gave them new importance to the mind,  
 And Nature and her objects beautified  
 These fictions, as in some sort in their turn [375]  
 They burnish'd her. From touch of this new power  
 525 Nothing was safe the Elder-tree that grew

487 he distant, but a grace A CD. he only, a delight D<sup>a</sup> he only a delight E  
 488 thought A CD grace D<sup>a</sup> E. [355] added to D in Wordsworth's hand

And viewless agencies a passion, she,  
 A rapture often, and immediate love  
 Ever at hand, he, only a delight  
 Occasional, an accidental grace, 355  
 His hour being not yet come Far less had then  
 The inferior creatures, beast or bird, attuned  
 My spirit to that gentleness of love  
 (Though they had long been carefully observed),  
 Won from me those minute obeisances 360  
 Of tenderness, which I may number now  
 With my first blessings Nevertheless, on these  
 The light of beauty did not fall in vain,  
 Or grandeur circumfuse them to no end

But when that first poetic faculty 365  
 Of plam Imagination and severe,  
 No longer a mute influence of the soul,  
 Ventured, at some rash Muse's earnest call,  
 To try her strength among harmonious words,  
 And to book-notions and the rules of art 370  
 Did knowingly conform itself, there came  
 Among the simple shapes of human life  
 A wilfulness of fancy and concert,  
 And Nature and her objects beautified  
 These fictions, as in some sort, in their turn, 375  
 They burnished her From touch of this new power  
 Nothing was safe the elder-tree that grew

501-2 In sun and shade promiscuously dispers'd  
 Among the meadowy hay grounds, alder fring'd A<sup>2</sup>

503 The Quarry Man whose thunders all day long  
 Break forth at intervals and chase the sleep  
 Of Echo She is ris'n and hurries round  
 And round the amplest circuit of the hills  
 Mark'd ye that step? a fainter could not fall  
 Though the last effort of exhausted powers—  
 That pause—it is the prelude of a course  
 Bolder and bolder Thus the nymph bemocks  
 Her sister Silence mid those airy haunts  
 Where both abide in shadowy loneliness  
 Preserv'd while pass successively away  
 The feeble generations of mankind A<sup>2</sup>

514-19 Began to have some promptings to put on  
 A visible clothing of harmonious words,  
 The notions and the images of books  
 And art did knowingly conform itself  
 There came among etc D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

521 mund,] mund A C D D deletes the line

- Beside the well-known Charnel-house had then  
 A dismal look, the Yew-tree had its Ghost, [380]  
 That took its station there for ornament  
 'Then common death was none, common mishap,  
 530 But matter for this humour everywhere,  
 The tragic super-tragic, else left short  
 Then, if a Widow, staggering with the blow  
 Of her distress, was known to have made her way  
 To the cold grave in which her Husband slept, [385]  
 535 One night, or haply more than one, through pain  
 Or half-insensate impotence of mind  
 The fact was caught at greedily, and there  
 She was a visitant the whole year through, [390]  
 Wetting the turf with never-ending tears,  
 540 And all the storms of Heaven must beat on her

- Through wild obliquities could I pursue  
 Among all objects of the fields and groves  
 These cravings, when the Foxglove, one by one,  
 Upwards through every stage of its tall stem,  
 545 Had shed its bells, and stood by the wayside [395]  
 Dismantled, with a single one, perhaps,  
 Left at the ladder's top, with which the Plant  
 Appeared to stoop, as slender blades of grass [398]  
 Tipp'd with a bead of rain or dew, behold!  
 550 If such a sight were seen, would Fancy bring  
 Some Vagrant thither with her Babes, and seat her  
 Upon the turf beneath the stately Flower  
 Drooping in sympathy, and making so  
 A melancholy Crest above the head  
 555 Of the lorn Creature, while her Little-Ones,  
 All unconcerned with her unhappy plight,  
 Were sporting with the purple cups that lay [405]  
 Scatter'd upon the ground

There was a Copse  
 An upright bank of wood and woody rock

529-31 Fact, simple fact, and plain occurrence *etc* *a* 1850, A<sup>2</sup> C

533 made her way *A C D* D<sup>2</sup> *a* 1850

535-6 In storm and darkness faithful to her past

A monumental effigy of love A<sup>2</sup>

540 A *deletes*, not in C

541 Through most fantastic windings could I trace Y

542 A and C *delete* Among all objects of the changeful years A<sup>2</sup>

545-6 A<sup>2</sup> C *a* 1850

Beside the well-known charnel-house had then  
 A dismal look the yew-tree had its ghost,  
 That took his station there for ornament 380  
 The dignities of plain occurrence then  
 Were tasteless, and truth's golden mean, a point  
 Where no sufficient pleasure could be found  
 Then, if a widow, staggering with the blow  
 Of her distress, was known to have turned her steps 385  
 To the cold grave in which her husband slept,  
 One night, or haply more than one, through pain  
 Or half-insensate impotence of mind,  
 The fact was caught at greedily, and there  
 She must be visitant the whole year through, 390  
 Wetting the turf with never-ending tears

Through quant obliquities I might pursue  
 These cravings, when the fox-glove, one by one,  
 Upwards through every stage of the tall stem,  
 Had shed beside the public way its bells, 395  
 And stood of all dismantled, save the last  
 Left at the tapering ladder's top, that seemed  
 To bend as doth a slender blade of grass  
 Tipped with a rain drop, Fancy loved to seat,  
 Beneath the plant despoiled, but crested still 400  
 With this last relic, soon itself to fall,  
 Some vagrant mother, whose arch little ones,  
 All unconcerned by her dejected plight,  
 Laughed as with rival eagerness their hands  
 Gathered the purple cups that round them lay, 405  
 Strewing the turf's green slope

A diamond light

(Whene'er the summer sun, declining, smote

547-8 Left to adorn the tapering ladder's top

That bent or seem'd to bend beneath the weight A<sup>1</sup>

548 To (*bend*) droop beneath the weight as blades of grass A<sup>2</sup>

549-56 *stuck over in D* D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

555 Creature] wanderer A<sup>2</sup> C

556-68 A copse clad bank

There was which opposite our Dwelling rose

Where in bright weather duly might be seen

On summer afternoons, a radiant speck

A stationary patch of diamond light

Sparkling, far-kenn'd from out its lurking place,

In the green wood Beside our cottage i' earth A<sup>2</sup> (*but copse clad bank*

*and Sparkling are corrections of shaggy steep and Glancing*) So C,

*but C omits far kenn'd place*

- 560 That opposite our rural Dwelling stood,  
In which a sparkling patch of diamond light  
Was in bright weather duly to be seen  
On summer afternoons, within the wood  
At the same place 'Twas doubtless nothing more  
565 Than a black rock, which, wet with constant springs  
Glisten'd far seen from out its lurking-place  
As soon as ever the declining sun  
Had smitten it Beside our Cottage hearth, [410]  
Sitting with open door, a hundred times  
570 Upon this lustre have I gaz'd, that seem'd  
To have some meaning which I could not find ,  
And now it was a burnished shield, I fancied,  
Suspended over a Knight's Tomb, who lay [415]  
Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood ,  
575 An entrance now into some magic cave  
Or Palace for a Fairy of the rock ,  
Nor would I, though not certain whence the cause  
Of the effulgence, thither have repair'd  
Without a precious bribe, and day by day  
580 And month by month I saw the spectacle,  
Nor ever once have visited the spot [420]  
Unto this hour Thus sometimes were the shapes  
Of wilful fancy grafted upon feelings  
Of the imagination, and they rose  
585 In worth accordingly My present Theme  
Is to retrace the way that led me on  
Through Nature to the love of Human Kind ,  
Nor could I with such object overlook  
The influence of this Power which turn'd itself  
590 Instinctively to human passions, things [425]  
Least understood , of this adulterate Power,  
For so it may be call'd, and without wrong,  
When with that first compar'd Yet in the midst  
Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich  
595 As mine was, through the chance, on me not wasted  
Of having been brought up in such a grand  
And lovely region, I had forms distinct  
To steady me , these thoughts did oft revolve [430]  
About some centre palpable, which at once  
600 Incited them to motion, and control'd,  
And whatsoever shape the fit might take,  
And whencesoever it might come, I still

A smooth rock wet with constant springs) was seen  
 Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank that rose  
 Fronting our cottage Oft beside the hearth 410  
 Seated, with open door, often and long  
 Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,  
 That made my fancy restless as itself  
 'Twas now for me a burnished silver shield  
 Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay 415  
 Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood  
 An entrance now into some magic cave  
 Or palace built by fairies of the rock ,  
 Nor could I have been bribed to disenchant  
 The spectacle, by visiting the spot 420  
 Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood,  
 Engrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings bred  
 By pure Imagination busy Power  
 She was, and with her ready pupil turned  
 Instinctively to human passions, then 425  
 Least understood Yet, 'mid the fervent swarm  
 Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich  
 As mine was through the bounty of a grand  
 And lovely region, I had forms distinct  
 To steady me each airy thought revolved 430  
 Round a substantial centre, which at once  
 Incited it to motion, and controlled  
 I did not pine like one in cities bred,  
 As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend !

---

564-5 The object which produced

The appearance was the surface of a rock

Abrupt and [?], which wet etc A<sup>2</sup>

569 a hundred times] how oft and long A<sup>2</sup> C

570-2 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

574 the A a B

576 A C A<sup>2</sup> as 1850

587 Kind] life Y

[428] As mine was through the favourable chance

Of having been brought up in such a grand D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

[430] To steady me these thoughts did each revolve D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

[434] As thou, dear Friend, hast told me thou didst pine D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850



- At all times had a real solid world  
 Of images about me, did not pine  
 605 As one in cities bred might do, as Thou,  
 Beloved Friend ' hast told me that thou didst,  
 Great Spirit as thou art, in endless dreams [435]  
 Of sickness, disjoining, joining things  
 Without the light of knowledge Where the harm,  
 610 If, when the Woodman languish'd with disease  
 From sleeping night by night among the woods  
 Within his sod-built Cabin, Indian-wise, [440]  
 I call'd the pangs of disappointed love  
 And all the long Etcetera of such thought  
 615 To help him to his grave ? Meanwhile the Man  
 If not already from the woods retir'd  
 To die at home, was haply, as I knew, [445]  
 Pining alone among the gentle airs,  
 Birds, running Streams, and Hills so beautiful  
 620 On golden evenings, while the charcoal Pile  
 Breath'd up its smoke, an image of his ghost  
 Or spirit that full soon must take its flight [450]

611 *ACD D<sup>2</sup> as 1850*

612-13 Within his cabin Indian wise I called Perhaps *etc Y*

614 such thoughts *AC the wrong A<sup>2</sup> D*

618 Pining] Withering *A<sup>2</sup> C*

619-24 *D stuck over*

[451-75] *No counterpart in AC stuck in to D D read*

With casual outward hints by nature given  
 Thus fancy deigned to play—that she might serve  
 The Boy for the Man's sake Nor may I here  
 Forget like influence exercised by her  
 Over one motion of my opening mind  
 In character more dignified—While gazing  
 On golden beams flung from the setting sun  
 As they reposed upon the naked ridge  
 Of a high eastern hill, I sighed and said  
 (Then first beginning with a yielding heart  
 To catch well pleased the dim similitudes  
 That link our feelings with external forms)  
 In whatsoever region life should close  
 Her journey, I would think dear Native Hills  
 On you, on you would cast a backward look  
 Even as *etc E<sup>2</sup> as 1850 [471 ff] D has also two deleted versions*  
*of [451 ff]*

(1) These, tho' not idly find a record here

As notices subservient to our aim

Are but the freaks of Fancy Pause we then

In our main road, and with a moment's leave

Given for her sake, her influence let me tell

Over one motion of a boyish mind

Great Spirit as thou art, in endless dreams 435  
 Of sickness, disjoining, joining, things  
 Without the light of knowledge Where the harm,  
 If, when the woodman languished with disease  
 Induced by sleeping nightly on the ground  
 Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise, 440  
 I called the pangs of disappointed love,  
 And all the sad etcetera of the wrong,  
 To help him to his grave Meanwhile the man,  
 If not already from the woods retued  
 To die at home, was haply, as I knew, 445  
 Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle aars,  
 Birds, running streams, and hills so beautiful  
 On golden evenings, while the charcoal pile  
 Breathed up its smoke, an image of his ghost  
 On spirit that full soon must take her flight 450  
 Nor shall we not be tending towards that point  
 Of sound humanity to which our Tale  
 Leads, though by sinuous ways, if here I shew  
 How Fancy, in a season when she wove  
 Those slender cords, to guide the unconscious Boy 455  
 For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's call  
 Some pensive musings which might well beseem  
 Maturer years

A grove there is whose boughs  
 Stretch from the western marge of Thurston-mere,  
 With length of shade so thick, that whoso glides 460  
 Along the line of low-roofed water, moves  
 As in a cloister Once—while, in that shade  
 Loitering, I watched the golden beams of light  
 Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed  
 In silent beauty on the naked ridge 465  
 Of a high eastern hill—thus flowed my thoughts  
 In a pure stream of words fresh from the heart,  
 Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er shall close  
 My mortal course, there will I think on you ,

- 
- (11) These are but fancy's toys more fit it were  
 For her sweet sake her influence to tell  
 Over one motion of a boyish mind  
 Pensive yet sound in character,—while watching  
 From under an old Sycamore's wide spread shade  
 The golden etc

(for lines in V on which [458-75] are based v notes) .

- There came a time of greater dignity  
 Which had been gradually prepar'd, and now  
 625 Rush'd in as if on wings, the time in which  
 The pulse of Being everywhere was felt, [480]  
 When all the several frames of things, like stars  
 Through every magnitude distinguishable,  
 Were half confounded in each other's blaze,  
 630 One galaxy of life and joy Then rose [485]  
 Man, inwardly contemplated, and present  
 In my own being, to a loftier height,  
 As of all visible natures crown, and first  
 In capability of feeling what  
 635 Was to be felt, in being rapt away [490]  
 By the divine effect of power and love,  
 As, more than anything we know instinct  
 With Godhead, and by reason and by will  
 Acknowledging dependency sublime  
 640 Erelong transported hence as in a dream [495]  
 I found myself begirt with temporal shapes  
 Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,  
 Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,  
 Manners and characters discriminate,  
 645 And little busy passions that eclips'd, [500]  
 As well they might, the impersonated thought,  
 The idea or abstraction of the Kind  
 An Idler among academic Bowers,  
 Such was my new condition, as at large  
 650 Has been set forth, yet here the vulgar light [505]  
 Of present actual superficial life,  
 Gleaming through colouring of other times,  
 Old usages and local privilege,  
 Thereby was soften'd, almost solemnized,  
 655 And render'd apt and pleasing to the view,

[476] humble arguments E<sup>3</sup> petty offices D such quaint offices D<sup>2</sup>  
 minor offices E

[478] made known D<sup>2</sup> disclosed D

623-36 D stuck over D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

624-5 For which I had been gradually prepared,

Yet it rushed in as if on wings, for now A<sup>2</sup>

634-5 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

640 left blank in B, added later to A in] by Y

640-2 AC Erelong I was begirt with temporal shapes etc D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

645 busy AC bustling A<sup>2</sup>

654 A deletes not in C

655 And] Was A<sup>2</sup> C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Dying, will cast on you a backward look , 470  
 Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale  
 Is no where touched by one memorial gleam)  
 Doth with the fond remains of his last power  
 Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds  
 On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose 475

Enough of humble arguments , recal,  
 My Song ' those high emotions which thy voice  
 Has heretofore made known , that bursting forth  
 Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,  
 When everywhere a vital pulse was felt, 480  
 And all the several frames of things, like stairs,  
 Through every magnitude distinguishable,  
 Shone mutually indebted, or half lost  
 Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy  
 Of life and glory In the midst stood Man, 485  
 Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,  
 As, of all visible natures, crown, though born  
 Of dust, and kindred to the worm , a Being,  
 Both in perception and discernment, first  
 In every capability of rapture, 490  
 Through the divine effect of power and love ,  
 As, more than anything we know, instinct  
 With godhead, and, by reason and by will,  
 Acknowledging dependency sublime

Ere long, the lonely mountains left, I moved, 495  
 Begirt, from day to day, with temporal shapes  
 Of vice and folly thrust upon my view,  
 Objects of sport, and ridicule, and scorn,  
 Manners and characters discriminate,  
 And little bustling passions that eclipse, 500  
 As well they might, the impersonated thought,  
 The idea, or abstraction of the kind

An idler among academic bowers,  
 Such was my new condition, as at large  
 Has been set forth , yet here the vulgar light 505  
 Of present, actual, superficial life,  
 Gleaming through colouring of other times,  
 Old usages and local privilege,  
 Was welcome, softened, if not solemnised.

This notwithstanding, being brought more near [510]  
 As I was now, to guilt and wretchedness,  
 I trembled, thought of human life at times  
 With an indefinite terror and dismay  
 660 Such as the storms and angry elements  
 Had bred in me but gloomier far, a dim [515]  
 Analogy to uproar and misrule,  
 Disquiet, danger, and obscurity

It might be told (but wherefore speak of things  
 665 Common to all ?) that seeing I essay'd  
 To give relief, began to deem myself  
 A moral agent, judging between good [520]  
 And evil, not as for the mind's delight  
 But for her safety, one who was to *act*,  
 670 As sometimes, to the best of my weak means,  
 I did, by human sympathy impell'd ,  
 And through dislike and most offensive pain [525]  
 Was to the truth conducted , of this faith  
 Never forsaken, that by acting well  
 675 And understanding, I should learn to love  
 The end of life and every thing we know

Preceptress stein, that did instruct me next, [530]  
 London ' to thee I willingly return  
 Erewhile my Verse play'd only with the flowers  
 680 Enwrought upon thy mantle , satisfied  
 With this amusement, and a simple look [535]  
 Of child-like inquisition, now and then  
 Cast upwards on thine eye to puzzle out  
 Some inner meanings, which might harbour there  
 685 Yet did I not give way to this light mood [539]  
 Wholly beguiled, as one incapable  
 Of higher things, and ignorant that high things  
 Were round me Never shall I forget the hour  
 The moment rather say when having thridded  
 690 The labyrinth of suburban Villages,  
 At length I did unto myself first seem

---

657-8 To guilt and wretchedness, I trembled—thought  
 Of mortal destiny and human life D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

This notwithstanding, being brought more near 510  
 To vice and guilt, forerunning wretchedness,  
 I trembled,—thought, at times, of human life  
 With an indefinite terror and dismay,  
 Such as the storms and angry elements  
 Had bred in me, but gloomier far, a dim 515  
 Analogy to uproar and misrule,  
 Disquiet, danger, and obscurity

It might be told (but wherefore speak of things  
 Common to all ?) that, seeing, I was led  
 Gravely to ponder—judging between good 520  
 And evil, not as for the mind's delight  
 But for her guidance—one who was to *act*,  
 As sometimes to the best of feeble means  
 I did, by human sympathy impelled  
 And, through dislike and most offensive pain, 525  
 Was to the truth conducted, of this faith  
 Never forsaken, that, by acting well,  
 And understanding, I should learn to love  
 The end of life, and every thing we know

Grave Teacher, stern Preceptress<sup>1</sup> for at times 530  
 Thou canst put on an aspect most severe,  
 London, to thee I willingly return  
 Erewhile my verse played idly with the flowers  
 Enwrought upon thy mantle, satisfied  
 With that amusement, and a simple look 535  
 Of child-like inquisition now and then  
 Cast upwards on thy countenance, to detect  
 Some inner meanings which might harbour there  
 But how could I in mood so light indulge,  
 Keeping such fresh remembrance of the day, 540  
 When, having thridded the long labyrinth  
 Of the suburban villages, I first

---

665-70 *A C D* *D*<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850 677 *A C D* *D*<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850 [530-1]

679 only *A C D* idly *D*<sup>2</sup> *E* 683 *A*<sup>2</sup> *C* *as* 1850

685 give way to this] indulge in such *A*<sup>2</sup> *C*

685-8 *A C D* *D*<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850 [539-40]

691-2 At length great City]

Too slowly for my eager wish I first

Did enter the great City *A*<sup>2</sup> *C D* *D*<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

- To enter the great City On the roof  
 Of an itinerant Vehicle I sate  
 With vulgar Men about me, vulgar forms [545]  
 695 Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and things,  
 Mean shapes on every side but, at the time,  
 When to myself it fairly might be said,  
 The very moment that I seem'd to know  
 The threshold now is overpass'd, Great God '  
 700 That aught *external* to the living mind [550]  
 Should have such mighty sway ' yet so it was  
 A weight of Ages did at once descend  
 Upon my heart, no thought embodied, no  
 Distinct remembrances, but weight and power,  
 705 Power growing with the weight alas ' I feel [555]  
 That I am trifling 'twas a moment's pause  
 All that took place within me, came and went  
 As in a moment, and I only now  
 Remember that it was a thing divine
- 710 As when a Traveller hath from open day [560]  
 With torches pass'd into some Vault of Earth,  
 The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den  
 Of Yordas among Craven's mountain tracts,  
 He looks and sees the cavern spread and grow,  
 715 Widening itself on all sides, sees, or thinks [565]  
 He sees, erelong, the roof above his head,  
 Which instantly unsettles and recedes  
 Substance and shadow, light and darkness, all  
 Commingled, making up a Canopy  
 720 Of Shapes and Forms and Tendencies to Shape [570]  
 That shift and vanish, change and interchange  
 Like Spectres, ferment quiet and sublime,  
 Which, after a short space, works less and less,  
 Till every effort, every motion gone,  
 725 The scene before him lies in perfect view, [575]  
 Exposed and lifeless, as a written book  
 But let him pause awhile, and look again  
 And a new quickening shall succeed, at first

---

694 vulgar forms] trivial forms A<sup>2</sup> C

695 things, B things, D E

696 time] moment A<sup>2</sup> D. instant D<sup>2</sup>

698 A *deletes* not in C

699 Great God A C D how strange D<sup>2</sup> E

Entered thy vast dominion ? On the roof  
 Of an itinerant vehicle I sate,  
 With vulga. men about me, trivial forms 545  
 Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and things,—  
 Mean shapes on every side but, at the instant,  
 When to myself it fairly might be said,  
 The threshold now <sup>as</sup> overpast, (how strange  
 That aught external to the living mind 550  
 Should have such nughty sway ! yet so it was),  
 A weight of ages did at once descend  
 Upon my heart , no thought embodied no  
 Distinct remembrances, but weight and power,—  
 Power growing under weight alas ! I feel 555  
 That I am trifling 'twas a moment's pause,—  
 All that took place within me came and went  
 As in a moment , yet with Time it dwells,  
 And grateful memory, as a thing divine  
  
 The curious traveller, who, from open day, 560  
 Hath passed with torches into some huge cave,  
 The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den  
 In old time haunted by that Danish Witch,  
 Yordas , he looks around and sees the vault  
 Widening on all sides , sees, or thinks he sees, 565  
 Erelong, the massy roof above his head,  
 That instantly unsettles and recedes,—  
 Substance and shadow, light and darkness, all  
 Commingled, making up a canopy  
 Of shapes and forms and tendencies to shape 570  
 That shift and vanish, change and interchange  
 Like spectries,—ferment silent and sublime !  
 That after a short space works less and less,  
 Till, every effort, every motion gone,  
 The scene before him stands in perfect view 575  
 Exposed, and lifeless as a written book !—  
 But let him pause awhile, and look again,  
 And a new quickening shall succeed, at first

---

705 with the  $\mathcal{A}CD$  under  $D^*$

708-9  $\mathcal{A}CD$   $D^2$  as 1850

711 Vault of Earth] spacious vault  $A^2$

713-14 Of Yordas grow]

Of Yordas , he looks round and sees the cave  $A^2$

722 quiet  $\mathcal{A}CDE$  silent  $E^2$

725 hes  $\mathcal{A}CDE$  stands  $E^2$



Beginning timidly, then creeping fast  
 730 Through all which he beholds, the senseless mass, [580]  
 In its projections, wrinkles, cavities,  
 Through all its surface, with all colours streaming,  
 Like a magician's airy pageant, parts  
 Unites, embodying everywhere some pressure  
 735 Or image, recognis'd or new, of the same type  
 Or picture of the world, forests and lakes,  
 Ships, Rivers, Towers, the Warrior clad in Mail, [585]  
 The prancing Steed, the Pilgrim with his Staff,  
 The mitred Bishop and the throned King,  
 740 A Spectacle to which there is no end

Not otherwise had I at first been moved [590]  
 With such a swell of feeling, follow'd soon  
 By a blank sense of greatness pass'd away  
 And afterwards continu'd to be mov'd  
 745 In presence of that vast Metropolis,  
 The Fountain of my Country's destiny  
 And of the destiny of Earth itself,  
 That great Emporium, Chronicle at once  
 And Burial-place of passions and their home [595]  
 750 Imperial and chief living residence

With strong Sensations, teeming as it did  
 Of past and present, such a place must needs  
 Have pleas'd me, in those times, I sought not then  
 Knowledge, but craved for power, and power I found [600]  
 755 In all things, nothing had a circumscribed  
 And narrow influence, but all objects, being  
 Themselves capacious, also found in me [605]  
 Capaciousness and amplitude of mind,  
 Such is the strength and glory of our Youth  
 760 The Human nature unto which I felt  
 That I belong'd, and which I lov'd and reverenc'd,

---

731-40 Busies the eye with images and forms  
 Boldly assembled—here is shadowed forth  
 A variegated landscape—there the shape  
 Of some gigantic Warrior clad in mail  
 A pilgrim with his Staff, or throned king,  
 Strange spectacle to which there is no end A<sup>3</sup> C.  
 With a diversity of colours streaming  
 Here shadows forth a landscape—there the tubes

Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,  
 Till the whole cave, so late a senseless mass, 580  
 Buses the eye with images and forms  
 Boldly assembled,—here is shadowed forth  
 From the projections, wrinkles, cavities,  
 A variegated landscape,—there the shape  
 Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail, 585  
 The ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,  
 Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his staff  
 Strange congregation! yet not slow to meet  
 Eyes that perceive through minds that can inspire

Even in such sort had I at first been moved, 590  
 Not otherwise continued to be moved,  
 As I explored the vast metropolis,  
 Fount of my country's destiny and the world's,  
 That great emporium, chronicle at once  
 And burial-place of passions, and their home 595  
 Imperial, their chief living residence

With strong sensations teeming as it did  
 Of past and present, such a place must needs  
 Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at that time  
 Far less than craving power, yet knowledge came, 600  
 Sought or unsought, and influxes of power  
 Came, of themselves, or at her call derived  
 In fits of kindest apprehensiveness,  
 From all sides, when whate'er was in itself  
 Capacious found, or seemed to find, in me 605  
 A correspondent amplitude of mind,  
 Such is the strength and glory of our youth!  
 The human nature unto which I felt  
 That I belonged, and revered with love,

---

Of a mute organ, further on the shape  
 Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail  
 A mitred bishop or a throned king A<sup>2</sup>

737-40 D stuck over D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Between [582] and [583] D has Half seen, created half with wanton power

741-50 These lines appear in X text, but in 749 seat for home

745-7 By each particular sight that met my eye

As I explored the vast metropolis

Fountain of England's destiny and the world's A<sup>2</sup>

753-4 in those times power, A C A<sup>2</sup> as 1850

754-64 D stuck over D<sup>2</sup> E as 1850, but in [611] not without aid for  
 with aid derived E<sup>2</sup>

Was not a punctual Presence, but a Spirit [610]  
 Living in time and space, and far diffus'd.  
 In this my joy, in this my dignity  
 765 Consisted, the external universe,  
 By striking upon what is found within,  
 Had given me this conception, with the help  
 Of Books, and what they picture and record [616]

'Tis true the History of my native Land,  
 770 With those of Greece compar'd and popular Rome,  
 Events not lovely nor magnanimous,  
 But harsh and unaffecting in themselves  
 And in our high-wrought modern narratives  
 Stript of their harmonising soul, the life  
 775 Of manners and familiar incidents, [621]  
 Had never much delighted me And less  
 Than other minds I had been used to owe  
 The pleasure which I found in place or thing  
 To extrinsic transitory accidents,  
 780 Of record or tradition, but a sense [625]  
 Of what had been here done, and suffer'd here  
 Through ages, and was doing, suffering, still  
 Weigh'd with me, could support the test of thought,  
 Was like the enduring majesty and power [631]  
 785 Of independent nature, and not seldom  
 Even individual remembrances,  
 By working on the Shapes before my eyes,  
 Became like vital functions of the soul,  
 And out of what had been, what was, the place  
 790 Was thronged with impregnations, like those wilds  
 In which my early feelings had been nurs'd,  
 And naked valleys, full of caverns, rocks, [635]  
 And audible seclusions, dashing lakes,  
 Echoes and Waterfalls, and pointed crags  
 795 That into music touch the passing wind

Thus here imagination also found  
 An element that pleas'd her, tried her strength, [640]  
 Among new objects simplified, arranged,  
 Impregnated my knowledge, made it live,  
 800 And the result was elevating thoughts  
 Of human Nature Neither guilt nor vice, [645]

Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit 610  
 Diffused through time and space, with aid derived  
 Of evidence from monuments, erect,  
 Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest  
 In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime  
 Of vanished nations, or more clearly drawn 615  
 From books and what they picture and record

'Tis true, the history of our native land,  
 With those of Greece compared and popular Rome,  
 And in our high-wrought modern narratives  
 Stript of their harmonising soul, the life 620  
 Of manners and familiar incidents,  
 Had never much delighted me And less  
 Than other intellects had mine been used  
 To lean upon extrinsic circumstance  
 Of record or tradition, but a sense 625  
 Of what in the Great City had been done  
 And suffered, and was doing, suffering, still,  
 Weighed with me, could support the test of thought,  
 And, in despite of all that had gone by,  
 Or was departing never to return, 630  
 There I conversed with majesty and power  
 Like independent natures Hence the place  
 Was thronged with impregnations like the Wilds  
 In which my early feelings had been nursed—  
 Bare hills and valleys, full of caverns, rocks, 635  
 And audible seclusions, dashing lakes,  
 Echoes and waterfalls, and pointed crags  
 That into music touch the passing wind  
 Here then my young imagination found  
 No uncongenial element, could here 640  
 Among new objects serve or give command,  
 Even as the heart's occasions might require,  
 To forward reason's else too scrupulous march.  
 The effect was, still more elevated views  
 Of human nature Neither vice nor guilt, 645

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764-5 In this consisted  $\mathcal{A}$  C God's glorious work  $A^2$

777-9  $\mathcal{A}$  C  $A^2$  as 1850, but accident for circumstance

780-5 but a sense nature  $\mathcal{A}$  C D but  $A^2$  D Rival'd for Was like  $D^2$  as  
 1850

792 And naked  $\mathcal{A}$  C D Bare hills and  $D^2$

795-801  $\mathcal{A}$  C D but 799 Impregnated  $\mathcal{A}$  C Inspired  $A^2$  D  $D^2$  as  
 1850

- Debasement of the body or the mind,  
 Nor all the misery forced upon my sight,  
 Which was not lightly passed, but often scann'd  
 805 Most feelingly could overthrow my trust  
 In what we may become, induce belief [650]  
 That I was ignorant, had been falsely taught,  
 A Solitary, who with vain conceits  
 Had been inspired, and walk'd about in dreams  
 810 When from that awful prospect overcast  
 And in eclipse, my meditations turn'd,  
 Lo! everything that was indeed divine [655]  
 Retain'd its purity inviolate  
 And unencroach'd upon, nay, seem'd brighter far  
 815 For this deep shade in counterview, that gloom  
 Of opposition, such as shew'd itself  
 To the eyes of Adam, yet in Paradise,  
 Though fallen from bliss, when in the East he saw [660]  
 Darkness ere day's mid course, and morning light  
 820 More orient in the western cloud, that drew  
 'O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 Descending slow with something heavenly fraught'

- Add also, that among the multitudes [665]  
 Of that great City, oftentimes was seen  
 825 Affectingly set forth, more than elsewhere  
 Is possible, the unity of man,  
 One spirit over ignorance and vice  
 Predominant, in good and evil hearts [670]  
 One sense for moral judgements, as one eye  
 830 For the sun's light When strongly breath'd upon  
 By this sensation, whencesoe'er it comes  
 Of union or communion doth the soul  
 Rejoice as in her highest joy for there,  
 There chiefly, hath she feeling whence she is,  
 835 And, passing through all Nature rests with God

- And is not, too, that vast Abiding-place  
 Of human Creatures, turn where'er we may,  
 Profusely sown with individual sights  
 Of courage, and integrity, and truth, [VII 600]  
 840 And tenderness, which, here set off by foil,

Debasement undergone by body or mind,  
 Nor all the misery forced upon my sight,  
 Misery not lightly passed, but sometimes scanned  
 Most feelingly, could overthrow my trust  
 In what we *may* become, induce belief [650]  
 That I was ignorant, had been falsely taught,  
 A solitary, who with vain conceits  
 Had been inspired, and walked about in dreams  
 From those sad scenes when meditation turned,  
 Lo! every thing that was indeed divine [655]  
 Retained its purity inviolate,  
 Nay brighter shone, by this portentous gloom  
 Set off, such opposition as aroused  
 The mind of Adam, yet in Paradise  
 Though fallen from bliss, when in the East he saw [660]  
 Darkness ere day's mid course, and morning light  
 More orient in the western cloud, that drew  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 Descending slow with something heavenly fraught

Add also, that among the multitudes [665]  
 Of that huge city, oftentimes was seen  
 Affectingly set forth, more than elsewhere  
 Is possible, the unity of man,  
 One spirit over ignorance and vice  
 Predominant, in good and evil hearts, [670]  
 One sense for moral judgments, as one eye  
 For the sun's light The soul when smitten thus  
 By a sublime *idea*, whencesoe'er  
 Vouchsafed for union or communion, feeds  
 On the pure bliss, and takes her rest with God [675]

[Me, rather, it employed, to note, and keep [vii 598]  
 In memory, those individual sights  
 Of courage, or integrity, or truth,  
 Or tenderness, which there, set off by foil,

---

814-17 Nay brighter seemed set off by contrast such  
 As roused attention, damped at once and cheered  
 The mind of Adam *etc* D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

816-17 shew'd itself To the eyes] did appall The mind A<sup>2</sup> C  
 830-5 A C A<sup>2</sup> as 1850

832-5 hath my Soul  
 Been still accustom'd to rejoice, for there  
 There chiefly, did she find her destiny Y

836-58 Transferred in E to Book VII [598-618] D retains here

Appears more touching In the tender scenes [vii 600]  
 Chiefly was my delight, and one of these  
 Never will be forgotten 'Twas a Man,  
 Whom I saw sitting in an open Square  
 845 Close to an iron paling that fenced in [vii 605]  
 The spacious Grass-plot, on the corner stone  
 Of the low wall in which the pales were fix'd  
 Sate this One Man, and with a sickly babe  
 Upon his knee, whom he had thither brought  
 850 For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher air [vii 610]  
 Of those who pass'd, and me who look'd at him,  
 He took no note, but in his brawny Arms  
 (The Artificer was to the elbow bare,  
 And from his work this moment had been stolen)  
 855 He held the Child, and, bending over it, [vii. 615]  
 As if he were afraid both of the sun  
 And of the air which he had come to seek  
 He eyed it with unutterable love

Thus from a very early age, O Friend !  
 860 My thoughts had been attracted more and more [676]  
 By slow gradations towards human kind  
 And to the good and ill of human life,  
 Nature had led me on, and now I seem'd  
 To travel independent of her help, [681]  
 865 As if I had forgotten her, but no,  
 My Fellow beings still were unto me  
 Far less than she was, though the scale of love  
 Were filling fast, 'twas light, as yet, compared [685]  
 With that in which her mighty objects lay

---

841-5, 848 A<sup>2</sup>D as 1850

848-9 He sate and with a sickly child, a babe  
 Upon his knees whom thither he had brought Y.

Appeared more touching One will I select, [vii 600]  
 A Father—for he bore that sacred name—  
 Him saw I, sitting in an open square,  
 Upon a corner-stone of that low wall,  
 Wherein were fixed the iron pales that fenced [vii 605]  
 A spacious grass-plot, there, in silence, sate  
 This One Man, with a sickly babe outstretched  
 Upon his knee, whom he had thither brought  
 For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher air [vii 610]  
 Of those who passed, and me who looked at him,  
 He took no heed, but in his brawny arms  
 (The Artificer was to the elbow bare,  
 And from his work this moment had been stolen)  
 He held the child, and, bending over it, [vii 615]  
 As if he were afraid both of the sun  
 And of the air, which he had come to seek,  
 Eyed the poor babe with love unutterable ]

Thus from a very early age O Friend !  
 My thoughts by slow gradations had been drawn  
 To human-kind, and to the good and ill  
 Of human life Nature had led me on ,  
 And oft amid the ' busy hum ' I seemed [680]  
 To travel independent of her help,  
 As if I had forgotten her , but no,  
 The world of human-kind outweighed not hers  
 In my habitual thoughts , the scale of love,  
 Though filling daily, still was light, compared [685]  
 With that in which *her* mighty objects lay

---

858 A<sup>2</sup> D as 1850

859-61 B A<sup>2</sup> C Thus were my thoughts attracted more and more  
 By slow gradations A

866-8 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850



## BOOK NINTH

### RESIDENCE IN FRANCE

As oftentimes a River, it might seem  
Yielding in part to old remembrances,  
Part sway'd by fear to tread an onward road  
That leads direct to the devouring sea  
5 Turns, and will measure back his course, far back, [5]  
Towards the very regions which he cross'd  
In his first outset, so have we long time  
Made motions retrograde, in like pursuit  
Detain'd But now we start afresh, I feel  
10 An impulse to precipitate my Verse  
Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,  
Whene'er it comes, needful in work so long, [20]  
Thrice needful to the argument which now  
Awaits us, Oh! how much unlike the past!  
15 One which though bright the promise, will be found  
Ere far we shall advance ungenial, hard  
To treat of, and forbidding in itself

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,  
I ranged at large, through the Metropolis  
20 Month after month Obscurely did I live, [25]  
Not courting the society of Men  
By literature, or elegance, or rank  
Distinguish'd, in the midst of things, it seem'd,  
Looking as from a distance on the world  
25 That mov'd about me, yet insensibly  
False preconceptions were corrected thus  
And errors of the fancy rectified,  
Alike with reference to men and things,

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[MSS for Bk IX A B C D E, *for H* 293-520 Y.]  
Book Ninth, Residence in France B 9 A Book Ninth C  
1-3 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
15-17

will full soon  
Darken, presenting in exchange for peace  
Among mankind, and concord's golden chain

## BOOK NINTH

### RESIDENCE IN FRANCE

EVEN as a river,—partly (it might seem)  
 Yielding to old remembrances, and swayed  
 In part by fear to shape a way direct,  
 That would engulf him soon in the ravenous sea—  
 Turns, and will measure back his course, far back, 3  
 Seeking the very regions which he crossed  
 In his first outset, so have we, my Friend !  
 Turned and returned with intricate delay  
 Or as a traveller, who has gained the brow  
 Of some aerial Down, while there he halts 10  
 For breathing-time, is tempted to review  
 The region left behind him, and, if aught  
 Deserving notice have escaped regard,  
 Or been regarded with too careless eye,  
 Strives, from that height, with one and yet one more 15  
 Last look, to make the best amends he may  
 So have we lingered Now we start afresh  
 With courage, and new hope risen on our toil  
 Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,  
 Whene'er it comes ! needful in work so long, 20  
 Thrice needful to the argument which now  
 Awaits us ! Oh, how much unlike the past !

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,  
 I ranged at large, through London's wide domain,  
 Month after month Obscurely did I live, 25  
 Not seeking frequent intercourse with men,  
 By literature, or elegance, or rank,  
 Distinguished Scarcely was a year thus spent  
 Ere I forsook the crowded solitude,

---

Distraction,—and for amity fierce hate  
 Of all that reason sanctifies and loves A<sup>2</sup>C  
 19 the Metropolis] London's wide domain A<sup>2</sup>C L's vast domain B<sup>2</sup>  
 23-5 Distinguish'd, looking on the busy world  
 As from a distance, yet insensibly A<sup>2</sup>C  
 26 Erroneous preconceptions were displaced A<sup>2</sup>, *deleting* 27 C as A

- And sometimes from each quarter were pour'd in  
 30 Novel imaginations and profound  
 A year thus spent, this field (with small regret  
 Save only for the Book-stalls in the streets, [32]  
 Wild produce, hedge row fruit, on all sides hung  
 To tempt the sauntering traveller from his track)  
 35 I quitted and betook myself to France,  
 Led thither chiefly by a personal wish  
 To speak the language more familiarly,  
 With which intent I chose for my abode  
 A City on the Borders of the Loire. [41]
- 40 Through Paris lay my readiest path, and there  
 I sojourn'd a few days, and visited  
 In haste each spot of old and recent fame  
 The latter chiefly, from the field of Mars [45]  
 Down to the suburbs of St Anthony,  
 45 And from Mont Marty southward, to the Dome  
 Of Geneviève In both her clamorous Halls,  
 The National Synod and the Jacobins  
 I saw the revolutionary Power [50]  
 Toss like a Ship at anchor, rock'd by storms,  
 50 The Arcades I traversed in the Palace huge  
 Of Orleans, coasted round and round the line  
 Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and Shop,  
 Great rendezvous of worst and best, the walk [55]  
 Of all who had a purpose, or had not,  
 55 I star'd and listen'd with a stranger's ears  
 To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub wild  
 And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,  
 In knots, or pairs, or single, ant-like swarms [60]

31-9 A year of independent ease thus spent  
 The crowded solitude, (with less regret  
 For its luxurious pomps, the shows of art  
 And all the nicely guarded stores of wealth  
 Than for the humble Bookstalls in the streets)  
 I quitted and was speedily conveyed  
 To that attractive land which I had crossed  
 Erewhile in journey towards the snowclad Alps  
*etc. as 1850 [36-41], A<sup>3</sup> C (for A<sup>2</sup> v notes)*

[33] not in D added to E 34 from his track A aside B  
 [34] realm E<sup>2</sup> land D E 40 path] course A<sup>2</sup> C  
 41 sojourn'd] tarried A<sup>2</sup> C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

With less regret for its luxurious pomp, 30  
 And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,  
 Than for the humble book-stalls in the streets,  
 Exposed to eye and hand where'er I turned

France lured me forth, the realm that I had crossed  
 So lately, journeying toward the snow-clad Alps 35  
 But now, relinquishing the scrip and staff,  
 And all enjoyment which the summer sun  
 Sheds round the steps of those who meet the day  
 With motion constant as his own, I went  
 Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town, 40  
 Washed by the current of the stately Loire

Through Paris lay my readiest course, and there  
 Sojourning a few days, I visited,  
 In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,  
 The latter chiefly, from the field of Mars 45  
 Down to the suburbs of St Antony,  
 And from Mont Martyr southward to the Dome  
 Of Geneviève In both her clamorous Halls,  
 The National Synod and the Jacobins,  
 I saw the Revolutionary Power 50  
 Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms,  
 The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace huge  
 Of Orleans, coasted round and round the line  
 Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and Shop,  
 Great rendezvous of worst and best, the walk 55  
 Of all who had a purpose, or had not,  
 I stared and listened, with a stranger's ears,  
 To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub wild!  
 And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,  
 In knots, or pairs, or single Not a look 60

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58-62	single	Much dismay'd	single, ant like forms
But more astonish'd often did I gaze			Of Builders and Subverters dizzily
With dizzy sight upon those ant like			Heaped on each other Helped and
swarms			Helped, plagued
Of builders and subverters—every look			With mutual condemnation, every
			look
That hope or apprehension could put			Hope takes, or doubt and dread are
on,			forced to use
Joy, anger and vexation, face to face			And every gesture uncontrollable
And side by side with dissolute idle-			Of anger <i>etc</i> as 1850 A <sup>3</sup>
ness A <sup>2</sup> C			

Of Builders and Subverters, every face  
 60 That hope or apprehension could put on,  
 Joy, anger, and vexation in the midst  
 Of gaiety and dissolute idleness [66]

Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust  
 Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,  
 65 And from the rubbish gather'd up a stone  
 And pocketed the relic in the guise [70]  
 Of an enthusiast, yet, in honest truth  
 Though not without some strong incumbencies,  
 And glad, (could living man be otherwise)  
 70 I look'd for something that I could not find,  
 Affecting more emotion than I felt,  
 For 'tis most certain that the utmost force [74]  
 Of all these various objects which may shew  
 The temper of my mind as then it was  
 75 Seem'd less to recompense the Traveller's pains,  
 Less mov'd me, gave me less delight than did,  
 Among other sights, the Magdalene of le Brun,  
 A Beauty exquisitely wrought, fair face  
 And rueful, with its ever-flowing tears [80]

But hence to my more permanent residence  
 I hasten, there, by novelties in speech  
 Domestic manners, customs, gestures, looks,  
 And all the attire of ordinary life,  
 Attention was at first engross'd, and thus, [85]  
 85 Amused and satisfied, I scarcely felt  
 The shock of these concussions, unconcerned,  
 Tranquil, almost, and careless as a flower  
 Glassed in a Green-house, or a Parlour shrub  
 While every bush and tree, the country through, [90]  
 90 Is shaking to the roots, indifference this  
 Which may seem strange, but I was unprepared  
 With needful knowledge, had abruptly pass'd  
 Into a theatre, of which the stage

68-9 ACD D deletes

76-7 Less mov'd me, gave my spirit less delight  
 Than one famed product of the pencil's skill  
 A single picture merely, hunted out  
 Among other sights, etc A<sup>2</sup> C

[79-80] rueful cheek Pale and bedropped D<sup>2</sup> E  
 pallid cheek Rueful with drops D

Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to wear,  
 But seemed there present, and I scanned them all,  
 Watched every gesture uncontrollable,  
 Of anger, and vexation, and despite,  
 All side by side, and struggling face to face, 65  
 With gaiety and dissolute idleness

Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust  
 Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,  
 And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,  
 And pocketed the relic, in the guise 70  
 Of an enthusiast, yet, in honest truth,  
 I looked for something that I could not find,  
 Affecting more emotion than I felt,  
 For 'tis most certain, that these various sights,  
 However potent their first shock, with me 75  
 Appeared to recompense the traveller's pains  
 Less than the painted Magdalene of Le Brun,  
 A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair  
 Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful cheek  
 Pale and bedropped with everflowing tears 80

But hence to my more permanent abode  
 I hasten, there, by novelties in speech,  
 Domestic manners, customs, gestures, looks,  
 And all the attire of ordinary life,  
 Attention was engrossed, and, thus amused, 85  
 I stood, 'mid those concussions, unconcerned,  
 Tranquil almost, and careless as a flower  
 Glasped in a green-house, or a parlour shrub  
 That spreads its leaves in unmolested peace,  
 While every bush and tree, the country through, 90  
 Is shaking to the roots indifference this  
 Which may seem strange but I was unprepared  
 With needful knowledge, had abruptly passed  
 Into a theatre, whose stage was filled

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80 residence] abode A<sup>o</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

84-9 Attention was engross'd, and thus amused  
 And satisfied I scarcely felt the shock  
 Of these concussions, yea might it be said  
 Remained almost as tranquil as a flower  
 Glasped in a Greenhouse or a Parlour shrub  
 That spreads its leaves in unmolested calm A<sup>2</sup> C.

- Was busy with an action far advanced [95]  
 95 Like others I had read, and eagerly  
 Sometimes, the master Pamphlets of the day,  
 Nor wanted such half-insight as grew wild  
 Upon that meagre soil, help'd out by Talk  
 And public News, but having never chanced [100]  
 100 To see a regular Chronicle which might shew,  
 (If any such indeed existed then)  
 Whence the main Organs of the public Power  
 Had sprung, their transmigrations when and how  
 Accomplish'd, giving thus unto events  
 105 A form and body, all things were to me [105]  
 Loose and disjointed, and the affections left  
 Without a vital interest At that time,  
 Moreover, the first storm was overblown,  
 And the strong hand of outward violence  
 110 Lock'd up in quiet For myself, I fear [110]  
 Now in connection with so great a Theme  
 To speak (as I must be compell'd to do)  
 Of one so unimportant, a short time  
 I loiter'd, and frequented night by night  
 115 Routs, card-tables, the formal haunts of Men,  
 Whom in the City privilege of birth [115]  
 Sequester'd from the rest, societies  
 Where, through punctilios of elegance  
 And deeper causes, all discourse, alike  
 120 Of good and evil of the time, was shunn'd  
 With studious care, but 'twas not long ere this [120]  
 Proved tedious, and I gradually withdrew  
 Into a noisier world, and thus did soon  
 Become a Patriot, and my heart was all  
 125 Given to the People, and my love was theirs
- A knot of military Officers, [125]  
 That to a Regiment appertain'd which then  
 Was station'd in the City, were the chief  
 Of my associates some of these wore Swords  
 130 Which had been seasoned in the Wars, and all  
 Were men well-born, at least laid claim to such  
 Distinction, as the Chivalry of France  
 In age and temper differing, they had yet [130]

95-6 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

110 Locked RCD Looked E

102 Organs BA<sup>2</sup> C objects A113 short time R brief while A<sup>2</sup> C

And busy with an action far advanced 95  
 Like others, I had skimmed, and sometimes read  
 With care, the master pamphlets of the day,  
 Nor wanted such half-insight as grew wild  
 Upon that meagre soil, helped out by talk  
 And public news, but having never seen 100  
 A chronicle that might suffice to show  
 Whence the main organs of the public power  
 Had sprung, their transmigrations, when and how  
 Accomplished, giving thus unto events  
 A form and body, all things were to me 105  
 Loose and disjointed, and the affections left  
 Without a vital interest At that time,  
 Moreover, the first storm was overblown,  
 And the strong hand of outward violence  
 Locked up in quiet For myself, I fear 110  
 Now in connection with so great a theme  
 To speak (as I must be compelled to do)  
 Of one so unimportant, night by night  
 Did I frequent the formal haunts of men,  
 Whom, in the city, privilege of birth 115  
 Sequestered from the rest, societies  
 Polished in arts, and in punctilio versed,  
 Whence, and from deeper causes, all discourse  
 Of good and evil of the time was shunned  
 With scrupulous care, but these restrictions soon 120  
 Proved tedious, and I gradually withdrew  
 Into a noisier world, and thus ere long  
 Became a patriot, and my heart was all  
 Given to the people, and my love was theirs

A band of military Officers, 125  
 Then stationed in the city, were the chief  
 Of my associates some of these wore swords  
 That had been seasoned in the wars, and all  
 Were men well-born, the chivalry of France  
 In age and temper differing, they had yet 130

117-18 Sequester'd from their fellows, circles where  
 Through nice punctilios of society A C

117-19 circles versed  
 In nice punctilios of society

Whence, and from deeper causes, all discourse A<sup>3</sup>

121 studious] scrupulous A<sup>2</sup> C

126 knot] band A<sup>2</sup> C

127 A *deletes* not in C

128 Was] Then A<sup>2</sup> C.



- One spirit ruling in them all, alike  
 135 (Save only one, hereafter to be nam'd)  
 Were bent upon undoing what was done  
 This was their rest, and only hope, therewith  
 No fear had they of bad becoming worse, [135]  
 For worst to them was come, nor would have stirr'd,  
 140 Or deem'd it worth a moment's while to stir,  
 In anything, save only as the act  
 Look'd thitherward One, reckoning by years,  
 Was in the prime of manhood, and erewhile [140]  
 He had sate Lord in many tender hearts,  
 145 Though heedless of such honours now, and chang'd  
 His temper was quite master'd by the times,  
 And they had blighted him, had eat away  
 The beauty of his person, doing wrong [145]  
 Alike to body and to mind his port,  
 150 Which once had been erect and open, now  
 Was stooping and contracted, and a face,  
 By nature lovely in itself, express'd [150]  
 As much as any that was ever seen,  
 A ravage out of season, made by thoughts  
 155 Unhealthy and vexatious At the hour,  
 The most important of each day, in which  
 The public News was read, the fever came, [155]  
 A punctual visitant, to shake this Man,  
 Disarm'd his voice, and fann'd his yellow cheek  
 160 Into a thousand colours, while he read,  
 Or mused, his sword was haunted by his touch  
 Continually, like an uneasy place [160]  
 In his own body 'Twas in truth an hour  
 Of universal ferment, mildest men  
 165 Were agitated, and commotions, strife  
 Of passion and opinion fill'd the walls  
 Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds [165]  
 The soil of common life was at that time  
 Too hot to tread upon, oft said I then,  
 170 And not then only, 'what a mockery this  
 Of history, the past and that to come'  
 Now do I feel how I have been deceived, [170]  
 Reading of Nations and their works, in faith,

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 140 while] thought A<sup>2</sup> C

 147 eat *all MSS* eaten 1850

One spirit ruling in each heart , alike  
 (Save only one, hereafter to be named)  
 Were bent upon undoing what was done  
 This was their rest and only hope , therewith  
 No fear had they of bad becoming worse, 135  
 For worst to them was come , nor would have stirred,  
 Or deemed it worth a moment's thought to stir,  
 In any thing, save only as the act  
 Looked thitherward One, reckoning by years,  
 Was in the prime of manhood, and erewhile 140  
 He had sate lord in many tender hearts ,  
 Though heedless of such honours now, and changed  
 His temper was quite mastered by the times,  
 And they had blighted him, had eaten away  
 The beauty of his person, doing wrong 145  
 Alike to body and to mind his port,  
 Which once had been erect and open, now  
 Was stooping and contracted, and a face,  
 Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts  
 Of symmetry and light and bloom, expressed, 150  
 As much as any that was ever seen,  
 A ravage out of season, made by thoughts  
 Unhealthy and vexatious With the hour,  
 That from the press of Paris duly brought  
 Its freight of public news, the fever came, 155  
 A punctual visitant, to shake this man,  
 Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow cheek  
 Into a thousand colours , while he read,  
 Or mused, his sword was haunted by his touch  
 Continually, like an uneasy place 160  
 In his own body 'Twas in truth an hour  
 Of universal ferment , mildest men  
 Were agitated , and commotions, strife  
 Of passion and opinion, filled the walls  
 Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds 165  
 The soil of common life, was, at that time,  
 Too hot to tread upon Oft said I then,  
 And not then only, 'What a mockery this  
 Of history, the past and that to come '  
 Now do I feel-how all men are deceived, 170  
 Reading of nations and their works, in faith,

152 By nature admirably fair, expressed A<sup>2</sup>C Erewhile enriched with  
 nature's fairest gifts D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

given to vanity and emptiness ,  
 12~ Oh ! laughter for the Page that would reflect  
 To future times the face of what now is !'  
 The land all swarm'd with passion, like a Plain [175]  
 Devour'd by locusts, Carra, Gorsas, add  
 A hundred other names, forgotten now,  
 180 Nor to be heard of more, yet were they Powels,  
 Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by day,  
 And felt through every nook of town and field [180]

The Men already spoken of as chief  
 Of my Associates were prepared for flight  
 185 To augment the band of Emigrants in Arms  
 Upon the borders of the Rhine, and leagued  
 With foreign Foes mustered for instant war [185]  
 This was their undisguis'd intent, and they  
 Were waiting with the whole of their desires  
 190 The moment to depart

An Englishman,  
 Born in a Land, the name of which appear'd  
 To license some unruliness of mind, [190]  
 A Stranger, with Youth's further privilege,  
 And that indulgence which a half-learn'd speech  
 195 Wins from the courteous, I who had been else  
 Shunn'd and not tolerated freely lived  
 With these Defenders of the Crown, and talk'd [195]  
 And heard their notions, nor did they disdain  
 The wish to bring me over to their cause

200 But though untaught by thinking or by books  
 To reason well of polity or law  
 And nice distinctions, then on every tongue, [200]  
 Of natural rights and civil, and to acts  
 Of Nations, and their passing interests,  
 205 (I speak comparing these with other things)  
 Almost indifferent, even the Historian's Tale  
 Prizing but little otherwise than I priz'd [205]  
 Tales of the Poets, as it made my heart  
 Beat high and fill'd my fancy with fair forms,  
 210 Old Heroes and their sufferings and their deeds ,  
 Yet in the regal Sceptre, and the pomp

Faith given to vanity and emptiness ,  
 Oh ! laughter for the page that would reflect  
 To future times the face of what now is ' '  
 The land all swarmed with passion, like a plain 175  
 Devoured by locusts,—Carra, Gorsas,—add  
 A hundred other names, forgotten now,  
 Nor to be heard of more , yet, they were powers,  
 Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by day,  
 And felt through every nook of town and field 180

Such was the state of things   Meanwhile the chief  
 Of my associates stood prepared for flight  
 To augment the band of emigrants in arms  
 Upon the borders of the Rhine, and leagued  
 With foreign foes mustered for instant war 185  
 This was their undisguised intent, and they  
 Were waiting with the whole of their desires  
 The moment to depart

                  An Englishman,  
 Born in a land whose very name appeared  
 To license some unruliness of mind , 190  
 A stranger, with youth's further privilege,  
 And the indulgence that a half-learnt speech  
 Wins from the courteous , I, who had been else  
 Shunned and not tolerated, freely lived  
 With these defenders of the Crown, and talked, 195  
 And heard their notions , nor did they disdain  
 The wish to bring me over to their cause

But though untaught by thinking or by books  
 To reason well of polity or law,  
 And nice distinctions, then on every tongue, 200  
 Of natural rights and civil , and to acts  
 Of nations and their passing interests,  
 (If with unworldly ends and aims compared)  
 Almost indifferent, even the historian's tale  
 Prizing but little otherwise than I prized 205  
 Tales of the poets, as it made the heart  
 Beat high, and filled the fancy with fair forms,  
 Old heroes and their sufferings and their deeds ,  
 Yet in the regal sceptre, and the pomp

Of Orders and Degrees, I nothing found [210]  
 Then, or had ever, even in crudest youth,  
 That dazzled me, but rather what my soul  
 215 Mourn'd for, or loath'd, beholding that the best  
 Rul'd not, and feeling that they ought to rule

For, born in a poor District, and which vet [215]  
 Retaineth more of ancient homeliness,  
 Manners erect, and frank simplicity,  
 220 Than any other nook of English Land,  
 It was my fortune scarcely to have seen  
 Through the whole tenor of my School-day time  
 The face of one, who, whether Boy or Man, [220]  
 Was vested with attention or respect  
 225 Through claims of wealth or blood, nor was it least  
 Of many debts which afterwards I owed  
 To Cambridge, and an academic life  
 That something there was holden up to view [225]  
 Of a Republic, where all stood thus far  
 230 Upon equal ground, that they were brothers all  
 In honour, as in one community,  
 Scholars and Gentlemen, where, furthermore,  
 Distinction lay open to all that came, [230]  
 And wealth and titles were in less esteem  
 235 Than talents and successful industry  
 Add unto this, subservience from the first  
 To God and Nature's single sovereignty, [235]  
 Familiar presences of awful Power  
 And fellowship with venerable books  
 240 To sanction the proud workings of the soul,  
 And mountain liberty It could not be  
 But that one tutor'd thus, who had been form'd  
 To thought and moral feeling in the way  
 This story hath described, should look with awe  
 245 Upon the faculties of Man, receive [240]  
 Gladly the highest promises, and hail  
 As best the government of equal rights  
 And individual worth And hence, O Friend !  
 If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced  
 250 Less than might well befit my youth, the cause [245]

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218 Retaineth more of moral virtue, more  
 Of shrewd discernment, ancient homeliness A<sup>2</sup> C

Of orders and degrees, I nothing found                   210  
 Then, or had ever, even in crudest youth,  
 That dazzled me, but rather what I mourned  
 And ill could brook, beholding that the best  
 Ruled not, and feeling that they ought to rule

For, born in a poor district, and which yet                   215  
 Retaineth more of ancient homeliness,  
 Than any other nook of English ground,  
 It was my fortune scarcely to have seen,  
 Through the whole tenor of my school-day time,  
 The face of one, who, whether boy or man,                   220  
 Was vested with attention or respect  
 Through claims of wealth or blood, nor was it least  
 Of many benefits, in later years  
 Derived from academic institutes  
 And rules, that they held something up to view           225  
 Of a Republic, where all stood thus far  
 Upon equal ground, that we were brothers all  
 In honour, as in one community,  
 Scholars and gentlemen, where, furthermore,  
 Distinction open lay to all that came,                   230  
 And wealth and titles were in less esteem  
 Than talents, worth, and prosperous industry  
 Add unto this, subservience from the first  
 To presences of God's mysterious power  
 Made manifest in Nature's sovereignty,                   235  
 And fellowship with venerable books,  
 To sanction the proud workings of the soul,  
 And mountain liberty It could not be  
 But that one tutored thus should look with awe  
 Upon the faculties of man, receive                   240  
 Gladly the highest promises, and hail,  
 As best, the government of equal rights  
 And individual worth And hence, O Friend !  
 If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced  
 Less than might well befit my youth, the cause           245

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227 To the institutes of academic life

And to my sojourn on the banks of Cam A<sup>2</sup> C

233 lay open *all MSS* open lay 1850

In part lay here, that unto me the events  
 Seemed nothing out of nature's certain course,  
 A gift that rather was come late than soon  
 No wonder, then, if advocates like these [249]  
 255 Whom I have mention'd, at this riper day  
 Were impotent to make my hopes put on  
 The shape of theirs, my understanding bend  
 In honour to their honour, zeal which yet  
 Had slumber'd, now in opposition burst [255]  
 260 Forth like a Polar Summer, every word  
 They utter'd was a dart, by counter-winds  
 Blown back upon themselves, their reason seem'd  
 Confusion-stricken by a higher power  
 Than human understanding, their discourse [260]  
 265 Maim'd, spiritless, and in their weakness strong  
 I triumph'd

Meantime, day by day, the roads  
 (While I consorted with these Royalists)  
 Were crowded with the bravest Youth of France,  
 And all the promptest of her Spirits, link'd  
 270 In gallant Soldiership, and posting on [265]  
 To meet the War upon her Frontier Bounds  
 Yet at this very moment do tears start  
 Into mine eyes, I do not say I weep,  
 I wept not then, but tears have dimm'd my sight,  
 275 In memory of the farewells of that time, [270]  
 Domestic severings, female fortitude  
 At dearest separation, patriot love  
 And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope  
 Encourag'd with a martyr's confidence,  
 280 Even files of Strangers merely, seen but once, [275]  
 And for a moment, men from far with sound  
 Of music, martial tunes, and banners spread  
 Entering the city, here and there a face  
 Or person singled out among the rest,  
 285 Yet still a Stranger and belov'd as such, [280]  
 Even by these passing spectacles my heart  
 Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seem'd  
 Arguments sent from Heaven, that 'twas a cause  
 Good, and which no one could stand up against  
 290 Who was not lost, abandon'd, selfish, proud, [285]

In part lay here, that unto me the events  
 Seemed nothing out of nature's certain course,  
 A gift that was come rather late than soon  
 No wonder, then, if advocates like these,  
 Inflamed by passion, blind with prejudice, 250  
 And stung with injury, at this riper day,  
 Were impotent to make my hopes put on  
 The shape of theirs, my understanding bend  
 In honour to their honour zeal, which yet  
 Had slumbered, now in opposition burst 255  
 Forth like a Polar summer every word  
 They uttered was a dart, by counter-winds  
 Blown back upon themselves, their reason seemed  
 Confusion-stricken by a higher power  
 Than human understanding, their discourse 260  
 Maimed, spiritless, and, in their weakness strong,  
 I triumphed

Meantime, day by day, the roads  
 Were crowded with the bravest youth of France,  
 And all the promptest of her spirits, linked  
 In gallant soldiership, and posting on 265  
 To meet the war upon her frontier bounds  
 Yet at this very moment do tears start  
 Into mine eyes I do not say I weep—  
 I wept not then,—but tears have dimmed my sight,  
 In memory of the farewells of that time, 270  
 Domestic severings, female fortitude  
 At dearest separation, patriot love  
 And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,  
 Encouraged with a martyr's confidence,  
 Even files of strangers merely seen but once, 275  
 And for a moment, men from far with sound  
 Of music, martial tunes, and banners spread,  
 Entering the city, here and there a face,  
 Or person singled out among the rest,  
 Yet still a stranger and beloved as such, 280  
 Even by these passing spectacles my heart  
 Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed  
 Arguments sent from Heaven to prove the cause  
 Good, pure, which no one could stand up against,  
 Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish, proud, 285

274 tears have dimm'd A C D E moisture dims A<sup>2</sup>.



Mean, miserable wilfully deprav'd,  
Hate! perverse of equity and truth

- Among that band of Officers was one  
Already hinted at, of other mold,
- 295 A Patriot, thence rejected by the rest [290]  
And with an oriental loathing spurn'd,  
As of a different caste A meeker Man  
Than this liv'd never, or a more benign  
Meek, though enthusiastic Injuries
- 300 Made him more gracious, and his nature then [295]  
Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly  
As aromatic flowers on alpine turf  
When foot hath crush'd them He thro' the events  
Of that great change wander'd in perfect faith,
- 305 As through a Book, an old Romance or Tale [300]  
Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought  
Behind the summer clouds By birth he rank'd  
With the most noble, but unto the poor  
Among mankind he was in service bound
- 310 As by some tie invisible, oaths profess'd [305]  
To a religious Order Man he lov'd  
As Man, and to the mean and the obscure  
And all the homely in their homely works  
Transferr'd a courtesy which had no air
- 315 Of condescension, but did rather seem [310]  
A passion and a gallantry, like that  
Which he, a Soldier, in his idler day  
Had pay'd to Woman, somewhat vain he was,  
Or seem'd so, yet it was not vanity
- 320 But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy [315]  
That cover'd him about when he was bent  
On works of love or freedom, or revolved  
Complacently the progress of a cause,  
Whereof he was a part, yet this was meek
- 325 And placid, and took nothing from the Man [320]  
That was delightful oft in solitude  
With him did I discourse about the end  
Of civil government, and its wisest forms,  
Of ancient prejudice, and chartered rights,
- 330 Allegiance, faith, and law by time matured, [325]  
Custom and habit, novelty and change,

293 Among] Amid Y

297 caste 1850 cast all MSS

300 him] him A\* C

Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,  
Hater perverse of equity and truth

Among that band of Officers was one,  
Already hinted at, of other mould—  
A patriot, thence rejected by the rest, 290  
And with an oriental loathing spurned,  
As of a different caste A meeker man  
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,  
Meek though enthusiastic Injuries  
Made *him* more gracious, and his nature then 295  
Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,  
As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,  
When foot hath crushed them He through the events  
Of that great change wandered in perfect faith,  
As through a book, an old romance, or tale 300  
Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought  
Behind the summer clouds By birth he ranked  
With the most noble, but unto the poor  
Among mankind he was in service bound,  
As by some tie invisible, oaths professed 305  
To a religious order Man he loved  
As man, and, to the mean and the obscure,  
And all the homely in their homely works,  
Transferred a courtesy which had no air  
Of condescension, but did rather seem 310  
A passion and a gallantry, like that  
Which he, a soldier, in his idler day  
Had paid to woman somewhat vain he was,  
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,  
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy 315  
Diffused around him, while he was intent  
On works of love or freedom, or revolved  
Complacently the progress of a cause,  
Whereof he was a part yet this was meek  
And placid, and took nothing from the man 320  
That was delightful Oft in solitude  
With him did I discourse about the end  
Of civil government, and its wisest forms,  
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,  
Custom and habit, novelty and change, 325

306 Fairy] Faery Y  
329 prejudice] loyalty A<sup>1</sup> C

321 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850  
330 A *deletes* not in C.

- Of self-respect, and virtue in the Few [325]  
 For patrimonial honour set apart,  
 And ignorance in the labouring Multitude  
 335 For he, an upright Man and tolerant,  
 Balanced these contemplations in his mind [330]  
 And I, who at that time was scarcely dipp'd  
 Into the turmoil had a sounder judgment  
 Than afterwards, carried about me yet  
 340 With less alloy to its integrity  
 The experience of past ages, as through help [335]  
 Of Books and common life it finds its way  
 To youthful minds, by objects over near  
 Not press'd upon, nor dazzled or misled  
 345 By struggling with the crowd for present ends
- But though not deaf and obstinate to find [340]  
 Error without apology on the side  
 Of those who were against us, more delight  
 We took, and let this freely be confess'd,  
 350 In painting to ourselves the miseries  
 Of royal Courts, and that voluptuous life [345]  
 Unfeeling, where the Man who is of soul  
 The meanest thrives the most, where dignity,  
 True personal dignity, abideth not,  
 355 A light and cruel world, cut off from all  
 The natural inlets of just sentiment, [350]  
 From lowly sympathy, and chastening truth,  
 Where good and evil never have that name,  
 That which they ought to have, but wrong prevails,  
 360 And vice at home We added dearest themes,  
 Man and his noble nature, as it is [355]  
 The gift of God and lies in his own power,  
 His blind desires and steady faculties  
 Capable of clear truth, the one to break  
 365 Bondage, the other to build Liberty  
 On firm foundations, making social life, [360]  
 Through knowledge spreading and imperishable,  
 As just in regulation, and as pure  
 As individual in the wise and good

---

335 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850 For he by nature tolerant and subdued Y

338 had] bore A<sup>2</sup> C judgment A C D E mind Y

342 finds its way A C D makes sure way D<sup>2</sup>

348 those who were] them who strove A<sup>2</sup> C

Of self-respect, and virtue in the few  
 For patrimonial honour set apart,  
 And ignorance in the labouring multitude  
 For he, to all intolerance indisposed,  
 Balanced these contemplations in his mind , 330  
 And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped  
 Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment  
 Than later days allowed , carried about me,  
 With less alloy to its integrity,  
 The experience of past ages, as, through help 335  
 Of books and common life, it makes sure way  
 To youthful minds, by objects over near  
 Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled  
 By struggling with the crowd for present ends

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find 340  
 Error without excuse upon the side  
 Of them who strove against us, more delight  
 We took, and let this freely be confessed,  
 In painting to ourselves the miseries  
 Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life 345  
 Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul  
 The meanest thrives the most , where dignity,  
 True personal dignity, abideth not ,  
 A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off  
 From the natural inlets of just sentiment, 350  
 From lowly sympathy and chastening truth ,  
 Where good and evil interchange their names,  
 And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is paired  
 With vice at home We added dearest themes—  
 Man and his noble nature, as it is 355  
 The gift which God has placed within his power,  
 His blind desires and steady faculties  
 Capable of clear truth, the one to break  
 Bondage, the other to build liberty  
 On firm foundations, making social life, 360  
 Through knowledge spreading and imperishable,  
 As just in regulation, and as pure  
 As individual in the wise and good

---

358-60 Where good and evil interchange their names  
 Whence Evil irresistibly prevails  
 The senseless thirst of bloody spoils abroad  
 And vice A<sup>2</sup> C Y as A 358-9, followed by The senseless thirst  
 etc as A<sup>2</sup>

- 370 We summon'd up the honorable deeds  
 Of ancient Story, thought of each bright spot [365]  
 That could be found in all recorded time  
 Of truth preserv'd and error pass'd away,  
 Of single Spirits that catch the flame from Heaven,  
 375 And how the multitude of men will feed  
 And fan each other, thought of Sects, how keen [370]  
 They are to put the appropriate nature on,  
 Triumphant over every obstacle  
 Of custom, language, Country, love and hate,  
 380 And what they do and suffer for their creed,  
 How far they travel, and how long endure, [375]  
 How quickly mighty Nations have been form'd  
 From least beginnings, how, together lock'd  
 By new opinions, scatter'd tribes have made  
 385 One body spreading wide as clouds in heaven  
 To aspirations then of our own minds [380]  
 Did we appeal, and finally beheld  
 A living confirmation of the whole  
 Before us in a People risen up  
 390 Fresh as the morning Star . elate we look'd [385]  
 Upon their virtues, saw in rudest men  
 Self-sacrifice the firmest, generous love  
 And continence of mind, and sense of right  
 Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife
- 395 Oh ! sweet it is, in academic Groves, [390]  
 Or such retirement, Friend ! as we have known  
 Among the mountains, by our Rotha's Stream,  
 Greta or Derwent, or some nameless Rill,  
 To ruminate with interchange of talk  
 400 On rational liberty, and hope in Man, [395]  
 Justice and peace, but far more sweet such toil,  
 Toil say I, for it leads to thoughts abstruse  
 If Nature then be standing on the brink  
 Of some great trial, and we hear the voice  
 405 Of One devoted, one whom circumstance [400]  
 Hath call'd upon to embody his deep sense  
 In action, give it outwardly a shape,  
 And that of benediction to the world,

372 could] *all MSS*386 minds *A C D E* souls *A B*389-90 People . star *A C* *us* 1830403 brink] *edge Y.*404 trial *A Y* task *Y*

We summoned up the honourable deeds  
 Of ancient Story, thought of each bright spot, 365  
 That would be found in all recorded time,  
 Of truth preserved and error passed away,  
 Of single spirits that catch the flame from Heaven,  
 And how the multitudes of men will feed  
 And fan each other, thought of sects, how keen 370  
 They are to put the appropriate nature on,  
 Triumphant over every obstacle  
 Of custom, language, country, love, or hate,  
 And what they do and suffer for their creed,  
 How far they travel, and how long endure, 375  
 How quickly mighty Nations have been formed,  
 From least beginnings, how, together locked  
 By new opinions, scattered tribes have made  
 One body, spreading wide as clouds in heaven  
 To aspirations then of our own minds 380  
 Did we appeal, and, finally, beheld  
 A living confirmation of the whole  
 Before us, in a people from the depth  
 Of shameful imbecility uprisen,  
 Fresh as the morning star Elate we looked 385  
 Upon their virtues, saw, in rudest men,  
 Self-sacrifice the firmest, generous love,  
 And continence of mind, and sense of right,  
 Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife

Oh, sweet it is, in academic groves, 390  
 Or such retirement, Friend! as we have known  
 In the green dales beside our Rotha's stream,  
 Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless rill,  
 To ruminate, with interchange of talk,  
 On rational liberty, and hope in man, 395  
 Justice and peace But far more sweet such toil—  
 Toil, say I, for it leads to thoughts abstruse—  
 If nature then be standing on the brink  
 Of some great trial, and we hear the voice  
 Of one devoted,—one whom circumstance 400  
 Hath called upon to embody his deep sense  
 In action, give it outwardly a shape,  
 And that of benediction, to the world

- Then doubt is not, and truth is more than truth,  
 410 A hope it is and a desire, a creed [405]  
 Of zeal by an authority divine  
 Sanction'd of danger, difficulty or death  
 Such conversation under Attic shades  
 Did Dion hold with Plato, ripen'd thus  
 415 For a Deliverer's glorious task, and such, [410]  
 He, on that ministry already bound,  
 Held with Eudemus and Timonides,  
 Surrounded by Adventurers in Arms,  
 When those two Vessels with their daring Freight  
 420 For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow [415]  
 Sail'd from Zacynthus, philosophic war  
 Led by Philosophers With harder fate,  
 Though like ambition, such was he, O Friend !  
 Of whom I speak, so Beaupuis (let the Name  
 425 Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity) [420]  
 Fashion'd his life, and many a long discourse  
 With like persuasion honor'd we maintain'd,  
 He on his part accoutred for the worst  
 He perish'd fighting in supreme command  
 430 Upon the Borders of the unhappy Loire [425]  
 For Liberty against deluded Men,  
 His Fellow-countrymen, and yet most bless'd  
 In this, that he the fate of later times  
 Laved not to see, nor what we now behold  
 435 Who have as ardent hearts as he had then [430]

- Along that very Loire, with Festivals  
 Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet  
 Of civil slaughter was our frequent walk  
 Or in wide Forests of the neighbourhood,  
 440 High woods and over-arch'd with open space [435]  
 On every side, and footing many a mile,  
 In woven roots and moss smooth as the sea,  
 A solemn region Often in such place  
 From earnest dialogues I slipp'd in thought  
 445 And let remembrance steal to other times [439]

---

423 he, O Friend !] he my Friend Y

436 Festivals Y A festal joy B<sup>2</sup> festal mirth A<sup>2</sup> C

439-41 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850, but smooth for clear

441-2 and footing without end

Of intermingled roots and lawny moss Y

Then doubt is not, and truth is more than truth,—  
 A hope it is, and a desire , a creed 405  
 Of zeal, by an authority Divine  
 Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or death  
 Such conversation, under Attic shades,  
 Did Dion hold with Plato , ripened thus  
 For a Deliverer's glorious task,—and such 410  
 He, on that ministry already bound,  
 Held with Eudæmus and Timonides,  
 Surrounded by adventurers in arms,  
 When those two vessels with their daring freight,  
 For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow, 415  
 Sailed from Zacynthus,—philosophic war,  
 Led by Philosophers With harder fate,  
 Though like ambition, such was he, O Friend !  
 Of whom I speak So Beaupuis (let the name  
 Stand near the worthiest of Antiquity) 420  
 Fashioned his life , and many a long discourse,  
 With like persuasion honoured, we maintained  
 He on his part, accoutred for the worst  
 He perished fighting, in supreme command,  
 Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire, 425  
 For liberty, against deluded men,  
 His fellow country-men , and yet most blessed  
 In this, that he the fate of later times  
 Lived not to see, nor what we now behold,  
 Who have as ardent hearts as he had then 430

Along that very Loire, with festal mirth  
 Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet  
 Of civil slaughter, was our frequent walk ,  
 Or in wide forests of continuous shade,  
 Lofty and over-arched, with open space 435  
 Beneath the trees, clear footing many a mile—  
 A solemn region Oft amid those haunts,  
 From earnest dialogues I slipped in thought,  
 And let remembrance steal to other times,  
 When, o'er those interwoven roots, moss-clad, 440  
 And smooth as marble or a waveless sea,  
 Some Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed, might pace  
 In sylvan meditation undisturbed ,



- When Hermits from their sheds and caves forth stray'd  
 Walk'd by themselves, so met in shades like these,  
 And if a devious Traveller was heard [447]  
 Approaching from a distance, as might chance,  
 450 With speed and echoes loud of trampling hoofs  
 From the hard floor reverberated, then [450]  
 It was Angelica thundering through the woods  
 Upon her Palfrey, or that gentler Maid  
 Erminia, fugitive as fair as She  
 455 Sometimes I saw, methought, a pair of Knights  
 Joust underneath the trees, that, as in storm, [455]  
 Did rock above their heads, anon the din  
 Of boisterous merriment and music's roar,  
 With sudden Proclamation, burst from haunt  
 460 Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with dance  
 Rejoicing o'er a Female in the midst, [460]  
 A mortal Beauty, their unhappy Thrall,  
 The width of those huge Forests, unto me  
 A novel scene, did often in this way  
 465 Master my fancy, while I wander'd on  
 With that revered Companion And sometimes [465]  
 When to a Convent in a meadow green  
 By a brook-side we came, a roofless Pile,  
 And not by reverential touch of Time  
 470 Dismantled, but by violence abrupt,  
 In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies, [470]  
 In spite of real fervour, and of that  
 Less genuine and wrought up within myself  
 I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,  
 475 And for the matin Bell to sound no more  
 Griev'd, and the evening Taper, and the Cross [475]  
 High on the topmost Pinnacle, a sign  
 Admonitory to the Traveller  
 First seen above the woods  
 And when my Friend  
 480 Pointed upon occasion to the Site [480]  
 Of Romorentin, home of ancient Kings,  
 To the imperial Edifice of Blois

[446-50] D stuck over D- as 1850

449 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850476 evening A C twilight B<sup>2</sup> C<sup>2</sup>448 And] But A<sup>2</sup> C

459 With] Gave Y

478 to] by Y

As on the pavement of a Gothic church  
 Walks a lone Monk, when service hath expired, 445  
 In peace and silence But if e'er was heard,—  
 Heard, though unseen,—a devious traveller,  
 Retiring or approaching from afar  
 With speed and echoes loud of trampling hoofs  
 From the hard floor reverberated, then 450  
 It was Angelica thundering through the woods  
 Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid  
 Erminia, fugitive as fair as she  
 Sometimes methought I saw a pair of knights  
 Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm 455  
 Rocked high above their heads, anon, the din  
 Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,  
 In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt  
 Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with dance  
 Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst, 460  
 A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall  
 The width of those huge forests, unto me  
 A novel scene, did often in this way  
 Master my fancy while I wandered on  
 With that revered companion And sometimes— 465  
 When to a convent in a meadow green,  
 By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,  
 And not by reverential touch of Time  
 Dismantled, but by violence abrupt—  
 In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies, 470  
 In spite of real fervour, and of that  
 Less genuine and wrought up within myself—  
 I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,  
 And for the Matin-bell to sound no more  
 Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the cross 475  
 High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign  
 (How welcome to the weary traveller's eyes!)  
 Of hospitality and peaceful rest  
 And when the partner of those varied walks  
 Pointed upon occasion to the site 480  
 Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,  
 To the imperial edifice of Blois,

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477-9 High station'd on the topmost pinnacle

For reverential notice, and a sign

(How welcome rest (as 1850)

And when the honoured partner of my walks A<sup>c</sup>O

- Or to that rural Castle, name now slipp'd  
 From my remembrance, where a Lady lodg'd  
 485 By the first Francis wooed, and bound to him [485]  
 In chains of mutual passion, from the Tower,  
 As a Tradition of the Country tells,  
 Practis'd to commune with her Royal Knight  
 By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse  
 490 'Twixt her high-seated Residence and his [490]  
 Far off at Chambord on the Plain beneath  
 Even here, though less than with the peaceful House  
 Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments  
 Of Kings, their vices and their better deeds,  
 495 Imagination, potent to enflame [495]  
 At times with virtuous wrath and noble scorn,  
 Did also often mitigate the force  
 Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,  
 So call it, of a youthful Patriot's mind,  
 500 And on these spots with many gleams I look'd [500]  
 Of chivalrous delight Yet not the less,  
 Hatred of absolute rule, where will of One  
 Is law for all, and of that barren pride  
 In them who, by immunities unjust,  
 505 Betwixt the Sovereign and the People stand, [505]  
 His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold  
 Daily upon me, mix'd with pity too  
 And love, for where hope is there love will be  
 For the abject multitude And when we chang'd  
 510 One day to meet a hunger-bitten Girl, [510]  
 Who crept along, fitting her languid gait  
 Unto a Heifer's motion, by a cord  
 Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane  
 Its sustenance, while the girl with her two hands  
 515 Was busy knitting, in a heartless mood [515]  
 Of solitude, and at the sight my Friend  
 In agitation said, ' 'Tis against *that*  
 Which we are fighting,' I with him believed  
 Devoutly that a spirit was abroad  
 520 Which could not be withstood, that poverty [520]  
 At least like this, would in a little time  
 Be found no more, that we should see the earth

491 beneath ] beneath A beneath B C D E

493 monuments] vestiges Y 497 mitigate A Y<sup>a</sup> mellow down Y

514-15 while th' attendant with her hands

Was busied Y

514 her two A two lean B<sup>a</sup> pallid A<sup>a</sup> C

Or to that rural castle, name now slipped  
 From my remembrance, where a lady lodged,  
 By the first Francis wooed, and bound to him 485  
 In chains of mutual passion, from the tower,  
 As a tradition of the country tells,  
 Practised to commune with her royal knight  
 By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse  
 'Twixt her high-seated residence and his 490  
 Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath,  
 Even here, though less than with the peaceful house  
 Religious, 'mid those frequent monuments  
 Of Kings, their vices and their better deeds,  
 Imagination, potent to inflame 495  
 At times with virtuous wrath and noble scorn,  
 Did also often mitigate the force  
 Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,  
 So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind,  
 And on these spots with many gleams I looked 500  
 Of chivalrous delight Yet not the less,  
 Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one  
 Is law for all, and of that barren pride  
 In them who, by immunities unjust,  
 Between the sovereign and the people stand, 505  
 His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold  
 Daily upon me, mixed with pity too  
 And love, for where hope is, there love will be  
 For the abject multitude And when we chanced  
 One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl, 510  
 Who crept along fitting her languid gait  
 Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord  
 Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane  
 Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hands  
 Was busy knitting in a heartless mood 515  
 Of solitude, and at the sight my friend  
 In agitation said, 'Tis against *that*  
 That we are fighting,' I with him believed  
 That a benignant spirit was abroad  
 Which might not be withstood, that poverty 520  
 Abject as this would in a little time  
 Be found no more, that we should see the earth

517-18 Said with emotion, 'Against *that* it is That we are fighting' Y.  
 There is it, there, That which we fight against A<sup>2</sup> C A<sup>2</sup> as A

519 Devoutly that a A C That a benignant A

520 could A C might A<sup>2</sup>

521 At least like A C Abject like A<sup>2</sup> C<sup>2</sup>

- Unthwarted in her wish to recompense  
 The industrious, and the lowly Child of Toil,  
 525 All institutes for ever blotted out [525]  
 That legalised exclusion, empty pomp  
 Abolish'd, sensual state and cruel power  
 Whether by edict of the one or few,  
 And finally, as sum and crown of all,  
 530 Should see the People having a strong hand [530]  
 In making their own Laws, whence better days  
 To all mankind But, these things set apart,  
 Was not the single confidence enough  
 To animate the mind that ever turn'd  
 535 A thought to human welfare, that henceforth [535]  
 Captivity by mandate without law  
 Should cease, and open accusation lead  
 To sentence in the hearing of the world  
 And open punishment, if not the air  
 540 Be free to breathe in, and the heart of Man [540]  
 Dread nothing? Having touch'd this argument  
 I shall not, as my purpose was, take note  
 Of other matters which detain'd us oft  
 In thought or conversation, public acts,  
 545 And public persons, and the emotions wrought [545]  
 Within our minds by the ever-varying wind  
 Of Record or Report which day by day  
 Swept over us, but I will here instead  
 Draw from obscurity a tragic Tale  
 550 Not in its spirit singular indeed  
 But haply worth memorial, as I heard  
 The events related by my patriot Friend  
 And others who had borne a part therein  
 Oh! happy time of youthful Lovers! thus  
 555 My Story may begin, Oh! balmy time [555]  
 In which a Love-knot on a Lady's brow  
 Is fairer than the fairest Star in heaven!
- 
- 524 The industrious and lowly A C A<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 531 making] framing A<sup>2</sup> C 535 welfare, 541 nothing *So all MSS*  
 541 argument] sacred theme A<sup>2</sup> C 546 our minds] the breast A<sup>2</sup>  
 548 Swept over] Broke in upon A<sup>2</sup> C  
 549 obscurity] domestic life A<sup>2</sup> C.  
 550 Not in its spirit singularly fraught  
 With tyranny and suffering undeserved A<sup>2</sup>  
 With the dire exercise of lawless power  
 Fraught, though alas not singularly fraught A<sup>2</sup> C.  
 [551-2] D stuck over D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Unthwarted in her wish to recompense  
 The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil  
 All institutes for ever blotted out 525  
 That legalised exclusion, empty pomp  
 Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,  
 Whether by edict of the one or few,  
 And finally, as sum and crown of all,  
 Should see the people having a strong hand 530  
 In framing their own laws, whence better days  
 To all mankind But, these things set apart,  
 Was not this single confidence enough  
 To animate the mind that ever turned  
 A thought to human welfare? That henceforth 535  
 Captivity by mandate without law  
 Should cease, and open accusation lead  
 To sentence in the hearing of the world  
 And open punishment, if not the air  
 Be free to breathe in, and the heart of man 540  
 Dread nothing From this height I shall not stoop  
 To humbler matter that detained us oft  
 In thought or conversation, public acts,  
 And public persons, and emotions wrought  
 Within the breast, as ever-varying winds 545  
 Of record or report swept over us,  
 But I might here, instead, repeat a tale,  
 Told by my Patriot friend, of sad events,  
 That prove to what low depth had struck the roots,  
 How widely spread the boughs, of that old tree 550  
 Which, as a deadly mischief, and a foul  
 And black dishonour, France was weary of.

Oh, happy time of youthful lovers, (thus  
 The story might begin) Oh, balmy time,  
 In which a love-knot, on a lady's brow, 555  
 Is fairer than the fairest star in Heaven !

#### VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

O happy time of youthful lovers (thus  
 My story may begin) O balmy time,  
 In which a love-knot on a lady's brow  
 Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven !

553 By others too who having chanced to bear  
 No wish'd for part therein with tears confirmed  
 The truth their lips unwillingly rehears'd A<sup>2</sup> C

- To such inheritance of blessedness [5]  
 Young Vaudracour was brought by years that had  
 560 A little overstepp'd his stripling prime  
 A Town of small repute in the heart of France [10]  
 Was the Youth's Birth-place there he vow'd his love  
 To Julia, a bright Maid, from Parents sprung  
 Not mean in their condition, but with rights  
 565 Unhonour'd of Nobility, and hence  
 The Father of the young Man, who had place  
 Among that order, spurn'd the very thought  
 Of such alliance From their cradles up,  
 With but a step between their several homes [20]  
 570 The pair had thriven together year by year,  
 Friends, Playmates Twins in pleasure, after strife  
 And petty quarrels had grown fond again, [22]  
 Each other's advocate, each other's help,  
 Nor ever happy if they were apart  
 575 A basis this for deep and solid love,  
 And endless constancy, and placid truth,  
 But whatsoever of such treasures might,  
 Beneath the outside of their youth, have lain  
 Reserv'd for mellowed years, his present mind  
 580 Was under fascination, he beheld  
 A vision, and he lov'd the thing he saw  
 Arabian Fiction never fill'd the world  
 With half the wonders that were wrought for him [40]  
 Earth liv'd in one great presence of the spring,  
 585 Life turn'd the meanest of her implements

[557-end] D stuck over D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

559-60 Even such, the noble Vaudracour was brought  
 By years that had a little overstepp'd etc as 1820 A<sup>a</sup> C

563-7 To a bright Maid—what boots it that no gem  
 To princely courts exalted from the mine  
 Glitters with such a witchery of light  
 No field flower blooms a thousandth part as sweet  
 Plebeian etc as 1820 [14] A<sup>a</sup> C

573 help] stay A<sup>a</sup> C

574 And strangers to content if long apart  
 . . . each others sight as 1820 [24-9] A<sup>a</sup> C

575-6 An earnest this of love imperishable  
 Unclouded constancy, unblemished truth  
 Peace without flaw—content without alloy C

577 But whatsoe'er of such enjoyments might A<sup>a</sup>

579 mellowed] distant A<sup>a</sup>

So might—and with that prelude *did* begin  
 The record, and, in faithful verse, was given  
 The doleful sequel

VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

To such inheritance of blessed fancy	5
(Fancy that sports more desperately with minds	
Than ever fortune hath been known to do)	
The high-born Vaudracour was brought, by years	
Whose progress had a little overstepped	
His stripling pime A town of small repute,	10
Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne,	
Was the Youth's birth-place There he woo'd a Maid	
Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit	
With answering vows Plebeian was the stock,	
Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,	15
From which her graces and her honours sprung,	
And hence the father of the enamoured Youth,	
With haughty indignation, spurned the thought	
Of such alliance —From then cradles up,	
With but a step between then several homes,	20
Twins had they been in pleasure, after strife	
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again,	
Each other's advocate, each other's stay,	
And strangers to content if long apart,	
Or more divided than a sportive pair	25
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are hovering	
Within the eddy of a common blast,	
Or hidden only by the concave depth	
Of neighbouring billows from each other's sight.	
Thus, not without concurrence of an age	30
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given,	
By ready nature, for a life of love,	
For endless constancy and placid truth,	
But whatsoe'er of such rare treasure lay	
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support	35
Of their maturer years, his present mind	
Was under fascination,—he beheld	
A vision, and adored the thing he saw	
Arabian fiction never filled the world	
With half the wonders that were wrought for him	40
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring,	
Life turn'd the meanest of her implements,	
577-9 But whatsoe'er of such rich treasure lay	
Beneath the surface of their youthful prime	
Reserv'd, had fate permitted, for support	
Of their remotest years, his present mind C	
581 he lov'd] adored C	584 lov'd] breath'd C





But our little bark  
On a strong river boldly hath been launched , 560  
And from the driving current should we turn

VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

Before his eyes, to price above all gold ,  
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine ,  
Her chamber window did surpass in gloiy 45  
The portals of the dawn , all paradise  
Could, by the simple opening of a door,  
Let itself in upon him , pathways, walks,  
Swarm'd with enchantment, till his spirit sank  
Surcharged within him,—overblest to move 50  
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world  
To its dull round of ordinary cares ,  
A man too happy for mortality !

So passed the time, till, whether through effect  
Of some unguarded moment that dissolved 55  
Virtuous restraint—ah, speak it, think it not !  
Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who saw  
So many bars between his present state  
And the dear haven where he wished to be  
In honourable wedlock with his Love, 60  
Was inwardly prepared to turn aside  
From law and custom, and entrust his cause  
To nature for a happy end of all ,  
Deem that by such fond hope the Youth was swayed,  
And bear with their transgression, when I add 65  
That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,  
Carried about her for a secret grief  
The promise of a mother

To conceal

The threatened shame, the parents of the Maid  
Found means to hurry her away by night 70  
And unforewarned, that in some distant spot  
She might remain shrouded in privacy,  
Until the babe was born When morning came  
The Lover, thus bereft, stung with his loss,  
And all uncertain whither he should turn, 75  
Chafed like a wild beast in the toils ; but soon  
Discovering traces of the fugitives,

599 Without a certain knowledge] Without a shaped intention C

603 pure] strict C

606-7 so divinely beautiful add] not more beautiful than pure

More bright than spotless,—this believe and add

With the reluctance due to painful truth, A<sup>2</sup> C

610 promise] burthen C

613 a distant town] some distant spot C

Pursu'd them to the Town where they had stopp'd,  
 And lastly to the very House itself  
 Which had been chosen for the Maid's retreat  
 The sequel may be easily divined, [79]  
 625 Walks backwards, forwards, morning, noon and night  
 When decency and caution would allow  
 And Julia, who, whenever to herself  
 She happen'd to be left a moment's space,  
 Was busy at her casement, as a Swallow  
 630 About its nest, ere long did thus espy  
 Her Lover, thence a stolen interview [85]  
 By night accomplish'd, with a ladder's help

I pass the raptures of the Pair, such theme  
 Hath by a hundred Poets been set forth  
 635 In more delightful verse than skill of mine  
 Could fashion, chiefly by that darling Bard [90]  
 Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,  
 And of the Lark's note heard before its time,  
 And of the streaks that lac'd the severing clouds  
 640 In the unrelenting East 'Tis mine to tread [94]  
 The humbler province of plain history,  
 And, without choice of circumstance, submissively  
 Relate what I have heard The Lovers came  
 To this resolve, with which they parted, pleas'd  
 645 And confident, that Vaudracour should hie  
 Back to his Father's house, and there employ  
 Means aptest to obtain a sum of gold,  
 A final portion, even, if that might be, [106]

622 Their flight, and lastly to the very House A<sup>2</sup> C

624 easily] readily C

625-30 Walks to and fro, and watchings at all hours A<sup>2</sup>

And the fair Captive who whene'er she might  
 Was busy etc swallow A<sup>2</sup>

So C, but watchings at every hour for and watchings at all hours, may for  
 might and Is for Was After Swallow C goes on

Fluttering in sight, nay almost within reach  
 About that pendent edifice where rests  
 A callow brood, did thus erelong espy

634 Innumerable poets have described A<sup>2</sup>, A<sup>2</sup> as 1820, but sung for touched  
 [88] C as 1820

640-9 'Tis mine etc take flight] Through all her courts etc  
 filament as 1820 [94-101], followed by

Elate with hopeful courage from the arms  
 Of his beloved, generous Vaudracour  
 Springs like an arrow from the strict embrace

To loiter wilfully within a creek,  
 Howe'er attractive, Fellow voyager !  
 Would'st thou not chide ? Yet deem not my pains lost

VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

Their steps he followed to the Maid's retreat  
 The sequel may be easily divined,—  
 Walks to and fro—watchings at every hour , 80  
 And the fair Captive, who, whene'er she may,  
 Is busy at her casement as the swallow  
 Fluttering its pinions, almost within reach,  
 About the pendant nest, did thus espy  
 Her Lover !—thence a stolen interview, 85  
 Accomplished under friendly shade of night  
 I pass the raptures of the Pair,—such theme  
 Is, by innumerable poets, touched  
 In more delightful verse than skill of mine  
 Could fashion, chiefly by that darling bard 90  
 Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,  
 And of the lark's note heard before its time,  
 And of the streaks that laced the severing clouds  
 In the unrelenting east—Through all her courts  
 The vacant City slept, the busy winds, 95  
 That keep no certain intervals of rest,  
 Mov'd not, meanwhile the galaxy display'd  
 Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat  
 Aloft,—momentous but uneasy bliss !  
 To them full hearts the universe seemed hung 100  
 On that brief meeting's slender filament !  
 They parted, and the generous Vaudracour  
 Reached speedily the native threshold, bent  
 On making (so the Lovers had agreed)  
 A sacrifice of birth-right, to attain 105  
 A final portion from his Father's hand ,

Of bow and arrow launch'd into the air  
 Conspicuous, yet with doubtful import charg'd  
 Of gladness, or festivity, or death  
 Lo ! he hath reach'd the native threshold—there  
 To make (as in their hearts simplicity  
 The lovers at their Parting had agreed)  
 A sacrifice if nothing less may serve  
 Of birthright, from the Father to obtain  
 His final portion in a sum of gold,  
 Which granted *etc* as 1820 [107 ff] C  
 643-7 The Lovers *etc* obtain] They parted, pleased  
 In their simplicity with this resolve  
 That Vaudracour should seek his father's house  
 And though with sacrifice of rights and claims  
 Endeavour to obtain *etc* A-

Which done, together they could then take flight  
 650 To some remote and solitary place  
 Where they might live with no one to behold [110]  
 Their happiness, or to disturb their love  
 Immediately and with this mission charg'd  
 Home to his Father's House the Youth return'd  
 655 And there remain'd a while without hint given  
 Of his design, but if a word were dropp'd  
 Touching the matter of his passion, still  
 In hearing of his Father, Vaudracour [115]  
 Persisted openly that nothing less  
 660 Than death should make him yield up hope to be  
 A blessed Husband of the Maid he loved

Incensed at such obduracy and slight  
 Of exhortations and remonstrances  
 The Father threw out threats that by a mandate  
 665 Bearing the private signet of the State  
 He should be baffled of his mad intent, [120]  
 And that should cure him From this time the Youth  
 Conceiv'd a terror, and by night or day  
 Sturr'd nowhere without Arms Soon afterwards  
 670 His Parents to their Country Seat withdrew [125]  
 Upon some feign'd occasion, and the Son  
 Was left with one Attendant in the house  
 Retiring to his Chamber for the night,  
 While he was entering at the door, attempts  
 675 Were made to seize him by three armed Men, [129]  
 The instruments of ruffian power, the Youth  
 In the first impulse of his rage, laid one  
 Dead at his feet, and to the second gave  
 A perilous wound, which done, at sight  
 680 Of the dead Man, he peacefully resign'd [135]  
 His Person to the Law, was lodged in prison,  
 And wore the fetters of a Criminal

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652 Far less disturb their unambitious joy C  
 653-7 When with this mission charged the Youth had reached  
 His Father's house he ventured not to speak  
 In furtherance of his scheme but if a word  
 Were dropt that touched upon his passion, still A<sup>2</sup>  
 653-61 C as 1820 [112-19], but intrusive for obtrusive [113]

For Vaudracour and Julia (so were named 565  
 The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale will draw  
 Tears from the hearts of others, when their own

## VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

Which granted, Bride and Bridegroom then would flee  
 To some remote and solitary place,  
 Shady as night, and beautiful as heaven,  
 Where they may live, with no one to behold 110  
 Their happiness, or to disturb their love  
 But *now* of this no whisper, not the less,  
 If ever an obtrusive word were dropped  
 Touching the matter of his passion, still,  
 In his stern Father's hearing, Vaudracour 115  
 Persisted openly that death alone  
 Should abrogate his human privilege  
 Divine, of swearing everlasting truth,  
 Upon the altar, to the Maid he loved  
 'You shall be baffled in your mad intent 120  
 If there be justice in the Court of France,'  
 Muttered the Father —From this time the Youth  
 Conceived a terror,—and, by night or day,  
 Stirred no where without aims To their rural seat,  
 Meanwhile, his Parents artfully withdrew 125  
 Upon some feigned occasion, and the Son  
 Remained with one attendant At midnight  
 When to his chamber he retired, attempt  
 Was made to seize him by three armed men,  
 Acting, in furtherance of the Father's will, 130  
 Under a private signet of the State  
 One, did the Youth's ungovernable hand  
 Assault and slay,—and to a second gave  
 A perilous wound,—he shuddered to behold  
 The breathless coise, then peacefully resigned 135  
 His person to the law, was lodged in prison,  
 And wore the fetters of a criminal

- 662-7 Incensed cure him] You shall be baffled in your mad intent  
 And by a private signet of the State  
 Muttered the Father A<sup>2</sup>, C as 1820 [120-2]  
 669-70 Soon afterwards withdrew] While he was thus  
 Harass'd in mind yet hoping in his fear  
 His parents to their country seat withdrew A<sup>2</sup>  
 To their country seat  
 Meanwhile his parents artfully withdrew C  
 672-80 in the house resigned] At midnight resigned as 1820  
 [127-35] C' So A<sup>2</sup> but The passive instruments of ruffian power for  
 Acting state [130-1]  
 676-80 One with ungovernable hand the Youth  
 Assailed and slew, and to the second gave  
 A perilous wound—he shuddered at the sight  
 Of the pale corse etc A<sup>2</sup>

Through three week's space, by means which love  
 devis'd,  
 The Maid in her seclusion had received  
 685 Tidings of Vaudiacour, and how he sped  
 Upon his enterprize Thereafter came  
 A silence, half a circle did the moon  
 Complete, and then a whole, and still the same  
 Silence, a thousand thousand fears and hopes  
 690 Stirr'd in her mind, thoughts waking, thoughts of sleep  
 Entangled in each other, and at last  
 Self-slaughter seem'd her only resting-place  
 So did she fare in her uncertainty

At length, by interference of a Friend, [151]  
 695 One who had sway at Court, the Youth regain'd  
 His liberty, on promise to sit down  
 Quietly in his Father's House, nor take  
 One step to reunite himself with her  
 Of whom his Parents disapproved hard law  
 700 To which he gave consent only because  
 His freedom else could nowise be procured  
 Back to his Father's house he went, remain'd  
 Eight days, and then his resolution fail'd  
 He fled to Julia, and the words with which [155]  
 705 He greeted her were these 'All right is gone,  
 Gone from me Thou no longer now art mine, [160]  
 I thine, a Murderer, Julia, cannot love  
 An innocent Woman, I behold thy face  
 I see thee and my misery is complete'  
 710 She could not give him answer, afterwards  
 She coupled with his Father's name some words [166]  
 Of vehement indignation, but the Youth  
 Check'd her, nor would he hear of this, for thought  
 Unfilial, or unkind, had never once

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683-93 C as 1820 [138-50] but for [146-7] reads  
 Tormented? then your memory doth possess  
 Images which if sympathy be yours  
 For this lost pair, may help you to conceive  
 The vex'd condition of each mind ah no!

692 only resting-place] sorrow's only cure A<sup>3</sup>.

694-709 C as 1820 [151-63]

For him by private interest at the Court  
 His deed was pardoned and the Youth regained  
 His liberty on promise to abjure

Shall beat no more    Thou, also, there mayst read,  
 At leisure, how the enamoured youth was driven,  
 By public power abased, to fatal crime, 570

## VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

Have you beheld a tuft of winged seed  
 That, from the dandelion's naked stalk  
 Mounted aloft, is suffered not to use 140  
 Its natural gifts for purposes of rest,  
 Driven by the autumnal whirlwind to and fro  
 Through the wide element? or have you marked  
 The heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough,  
 Within the vortex of a foaming flood, 145  
 Tormented? by such aid you may conceive  
 The perturbation of each mind,—ah, no!  
 Desperate the Maid,—the Youth is stained with blood!  
 But as the troubled seed and tortured bough  
 Is man, subjected to despotic sway 150  
 For him, by private influence with the Court,  
 Was pardon gained, and liberty procured,  
 But not without exaction of a pledge  
 Which liberty and love dispersed in air  
 He flew to her from whom they would divide him— 155  
 He clove to her who could not give him peace—  
 Yea, his first word of greeting was,—‘All right  
 Is gone from me, my lately-towering hopes,  
 To the least fibre of their lowest root,  
 Are withered,—thou no longer canst be mine, 160  
 I thine—the conscience stricken must not woo  
 The unruffled Innocent,—I see thy face,  
 Behold thee, and my misery is complete!’  
 ‘One, are we not?’ exclaim’d the Maiden—‘One,  
 For innocence and youth, for weal and woe?’ 165  
 Then, with the Father’s name she coupled words  
 Of vehement indignation, but the Youth  
 Check’d her with filial meekness, for no thought  
 Uncharitable, no presumptuous rising

All effort to unite himself with her  
 Of whom his Parents disapproved hard law  
 But freedom could not otherwise be gained  
 Full speedily his resolution failed  
 He flew to Julia and his lips pronounced  
 These words in greeting her ‘All right is gone, *etc* as 1820 [158-  
 63] A<sup>2</sup>

710-40 *C* as 1820 [164-76]

710-11 She answered not nor spake until impelled To couple *etc* A<sup>2</sup>, *C* as  
 1820



- 715 Found harbour in his breast The Lovers thus  
United once again together lived  
For a few days, which were to Vaudracour  
Days of dejection, sorrow and remorse  
For that ill deed of violence which his hand  
720 Had hastily committed for the Youth  
Was of a loyal spirit, a conscience nice  
And over tender for the trial which  
His fate had call'd him to The Father's mind,  
Meanwhile, remain'd unchanged, and Vaudracour  
725 Learn'd that a mandate had been newly issued  
To arrest him on the spot Oh pain it was  
To part ' he could not—and he linger'd still  
To the last moment of his time, and then,  
At dead of night with snow upon the ground,  
730 He left the City, and in Villages  
The most sequester'd of the neighbourhood  
Lay hidden for the space of several days  
Until the horseman bringing back report  
That he was nowhere to be found, the search  
735 Was ended Back return'd the ill-fated Youth,  
And from the House where Julia lodg'd (to which  
He now found open ingress, having gain'd  
The affection of the family, who lov'd him  
Both for his own, and for the Maiden's sake)  
740 One night retiring, he was seiz'd—But here  
A portion of the Tale may well be left [177]  
In silence, though my memory could add  
Much how the Youth, and in short space of time,  
Was travers'd from without, much, too, of thoughts  
745 By which he was employ'd in solitude  
Under privation and restraint, and what [182]  
Through dark and shapeless fear of things to come,  
And what through strong compunction for the past  
He suffer'd breaking down in heart and mind [185]  
750 Such grace, if grace it were, had been vouchsafed  
Or such effect had through the Father's want  
Of power, or through his negligence ensued  
That Vaudracour was suffer'd to remain,  
Though under guard and without liberty,  
755 In the same City with the unhappy Maid  
From whom he was divided So they fared  
Objects of general concern, till, moved

Nature's rebellion against monstrous law,  
How, between heart and heart, oppression thrust

## VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

Of hasty censure, modelled in the eclipse 170  
Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er  
Find place within his bosom—Once again  
The persevering wedge of tyranny  
Achieved their separation,—and once more  
Were they united,—to be yet again, 175  
Disparted—pitiable lot! But here  
A portion of the Tale may well be left  
In silence, though my memory could add  
Much how the Youth, in scanty space of time,  
Was traversed from without, much, too, of thoughts 180  
That occupied his days in solitude  
Under privation and restraint, and what,  
Through dark and shapeless fear of things to come,  
And what, through strong compunction for the past,  
He suffered—breaking down in heart and mind! 185

715-17

The Lovers, thus

United once again, within those doors  
(Where now he found prompt ingress, having gained  
The affections of the Family who loved him  
Both for his own and for the Maiden's sake)  
Dwelt a few days that were to Vaudracour A<sup>s</sup>

722-3 And of a heart too tender for the trials Which fate etc A<sup>s</sup>

And over tender—O that he had weighed  
Untremblingly their wicked institutes  
And taken his repose upon the breast  
Of Nature and of God The Father's mind A<sup>s</sup>

729 while snow was on the ground A<sup>s</sup> while snow enwrapp'd the  
ground A<sup>s</sup>

730-1 in villages neighbourhood] in haunts obscure A<sup>s</sup>

736-40 to which here] One night, Retiring, he was seized once more—

But here A<sup>s</sup>

743 and in short] in scanty C

745 By which he was employed] That occupied his time A<sup>s</sup> C as 1820749 mind H C soul A<sup>s</sup>

750-97 C as 1820 [186-90]

754 without liberty] rigorously confined A<sup>s</sup>

With pity for their wrongs, the Magistrate,  
The same who had plac'd the Youth in custody,  
760 By application to the Minister  
Obtain'd his liberty upon condition  
That to his Father's house he should return

He left his Prison almost on the eve  
Of Julia's travail, she had likewise been  
765 As from the time indeed, when she had first  
Been brought for secrecy to this abode,  
Though treated with consoling tenderness,  
Herself a Prisoner, a dejected one,  
Fill'd with a Lover's and a Woman's fears,  
770 And whensoe'er the Mistress of the House  
Enter'd the Room for the last time at night  
And Julia with a low and plaintive voice  
Said 'You are coming then to lock me up'  
The Housewife when these words, always the same  
775 Were by her Captive languidly pronounced  
Could never hear them utter'd without tears

A day or two before her Child-bed time  
Was Vaudracour restored to her, and soon  
As he might be permitted to return  
780 Into her Chamber after the Child's birth  
The Master of the Family begg'd that all  
The household might be summon'd, doubting not  
But that they might receive impressions then  
Friendly to human kindness Vaudracour  
785 (Thus heard I from one present at the time)  
Held up the new-born Infant in his arms  
And kiss'd, and bless'd, and cover'd it with tears,  
Uttering a prayer that he might never be  
As wretched as his Father, then he gave  
790 The Child to her who bare it, and she too  
Repeated the same prayer, took it again  
And muttering something faintly afterwards  
He gave the Infant to the Standers-by,  
And wept in silence upon Julia's neck

795 Two months did he continue in the House,  
And often yielded up himself to plans  
Of future happiness 'You shall return,  
Julia,' said he, 'and to your Father's House

Her mandates, severing whom true love had joined,  
 Harassing both , until he sank and pressed

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VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

Doomed to a third and last captivity,  
 His freedom he recovered on the eve  
 Of Julia's travail When the babe was born  
 Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes  
 Of future happiness ' You shall return,  
 Julia,' said he, ' and to your Father's house

190

- 
- 758-61 By pity and indignant sense of wrong  
 A Magistrate, by earnest suit, obtained  
 The Lover's Liberty on promise given A  
 765-8 As from the time when she to this Abode  
 Was brought a Prisoner, *etc* A<sup>2</sup>  
 771-3 for the last up] ere she retired to rest  
 And Julia said with plaintive voice ' You come  
 To close the cage upon a sleepless Bird ' A<sup>2</sup>  
 776 never] seldom A<sup>2</sup>  
 777-84 A day Vaudracour] The Child was born , and Vaudracour  
 that day A<sup>2</sup>  
 792-3 something Infant] some faint accents he restored The sleeping  
 Infant A<sup>2</sup>  
 795-6 Not heedless of his promise, yet, in mind  
 Irresolute, he lingered, lingered on  
 And often yielded up himself to schemes A<sup>2</sup>

- Go with your Child, you have been wretched, yet  
 800 It is a town where both of us were born,  
 None will reproach you, for our loves are known,  
 With ornaments the prettiest you shall dress  
 Your Boy, as soon as he can run about,  
 And when he thus is at his play my Father [205]  
 805 Will see him from the window, and the Child  
 Will by his beauty move his Grandsire's heart, [210]  
 So that it shall be soften'd, and our loves  
 End happily, as they began ' These gleams  
 Appear'd but seldom, oftener was he seen  
 810 Propping a pale and melancholy face  
 Upon the Mother's bosom, resting thus [215]  
 His head upon one breast, while from the other  
 The Babe was drawing in its quiet food  
 At other times, when he, in silence, long  
 815 And fixedly had look'd upon her face,  
 He would exclaim, ' Julia, how much thine eyes  
 Have cost me ! ' During day-time when the Child  
 Lay in its cradle, by its side he sate,  
 Not quitting it an instant The whole Town  
 820 In his unmerited misfortunes now  
 Took part, and if he either at the door  
 Or window for a moment with his Child  
 Appear'd, immediately the Street was throng'd  
 While others frequently without reserve  
 825 Pass'd and repass'd before the house to steal  
 A look at him Oft at this time he wrote  
 Requesting, since he knew that the consent  
 Of Julia's Parents never could be gain'd  
 To a clandestine marriage, that his Father

799-800 C as 1820 [192-7]

801 loves are known] faith is known C, *followed by* 1820 [199-200]

803-4 Your boy when time enables him to walk

And gambol like a Lambkin in the fields

And while he thus pursues his play, my Father A<sup>s</sup>

802-5 C as 1820 [201-9]

814-60 C as 1820 [218-41], *but in place of* [224-32], C *reads*

Of her affections ? Stand astonish'd ye

That are too happy in your course of life

To have known the depths of things The word he hears

Gathers it up in calm despondency

The couch his fate had made for him , supine, 575  
 Save when the stings of viperous remorse,

## VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

Go with the Child —You have been wretched, yet  
 The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs  
 Too heavily upon the lily's head,  
 Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root 195  
 Malice, beholding you, will melt away  
 Go '—'tis a Town where both of us were born ,  
 None will reproach you, for our truth is known ,  
 And if, amid those once bright bowers, our fate  
 Remain unpried, pity is not in man 200  
 With ornaments—the prettiest, nature yields  
 Or art can fashion, shall you deck your Boy,  
 And feed his countenance with your own sweet looks  
 Till no one can resist him —Now, even now,  
 I see him sporting on the sunny lawn , 205  
 My Father from the window sees him too ,  
 Startled, as if some new-created Thing  
 Enriched the earth, or Faery of the woods  
 Bounded before him,—but the unweeiting Child  
 Shall by his beauty win his Grandsire's heart, 210  
 So that it shall be softened, and our loves  
 End happily—as they began ' ' These gleams  
 Appeared but seldom oftener was he seen  
 Propping a pale and melancholy face  
 Upon the Mother's bosom , resting thus 215  
 His head upon one breast, while from the other  
 The Babe was drawing in its quiet food  
 —That pillow is no longer to be thine,  
 Fond Youth ! that mournful solace now must pass

Compos'd and silent, without visible sign  
 Of even the least emotion Noting this  
 When Julia scatter'd an upbraiding speech  
 Upon his slackness, he thereto return'd  
 816-17 He started greeting the blank air with words  
 Forc'd from him partly by his own sad thoughts  
 Partly by heavenly sight of her dear eyes  
 Words which I know and could by living voice  
 Repeat the same, but have not heart to trust  
 Their tender meaning to this lifeless pen  
 And often during daytime A<sup>a</sup>  
 825 Pass'd and repass'd to steal a look at him A<sup>a</sup>, which deletes 826-34  
 and goes on

And now the Mother of his Love arrived  
 And to her terror-stricken daughter spake  
 Her last resolve etc

- 830 Would from the birthright of an eldest Son  
Exclude him, giving but, when this was done,  
A sanction to his nuptials vain request,  
To which no answer was return'd And now  
From her own home the Mother of his Love  
835 Arrived to apprise the Daughter of her fix'd  
And last resolve, that, since all hope to move  
The old Man's heart prov'd vain, she must retire  
Into a Convent, and be there immured  
Julia was thundrstricken by these words,  
840 And she insisted on a Mother's rights  
To take her Child along with her, a grant  
Impossible, as she at last perceived,  
The Persons of the house no sooner heard  
Of this decision upon Julia's fate  
845 Than everyone was overwhelm'd with grief  
Nor could they frame a manner soft enough  
To impart the tidings to the Youth, but great  
Was their astonishment when they beheld him  
Receive the news in calm despondency,  
850 Composed and silent, without outward sign  
Of even the least emotion, seeing this [230]  
When Julia scatter'd some upbraiding words  
Upon his slackness he thereto return'd  
No answer, only took the Mother's hand  
855 Who lov'd him scarcely less than her own Child,  
And kissed it, without seeming to be press'd [235]  
By any pain that 'twas the hand of one  
Whose errand was to part him from his Love  
For ever In the city he remain'd [241]  
860 A season after Julia had retired  
And in the Convent taken up her home  
To the end that he might place his Infant Babe  
With a fit Nurse, which done, beneath the roof  
Where now his little One was lodg'd, he pass'd  
865 The day entire, and scarcely could at length  
Tear himself from the cradle to return  
Home to his Father's House, in which he dwelt  
Awhile, and then came back that he might see  
Whether the Babe had gain'd sufficient strength  
870 To bear removal He quitted the same Town  
For the last time, attendant by the side [246]  
Of a close chair, a Litter or Sedan,

Trying their strength, enforced him to start up,  
Aghast and prayerless Into a deep wood

## VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

Into the list of things that cannot be ' 220  
Unwedded Julia, terror smitten, hears  
The sentence, by her Mother's lip pronounced,  
That dooms her to a Convent—Who shall tell,  
Who dares report, the tidings to the Lord  
Of her affections ? So they blindly asked 225  
Who knew not to what quiet depths a weight  
Of agony had press'd the sufferer down,—  
The word, by others dreaded, he can hear  
Composed and silent, without visible sign  
Of even the least emotion Noting this 230  
When the impatient Object of his love  
Upbraided him with slackness, he returned  
No answer, only took the Mother's hand  
And kissed it—seemingly devoid of pain,  
Or care, that what so tenderly he pressed, 235  
Was a dependant upon the obdurate heart  
Of One who came to disunite their lives  
For ever—sad alternative ' preferred,  
By the unbending Parents of the Maid,  
To secret 'spousals meanly disavowed — 240  
—So be it '  
In the city he remained  
A season after Julia had withdrawn  
To those religious walls He, too, departs—  
Who with him ?—even the senseless Little one '  
With that sole Charge he pass'd the city-gates, 245  
For the last time, attendant by the side  
Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,

839-42 A<sup>2</sup> *deletes*

843 Persons of] Dwellers in A<sup>2</sup>

855 A<sup>2</sup> *deletes*

858 part him from his Love] disunite their lives A<sup>2</sup>

859-904 C as 1820 [241-84], *but between hill top and His eyes* [254] C *has*

And is the curtain fallen ?

For the relief of aching sympathy

Would that it were !

862-70 A Foster-mother for the Child was found  
It grew in health and strength and when the time  
Was come that to the impatient Father gave  
Courage to undertake a Charge so young  
Then did he quit this melancholy Town A<sup>2</sup>

A & 2



In which the Child was carried To a hill,  
 Which rose at a League's distance from the Town,  
 875 The Family of the house where he had lodged  
 Attended him, and parted from him there,  
 Watching below till he had disappeared  
 On the hill top His eyes he scarcely took,  
 Through all that journey, from the Chair in which [255]  
 880 The Babe was carried, and at every Inn  
 Or place at which they halted or reposed  
 Laid him upon his knees, nor would permit [260]  
 The hands of any but himself to dress  
 The Infant or undress By one of those  
 885 Who bore the Chair these facts, at his return,  
 Were told, and in relating them he wept

This was the manner in which Vaudracour  
 Departed with his Infant, and thus reach'd  
 His Father's House, where to the innocent Child [265]  
 890 Admittance was denied The young Man spake  
 No word of indignation or reproof,  
 But of his Father begg'd, a last request,  
 That a retreat might be assigned to him,  
 A house where in the Country he might dwell [270]  
 895 With such allowance as his wants required  
 And the more lonely that the Mansion was  
 'Twould be more welcome To a lodge that stood  
 Deep in a Forest, with leave given, at the age  
 Of four and twenty summers he retir'd,  
 900 And thither took with him his Infant Babe, [275]  
 And one Domestic for their common needs,  
 An aged woman It consoled him here  
 To attend upon the Orphan and perform  
 The office of a Nurse to his young Child  
 905 Which after a short time by some mistake [280]  
 Or indiscretion of the Father, died  
 The Tale I follow to its last recess  
 Of suffering or of peace, I know not which,  
 Thers be the blame who caused the woe, not mine

---

875-6 The Dwellers in that house where he was lodged  
 Accompanied his steps with anxious love  
 And parted from him there, and there they stood A<sup>2</sup>

He fled, to shun the haunts of human kind,  
There dwelt, weakened in spirit more and more, 580

## VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

In which the Babe was carried To a hill,  
That rose a brief league distant from the town,  
The Dwellers in that house where he had lodged 250  
Accompanied his steps, by anxious love  
Impell'd —they parted from him there, and stood  
Watching below, till he had disappeared  
On the hill-top His eyes he scarcely took,  
Throughout that journey, from the vehicle 255  
(Slow moving ark of all his hopes!) that veiled  
The tender Infant and at every inn,  
And under every hospitable tree  
At which the Bearers halted or reposed,  
Laid him with timid care upon his knees, 260  
And looked, as mothers ne'er were known to look,  
Upon the Nursling which his arms embraced  
—Thus was the manner in which Vaudracour  
Departed with his Infant, and thus reached  
His Father's house, where to the innocent Child 265  
Admittance was denied The young Man spake  
No words of indignation or reproof,  
But of his Father begged, a last request,  
That a retreat might be assigned to him  
Where in forgotten quiet he might dwell, 270  
With such allowance as his wants required,  
For wishes he had none To a Lodge that stood  
Deep in a forest, with leave given, at the age  
Of four and-twenty summers he withdrew,  
And thither took with him his infant Babe, 275  
And one Domestic, for their common needs,  
An aged Woman It consoled him here  
To attend upon the Orphan, and perform  
Obsequious service to the precious Child,  
Which, after a short time, by some mistake, 280  
Or indiscretion of the Father, died —  
The Tale I follow to its last recess  
Of suffering or of peace, I know not which,  
Thence be the blame who caused the woe, not mine!

879-80 Chair carried] Chair that held The hapless Infant A<sup>1</sup>  
881-6 A<sup>2</sup> as 1820 [257-62]  
894, 896-7, 904 A<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

- 910 From that time forth he never utter'd word [285]  
 To any living An Inhabitant  
 Of that same Town in which the Pair had left  
 So lively a remembrance of their griefs  
 By chance of business coming within reach  
 915 Of his retirement to the spot repair'd [290]  
 With the intent to visit him he reach'd  
 The house and only found the Matron there,  
 Who told him that his pains were thrown away,  
 For that her Master never uttered word  
 920 To living soul—not even to her Behold [295]  
 While they were speaking, Vaudracour approach'd ;  
 But, seeing some one there, just as his hand  
 Was stretch'd towards the garden-gate, he shrunk,  
 And like a shadow glided out of view  
 925 Shock'd at his savage outside, from the place [300]  
 The Visitor retired
- Thus liv'd the Youth  
 Cut off from all intelligence with Man,  
 And shunning even the light of common day ,  
 Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through  
 France
- 930 Soon afterwards resounded, public hope, [305]  
 Or personal memory of his own deep wrongs,  
 Rouse him but in those solitary shades  
 His days he wasted, an imbecile mind

---

910-11 From this time forth he never spared a smile  
 To mortal Creature A<sup>2</sup> C  
 920 To living soul] A<sup>2</sup> *illegible* To [ ] C  
 930 Soon afterwards] Full speedily A<sup>2</sup> C

Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through  
 France  
 Full speedily resounded, public hope,  
 Or personal memory of his own worst wrongs,  
 Rouse him , but, hidden in those gloomy shades,  
 His days he wasted,—an imbecile mind 585

## VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA (1820)

From this time forth he never shared a smile 285  
 With mortal creature An Inhabitant  
 Of that same Town, in which the Pair had left  
 So lively a remembrance of their griefs,  
 By chance of business, coming within reach  
 Of his retirement, to the spot repaired 290  
 With an intent to visit him He reached  
 The house, and only found the Matron there,  
 Who told him that his pains were thrown away,  
 For that her Master never uttered word  
 'To living Thing—not even to her —Behold ' 295  
 While they were speaking, Vaudracour approached ,  
 But, seeing some one near, even as his hand  
 Was stretched towards the garden gate, he shrunk—  
 And, like a shadow, glided out of view.  
 Shocked at his savage aspect, from the place 300  
 The Visitor retired

Thus lived the Youth  
 Cut off from all intelligence with man,  
 And shunning even the light of common day ,  
 Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France  
 Full speedily resounded, public hope, 305  
 Or personal memory of his own deep wrongs,  
 Rouse him . but in those solitary shades  
 His days he wasted, an imbecile mind ']

## BOOK TENTH

### RESIDENCE IN FRANCE AND FRENCH REVOLUTION

- It was a beautiful and silent day  
 That overspread the countenance of earth,  
 Then fading, with unusual quietness, [3]  
 When from the Loire I parted, and through scenes  
 5 Of vineyard, orchard, meadow-ground and tilth,  
 Calm waters, gleams of sun, and breathless trees  
 Towards the fierce Metropolis turn'd my steps  
 Their homeward way to England From his Throne [11]  
 The King had fallen, the congregated Host,  
 10 Dire cloud upon the front of which was written  
 The tender mercies of the dismal wind  
 That bore it, on the Plains of Liberty [15]  
 Had burst innocuously, say more, the swarm  
 That came elate and jocund, like a Band  
 15 Of Eastern Hunters, to enfold in ring  
 Narrowing itself by moments and reduce  
 To the last punctual spot of their despair  
 A race of victims, so they seem'd, *themselves*  
 Had shrunk from sight of their own task, and fled  
 20 In terror, desolation and dismay  
 Remained for them whose fancies had grown rank  
 With evil expectations, confidence  
 And perfect triumph to the better cause [30]  
 The State, as if to stamp the final seal  
 25 On her security, and to the world

---

[MSS for Bk X A B C D E (*four leaves of A, containing ll 1-44, 93-142, are missing*), ll 689-710 Z]

Book Tenth Residence etc B Book Tenth C

1 It was] Upon C B *adds* [4, 5]

4 Such day as heighten'd the regret it sooth'd,

Mine eyes look'd back upon the gliding Loire

Ere from his banks I parted and through scenes C

5-7 and tilth etc ] and woods

Bright with autumnal hues, pursued my course

Towards the fierce Metropolis C

14-20 That came like Hunters of the East, elate

And jocund, to enfold within a ring,

Contracted momentarily before the point

Of the life-threatening spear, a timid herd

## BOOK TENTH

### RESIDENCE IN FRANCE—CONTINUED

It was a beautiful and silent day  
That overspread the countenance of earth,  
Then fading with unusual quietness,—  
A day as beautiful as e'er was given  
To soothe regret, though deepening what it soothed,     5  
When by the gliding Loire I paused, and cast  
Upon his rich domains, vineyard and tilth,  
Green meadow-ground, and many-coloured woods,  
Again, and yet again, a farewell look,  
Then from the quiet of that scene passed on,     10  
Bound to the fierce Metropolis     From his throne  
The King had fallen, and that invading host—  
Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front was written  
The tender mercies of the dismal wind  
That bore it—on the plains of Liberty     15  
Had burst innocuous     Say in bolder words,  
They—who had come elate as eastern hunters  
Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when he  
Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,  
Rajahs and Omahs in his train, intent     20  
To drive their prey enclosed within a ring  
Wide as a province, but, the signal given,  
Before the point of the life-threatening spear  
Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash men,  
Had seen the anticipated quarry turned     25  
Into avengers, from whose wrath they fled  
In terror     Disappointment and dismay  
Remained for all whose fancies had run wild  
With evil expectations, confidence  
And perfect triumph for the better cause     30

The State, as if to stamp the final seal  
On her security, and to the world

---

(So could they deem ' ) of victims in despair  
Shrunk back, and reckless of the issue fled  
In terror     disappointment or dismay     C

Shew what she was, a high and fearless soul, [33]  
 Or rather in a spirit of thanks to those  
 Who had stirr'd up her slackening faculties  
 To a new transition, had assumed with joy  
 30 The body and the venerable name [40]  
 Of a Republic lamentable crimes  
 'Tis true had gone before this hour, the work  
 Of massacre, in which the senseless sword  
 Was pray'd to as a judge, but these were past,  
 35 Earth free from them for ever, as was thought, [45]  
 Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once,  
 Things that could only shew themselves and die

This was the time in which inflam'd with hope,  
 To Paris I returned Again I rang'd  
 40 More eagerly than I had done before  
 Through the wide City, and in progress pass'd [50]  
 The Prison where the unhappy Monarch lay,  
 Associate with his Children and his Wife  
 In bondage, and the Palace lately storm'd  
 45 With roar of cannon, and a numerous host  
 I crossed (a black and empty area then) [55]  
 The Square of the Carrousel, few weeks back  
 Heap'd up with dead and dying, upon these  
 And other sights looking as doth a man  
 50 Upon a volume whose contents he knows  
 Are memorable, but from him lock'd up, [60]  
 Being written in a tongue he cannot read,  
 So that he questions the mute leaves with pain  
 And half upbraids their silence But that night  
 55 When on my bed I lay, I was most mov'd

---

27-9 Or under rash resentment and in pride

Of spiteful gratitude to the baffled League

Who had stirr'd up her slackening faculties

To a new transition, having crush'd the king

Spared not the empty throne, and had assum'd C

[35] Or under rash resentment, or to taunt D D<sup>s</sup> as E.

30 and the] and most B<sup>s</sup>

32 Had gone before, unspeakable misdeeds C the] dire B<sup>s</sup>

38 This was the time when cheer'd by such belief C

40 With ardour inexperienced heretofore B<sup>s</sup> C done] rang'd B<sup>s</sup>

41-5 C as 1850, but numerous *for* furious.

46-9 Explor'd with shuddering curiosity

The Square of th. Carrousel by the wrath

Show what she was, a high and fearless soul,  
Exulting in defiance, or heart-stung  
By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt                   35  
With spiteful gratitude the baffled League,  
That had stirred up her slackening faculties  
To a new transition, when the King was crushed,  
Spared not the empty throne, and in proud haste  
Assumed the body and venerable name                   40  
Of a Republic   Lamentable crimes,  
'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire work  
Of massacre, in which the senseless sword  
Was prayed to as a judge, but these were past,  
Earth free from them for ever, as was thought,—       45  
Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once !  
Things that could only show themselves and die

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I returned,  
And ranged, with ardour heretofore unfelt,  
The spacious city, and in progress passed                   50  
The prison where the unhappy Monarch lay,  
Associate with his children and his wife  
In bondage, and the palace, lately stormed  
With roar of cannon by a furious host  
I crossed the square (an empty area then ! )               55  
Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain  
The dead, upon the dying heaped, and gazed  
On this and other spots, as doth a man  
Upon a volume whose contents he knows  
Are memorable, but from him locked up,                   60  
Being written in a tongue he cannot read,  
So that he questions the mute leaves with pain,  
And half upbraids their silence   But that night



- And felt most deeply in what world I was ,  
 My room was high and lonely, near the roof  
 Of a large Mansion or Hotel, a spot  
 That would have pleased me in more quiet times,  
 60 Nor was it wholly without pleasure then  
 With unextinguish'd taper I kept watch, [70]  
 Reading at intervals , the fear gone by  
 Press'd on me almost like a fear to come ,  
 I thought of those September Massacres,  
 65 Divided from me by a little month,  
 And felt and touch'd them, a substantial dread , [75]  
 The rest was conjured up from tragic fictions,  
 And mournful Calendars of true history,  
 Remembrances and dim admonishments.  
 70 ' The horse is taught his manage, and the wind  
 Of heaven wheels round and treads in his own steps,  
 Year follows year, the tide returns again,  
 Day follows day, all things have second birth ,  
 The earthquake is not satisfied at once '  
 75 And in such way I wrought upon myself, [85]  
 Until I seem'd to hear a voice that cried,  
 To the whole City, ' Sleep no more ' To this  
 Add comments of a calmer mind, from which  
 I could not gather full security,  
 80 But at the best it seem'd a place of fear  
 Unfit for the repose which night requires, [92]  
 Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam

---

57 was] breathed C  
 66 dread,] dream ' C  
 69 dim] stern C

65 a little] one vanish'd C

70-82 1 The Horse is taught his manage, and the Stars  
 Of wildest power wheel round in their own track  
 So do the Currents of the salt Abyss  
 Eddying with all their monstrous retinue,  
 v For the exhausted Hurricane the air  
 Calm though it be prepares a successor  
 Which at no distant interval shall reign  
 With equal power of devastation arm'd,—  
 The waxing Moon mimics the moon dismiss'd  
 x From her uneasy task—year follows year,  
 The absent tide is bent on quick return  
 Day follows day, all things have second birth  
 The earthquake is not satisfied at once

I felt most deeply in what world I was,  
 What ground I trod on, and what air I breathed. 65  
 High was my room and lonely, near the roof  
 Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge  
 That would have pleased me in more quiet times,  
 Nor was it wholly without pleasure then  
 With unextinguished taper I kept watch, 70  
 Reading at intervals, the fear gone by  
 Pressed on me almost like a fear to come  
 I thought of those September massacres,  
 Divided from me by one little month,  
 Saw them and touched the rest was conjured up 75  
 From tragic fictions or true history,  
 Remembrances and dim admonishments  
 The horse is taught his manage, and no star  
 Of wildest course but treads back his own steps,  
 For the spent hurricane the air provides 80  
 As fierce a successor, the tide retreats  
 But to return out of its hiding-place  
 In the great deep, all things have second birth,  
 The earthquake is not satisfied at once,  
 And in this way I wrought upon myself, 85  
 Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,  
 To the whole city, 'Sleep no more' The trance  
 Flew with the voice to which it had given birth,  
 But vainly comments of a calmer mind  
 Promised soft peace and sweet forgetfulness 90  
 The place, all hushed and silent as it was,  
 Appeared unfit for the repose of night,  
 Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam

---

And thus did Fancy work upon herself  
 xv Until I seem'd to hear a voice that cried  
 To the whole City 'Sleep no more' Relief  
 Succeeded, comments of a calmer mind  
 That fail'd to bring entire security  
 Nor could those precincts not be deem'd unfit  
 xx For the repose which Night requires, defenceless  
 As a fear haunted wood where Tygers roam C

*A\* has ll ix-xiii of C, followed by v, vi, viii, xiv-xxi, but in v reads departed for exhausted, in vi provides for prepares, and in xix And still, at best, those precincts seem'd unfit D reads 70, 71, as 1850, then iv-xi of C, followed by For the spent hurricane the air provides A successor All things etc D\* as 1850*

- Betimes next morning to the Palace Walk  
 Of Orleans I repair'd and entering there  
 85 Was greeted, among divers other notes,  
 By voices of the Hawkers in the crowd  
 Bowling, *Denunciation of the crimes* [100]  
*Of Maximilian Robespierre*, the speech  
 Which in their hands they carried was the same  
 90 Which had been recently pronounced, the day  
 When Robespierre, well knowing for what mark  
 Some words of indirect reproof had been [105]  
 Intended, rose in hardihood, and dared  
 The Man who had an ill surmise of him  
 95 To bring his charge in openness, whereat  
 When a dead pause ensued, and no one stirr'd  
 In silence of all present, from his seat [110]  
 Louvet walked singly through the avenue  
 And took his station in the Tribune, saying,  
 100 'I, Robespierre, accuse thee!' 'Tis well known  
 What was the issue of that charge, and how  
 Louvet was left alone without support  
 Of his irresolute Friends, but these are things [120]  
 Of which I speak, only as they were storm  
 105 Or sunshine to my individual mind,  
 No further Let me then relate that now  
 In some sort seeing with my proper eyes  
 That Liberty, and Life, and Death would soon [125]

- 
- 83-6 Day dawn'd and early to the Palace walk  
 Of Orleans I repair'd Though still the streets,  
 Though unfrequented yet such public haunt,  
 The spirit of those long arcades was rous'd  
 And mid a peal of ill assorted sounds  
 That greeted me on entering—I could hear  
 Shrill voices rais'd by Hawkers, mid the throng C  
 So A<sup>3</sup>, but yet the streets  
 Were still, the spirit of that place was rous'd etc  
 the spirit of those long arcades  
 Was rous'd, and mid a peal of ill match'd sounds A<sup>3</sup>  
 86 voices of the] voices shrill of B<sup>3</sup>  
 [95-6] Of Orleans I repaired, the streets were still,  
 Not so the spirit of those long Arcades D D<sup>3</sup> as 1870  
 88-9 their hands Obtruded on the view a printed Speech  
 The same which etc A<sup>3</sup> C  
 91 well knowing] not ignorant C  
 100-2 Well is known  
 The inglorious issue of that strife, and how

With early morning towards the Palace-walk  
 Of Orleans eagerly I turned, as yet 95  
 The streets were still, not so those long Arcades,  
 There, 'mid a peal of ill-matched sounds and cries,  
 That greeted me on entering, I could hear  
 Shrill voices from the hawkers in the throng,  
 Bawling, 'Denunciation of the Crimes 100  
 Of Maximilian Robespierre,' the hand,  
 Prompt as the voice, held forth a printed speech,  
 The same that had been recently pronounced,  
 When Robespierre, not ignorant for what mark  
 Some words of indirect reproof had been 105  
 Intended, rose in hardihood, and dared  
 The man who had an ill surmise of him  
 To bring his charge in openness, whereat,  
 When a dead pause ensued, and no one stirred,  
 In silence of all present, from his seat 110  
 Louvet walked single through the avenue,  
 And took his station in the Tribune, saying,  
 'I, Robespierre, accuse thee!' Well is known  
 The inglorious issue of that charge, and how  
 He, who had launched the startling thunderbolt, 115  
 The one bold man, whose voice the attack had sounded,  
 Was left without a follower to discharge  
 His perilous duty, and retire lamenting  
 That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men  
 Who to themselves are false 120

But these are things

Of which I speak, only as they were storm  
 Or sunshine to my individual mind,  
 No further Let me then relate that now—  
 In some sort seeing with my proper eyes  
 That Liberty, and Life, and Death would soon 125

- 
- The one bold man whose voice had thus been raised  
 Even while the Tyrant's cheek confessed his fear  
 Was left to plead alone without support A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>  
 102-3 He who had launched this startling thunderbolt  
 The one bold Man whose voice the charge had sounded  
 Who led the way with sparkling eye that flash'd  
 Bright news of golden victory within reach,  
 Was left without a Follower *etc* as 1850 [117-20] A<sup>3</sup> C So D, but  
 [116] attack for charge and [117] lament for discharge, with  
 omission of [118] D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- To the remotest corners of the land  
 110 Lie in the arbitrement of those who ruled  
 The capital City, what was struggled for,  
 And by what Combatants victory must be won,  
 The indecision on their part whose aim [130]  
 Seem'd best, and the straightforward path of those  
 115 Who in attack or in defence alike  
 Were strong through their impiety, greatly I  
 Was agitated, yea I could almost  
 Have pray'd that throughout earth upon all souls [135]  
 By patient exercise of reason made  
 120 Worthy of liberty, upon every soul  
 Matured to live in plainness and in truth  
 The gift of tongues might fall, and men arrive  
 From the four quarters of the winds to do [140]  
 For France what without help she could not do,  
 125 A work of honour, think not that to this  
 I added, work of safety, from such thought  
 And the least fear about the end of things  
 I was as far as Angels are from guilt [145]

- Yet did I grieve, nor only griev'd, but thought  
 130 Of opposition and of remedies,  
 An insignificant Stranger, and obscure,  
 Mean as I was, and little graced with power  
 Of eloquence even in my native speech, [150]  
 And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,  
 135 Yet would I willingly have taken up  
 A service at this time for cause so great,  
 However dangerous Inly I revolv'd  
 How much the destiny of man had still [155]  
 Hung upon single persons, that there was,  
 140 Transcendent to all local patrimony,  
 One Nature as there is one Sun in heaven,  
 That objects, even as they are great, thereby  
 Do come within the reach of humblest eyes, [160]  
 That Man was only weak through his mistrust  
 145 And want of hope, where evidence divine  
 Proclaim'd to him that hope should be most sure,  
 That, with desires heroic and firm sense,

---

[133] inmost D<sup>a</sup>E very CD

120-1, 126-7 C as 1850

135-7 C as 1850, but [152] mind for heart

144 is BD was CD<sup>a</sup>

To the remotest corners of the land  
 Lie in the arbitrement of those who ruled  
 The capital City, what was struggled for,  
 And by what combatants victory must be won,  
 The indecision on their part whose aim 130  
 Seemed best, and the straightforward path of those  
 Who in attack or in defence were strong  
 Through their impiety—my inmost soul  
 Was agitated, yea, I could almost  
 Have prayed that throughout earth upon all men, 135  
 By patient exercise of reason made  
 Worthy of liberty, all spirits filled  
 With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,  
 The gift of tongues might fall, and power arrive  
 From the four quarters of the winds to do 140  
 For France, what without help she could not do,  
 A work of honour, think not that to this  
 I added, work of safety from all doubt  
 Or trepidation for the end of things  
 Far was I, far as angels are from guilt 145

Yet did I grieve, nor only grieved, but thought  
 Of opposition and of remedies  
 An insignificant stranger and obscure,  
 And one, moreover, little graced with power  
 Of eloquence even in my native speech, 150  
 And all unfit for tumult or intrigue,  
 Yet would I at this time with willing heart  
 Have undertaken for a cause so great  
 Service however dangerous I revolved,  
 How much the destiny of Man had still 155  
 Hung upon single persons, that there was,  
 Transcendent to all local patrimony,  
 One nature, as there is one sun in heaven,  
 That objects, even as they are great, thereby  
 Do come within the reach of humblest eyes, 160  
 That man is only weak through his mistrust  
 And want of hope where evidence divine  
 Proclaims to him that hope should be most sure.  
 Nor did the inexperience of my youth  
 Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong 165  
 In hope, and trained to noble aspirations,

A Spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,  
 Unquenchable, unsleeping, undismay'd,  
 150 Was as an instinct among Men, a stream  
 That gather'd up each petty straggling rill  
 And vein of water, glad to be roll'd on  
 In safe obedience, that a mind whose rest  
 Was where it ought to be, in self-restraint,  
 155 In circumspection and simplicity, [175]  
 Fell rarely in entire discomfiture  
 Below its aim, or met with from without  
 A treachery that defeated it or foil'd

On the other side, I called to mind those truths [191]  
 160 Which are the commonplaces of the Schools,  
 A theme for boys, too trite even to be felt,  
 Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,  
 In all their comprehensive bearings known [195]  
 And visible to Philosophers of old,  
 165 Men who, to business of the world untrain'd,  
 Liv'd in the Shade, and to Haimodius known  
 And his Compeer Aristogiton, known  
 To Brutus, that tyrannic Power is weak, [200]  
 Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor love,  
 170 Nor the support of good or evil men  
 To trust in, that the Godhead which is ours

146-59 After 146 B<sup>s</sup> reads Young, lonely, inexperienced, I perceived  
 That mid the loud distractions of the world  
 followed by [183-90] and 147-57, and for 158  
 Treachery that blinds it overthrows or foils.

C reads Why should we gaze as if the element  
 Of noble purposes were all inapt  
 For mortal respirations,—unto us  
 What land is to the natives of the deep?  
 Not such is his condition who hath learnt  
 That mid the loud *etc* as 1850 [182-90]

followed by Nor did the inexperience of my Youth  
 Preclude the knowledge that a Spirit wise  
 Heroic, thoroughly faithful to itself  
 Is for Society's *etc* as 1850 [168-77], and for [178]  
 A treachery that defeats its power or foils

D as A, but omitting 149 D<sup>s</sup> as 1850, but for [166] Trained in the  
 School of high born aspirations. D<sup>s</sup> as 1850.

A spirit throughly faithful to itself,  
 Is for Society's unreasoning herd  
 A domineering instinct, serves at once  
 For way and guide, a fluent receptacle 170  
 That gathers up each petty straggling rill  
 And vein of water, glad to be rolled on  
 In safe obedience, that a mind, whose rest  
 Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint,  
 In circumspection and simplicity, 175  
 Falls rarely in entire discomfiture  
 Below its aim, or meets with, from without,  
 A treachery that foils it or defeats,  
 And, lastly, if the means on human will,  
 Frail human will, dependent should betray 180  
 Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt  
 That 'mid the loud distractions of the world  
 A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,  
 Arbiter undisturbed of right and wrong,  
 Of life and death, in majesty severe 185  
 Enjoining, as may best promote the aims  
 Of truth and justice, either sacrifice,  
 From whatsoever region of our cares  
 Or our infirm affections Nature pleads,  
 Earnest and blind, against the stern decree 190

On the other side, I called to mind those truths  
 That are the common-places of the schools—  
 (A theme for boys, too hackneyed for their sires,)  
 Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,  
 In all their comprehensive bearings known 195  
 And visible to philosophers of old,  
 Men who, to business of the world untrained,  
 Lived in the shade, and to Harmodius known  
 And his compeer Aristogiton, known  
 To Brutus—that tyrannic power is weak, 200  
 Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor love,  
 Nor the support of good or evil men  
 To trust in, that the godhead which is ours

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148 thoroughly *all MSS* throughly 1850

161 felt] priz'd A<sup>1</sup> C



Can never utterly be charm'd or still'd,  
 That nothing hath a natural right to last [205]  
 But equity and reason, that all else  
 175 Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best  
 Doth live but by variety of disease

Well might my wishes be intense, my thoughts  
 Strong and perturb'd, not doubting at that time, [210]  
 Creed which ten shameful years have not annull'd,  
 180 But that the virtue of one paramount mind  
 Would have abash'd those impious crests, have quell'd  
 Outrage and bloody power, and in despite  
 Of what the People were through ignorance  
 And immaturity, and, in the teeth [216]  
 185 Of desperate opposition from without,  
 Have clear'd a passage for just government,  
 And left a solid birthright to the State,  
 Redeem'd according to example given [220]  
 By ancient Lawgivers

In this frame of mind,  
 190 Reluctantly to England I return'd,  
 Compell'd by nothing less than absolute want  
 Of funds for my support, else, well assured  
 That I both was and must be of small worth,  
 No better than an alien in the Land,  
 195 I doubtless should have made a common cause  
 With some who perish'd, haply perish'd, too, [230]  
 A poor mistaken and bewilder'd offering,  
 Should to the breast of Nature have gone back  
 With all my resolutions, all my hopes,  
 200 A Poet only to myself, to Men  
 Useless, and even, beloved Friend! a soul [235]  
 To thee unknown

When to my native Land  
 (After a whole year's absence) I return'd

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176 A C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

179 A *deletes*, not in C

183-4 R C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

190-2 Dragg'd by the chain of stern necessity

So seem'd it then, I now would rather say

Forc'd by the gracious Providence of Heaven

To England I return'd, else though assured A<sup>s</sup> C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

194 R C D. D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

Can never utterly be charmed or stilled ,  
 That nothing hath a natural right to last 205  
 But equity and reason , that all else  
 Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best  
 Lives only by variety of disease

Well might my wishes be intense, my thoughts  
 Strong and perturbed, not doubting at that time 210  
 But that the virtue of one paramount mind  
 Would have abashed those impious crests—have quelled  
 Outrage and bloody power, and, in despite  
 Of what the People long had been and were  
 Through ignorance and false teaching, sadder proof 215  
 Of immaturity, and in the teeth  
 Of desperate opposition from without—  
 Have cleared a passage for just government,  
 And left a solid birthright to the State,  
 Redeemed, according to example given 220  
 By ancient lawgivers

In this frame of mind,

Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,  
 So seemed it,—now I thankfully acknowledge,  
 Forced by the gracious providence of Heaven,—  
 To England I returned, else (though assured 225  
 That I both was and must be of small weight  
 No better than a landsman on the deck  
 Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm)  
 Doubtless, I should have then made common cause  
 With some who perished , haply perished too, 230  
 A poor mistaken and bewildered offering,—  
 Should to the breast of Nature have gone back,  
 With all my resolutions, all my hopes,  
 A Poet only to myself, to men  
 Useless, and even, beloved Friend ! a soul 235  
 To thee unknown !

Twice had the trees let fall  
 Their leaves, as often Winter had put on

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202-20 A<sup>2</sup> C D as 1850, *but*

The seasons had performed

Their circuit since I heard the murmuring waves [236-8], my *for*  
 our [241]  
 How could I glide, a Patnot of the world, [242], *and*  
 Well pleased I found for It pleased found [244-5] D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- I found the air yet busy with the stir [246]  
 205 Of a contention which had been rais'd up  
 Against the Traffickers in Negro blood,  
 An effort, which though baffled nevertheless [250]  
 Had call'd back old forgotten principles  
 Dismiss'd from service, had diffus'd some truths  
 210 And more of virtuous feeling through the heart  
 Of the English People And no few of those  
 So numerous (little less in verity  
 Than a whole Nation crying with one voice)  
 Who had been cross'd in this their just intent  
 215 And righteous hope, thereby were well prepared  
 To let that journey sleep awhile, and join  
 Whatever other Caravan appear'd  
 To travel forward towards Liberty  
 With more success For me that strife had ne'er  
 220 Fasten'd on my affections, nor did now [255]  
 Its unsuccessful issue much excite  
 My sorrow, having laid this faith to heart,  
 That, if France prosper'd, good Men would not long  
 Pay fruitless worship to humanity,  
 225 And this most rotten branch of human shame, [260]  
 Object, as seem'd, of a superfluous pains  
 Would fall together with its parent tree

- Such was my then belief, that there was one,  
 And only one solicitude for all,  
 230 And now the strength of Britain was put forth  
 In league with the confederated Host, [265]  
 Not in my single self alone I found,  
 But in the minds of all ingenuous Youth,  
 Change and subversion from this hour No shock  
 235 Given to my moral nature had I known  
 Down to that very moment, neither lapse [270]  
 Nor turn of sentiment that might be nam'd  
 A revolution, save at this one time,  
 All else was progress on the self-same path  
 240 On which with a diversity of pace  
 I had been travelling, this a stride at once [275]  
 Into another region True it is,  
 'Twas not conceal'd with what ungracious eyes

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217-18 Their persons and unite their means in aid  
 Of any other combatants that seemed  
 To uphold the cause of general liberty A\*

His hoary crown, since I had seen the surge  
 Beat against Albion's shore, since ear of mine  
 Had caught the accents of my native speech 240  
 Upon our native country's sacred ground  
 A patriot of the world, how could I glide  
 Into communion with her sylvan shades,  
 Erewhile my tuneful haunt? It pleased me more  
 To abide in the great City, where I found 245  
 The general air still busy with the stir  
 Of that first memorable onset made  
 By a strong levy of humanity  
 Upon the traffickers in Negro blood,  
 Effort which, though defeated, had recalled 250  
 To notice old forgotten principles,  
 And through the nation spread a novel heat  
 Of virtuous feeling For myself, I own  
 That this particular strife had wanted power  
 To rivet my affections, nor did now 255  
 Its unsuccessful issue much excite  
 My sorrow, for I brought with me the faith  
 That, if France prospered, good men would not long  
 Pay fruitless worship to humanity,  
 And this most rotten branch of human shame, 260  
 Object, so seemed it, of superfluous pains,  
 Would fall together with its parent tree  
 What, then, were my emotions, when in arms  
 Britain put forth her free-born strength in league,  
 Oh, pity and shame! with those confederate Powers! 265  
 Not in my single self alone I found,  
 But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,  
 Change and subversion from that hour No shock  
 Given to my moral nature had I known  
 Down to that very moment, neither lapse 270  
 Nor turn of sentiment that might be named  
 A revolution, save at this one time,  
 All else was progress on the self-same path  
 On which, with a diversity of pace,  
 I had been travelling this a stride at once 275

218 Advancing towards the land of liberty B<sup>1</sup>

222 being inwardly convinced A<sup>1</sup> C

226 *Æ* C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

228-30 What then were my emotions when the strength

The *armed* strength of Britain was put forth A<sup>1</sup> C D . D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

242-56 A<sup>1</sup> C as 1850 [276-80]

Our native Rulers from the very first  
 245 Had look'd upon regenerated France  
 Nor had I doubted that this day would come  
 But in such contemplation I had thought  
 Of general interests only, beyond this  
 Had [never] once foretasted the event  
 250 Now had I other business for I felt  
 The ravage of this most unnatural strife  
 In my own heart, there lay it like a weight  
 At enmity with all the tenderest springs  
 Of my enjoyments I, who with the breeze  
 255 Had play'd, a green leaf on the blessed tree  
 Of my beloved country, nor had wish'd [280]  
 For happier fortune than to wither there,  
 Now from my pleasant station was cut off,  
 And toss'd about in whirlwinds I rejoiced,  
 260 Yea, afterwards, truth most painful to record !  
 Exulted in the triumph of my soul [285]  
 When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown,  
 Left without glory on the Field, or driven,  
 Brave hearts, to shameful flight It was a grief,  
 265 Grief call it not, 'twas anything but that,  
 A conflict of sensations without name, [290]  
 Of which he only who may love the sight  
 Of a Village Steeple as I do can judge  
 When in the Congregation, bending all  
 270 To their great Father, prayers were offer'd up,  
 Or praises for our Country's Victories, [295]  
 And 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance,  
 I only, like an uninvited Guest  
 Whom no one own'd sate silent, shall I add,  
 275 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come ?

Oh ! much have they to account for, who could tear [300]  
 By violence at one decisive rent  
 From the best Youth in England, their dear pride,  
 Their joy, in England, this, too, at a time  
 280 In which worst losses easily might wear  
 The best of names, when patriotic love [305]  
 Did of itself in modesty give way  
 Like the Precursor when the Deity  
 Is come, whose Harbinger he is, a time  
 285 In which apostacy from ancient faith  
 Seem'd but conversion to a higher creed, [310]

Into another region As a light  
 And plant harebell, swinging in the breeze  
 On some grey rock—its birth-place—so had I  
 Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient tower  
 Of my beloved country, wishing not 280  
 A happier fortune than to wither there  
 Now was I from that pleasant station torn  
 And tossed about in whirlwind I rejoiced,  
 Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to record !—  
 Exulted, in the triumph of my soul, 285  
 When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown,  
 Left without glory on the field, or driven,  
 Brave hearts ! to shameful flight It was a grief,—  
 Grief call it not, 'twas anything but that,—  
 A conflict of sensations without name, 290  
 Of which *he* only, who may love the sight  
 Of a village steeple, as I do, can judge,  
 When, in the congregation bending all  
 To their great Father, prayers were offered up,  
 Or praises for our country's victories , 295  
 And, 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance  
 I only, like an uninvited guest  
 Whom no one owned, sate silent, shall I add,  
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come

Oh ! much have they to account for, who could tear, 300  
 By violence, at one decisive rent,  
 From the best youth in England their dear pride,  
 Their joy, in England , this, too, at a time  
 In which worst losses easily might wean  
 The best of names, when patriotic love 305  
 Did of itself in modesty give way,  
 Like the Precursor when the Deity  
 Is come Whose harbinger he was , a time  
 In which apostasy from ancient faith  
 Seemed but conversion to a higher creed , 310

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244-5 Our native Rulers from the first had look'd

Upon the daring effort made by France A<sup>2</sup>

249 never *added in pencil* to A and B

250-1 Now, by experience rendered sensible

I felt the ravage of the unnatural strife A<sup>2</sup>

259 whirlwinds *A* D whirlwind C D<sup>2</sup>

274 sate mute, I will not add D<sup>2</sup> · D as *A*

275 vengeance *A* C D<sup>2</sup> judgment D

280 wear *all MSS* wean 1850

Withal a season dangcious and wild,  
 A time in which Experience would have pluck'd  
 Flowers out of any hedge to make thereof  
 290 A Chaplet, in contempt of his grey locks

Ere yet the Fleet of Britain had gone forth [315]  
 On this unworthy service, whereunto  
 The unhappy counsel of a few weak Men  
 Had doom'd it, I beheld the Vessels lie,  
 295 A brood of gallant Creatures, on the Deep  
 I saw them in their rest, a sojourner  
 Through a whole month of calm and glassy days, [320]  
 In that delightful Island which protects  
 Their place of convocation, there I heard  
 300 Each evening, walking by the still sea-shore,  
 A monitory sound that never fail'd,  
 The sunset cannon While the Orb went down [325]  
 In the tranquillity of Nature, came  
 That voice, ill requiem ' seldom heard by me  
 305 Without a spirit overcast, a deep  
 Imagination, thought of woes to come,  
 And sorrow for mankind, and pain of heart [330]

In France, the Men who for their desperate ends  
 Had pluck'd up mercy by the roots were glad  
 310 Of this new enemy Tyrants, strong before  
 In devilish pleas were ten times stronger now,  
 And thus beset with Foes on every side [335]  
 The goaded Land waxed mad, the crimes of few  
 Spread into madness of the many, blasts  
 315 From hell came sanctified like airs from heaven,  
 The sternness of the Just, the faith of those  
 Who doubted not that Providence had times [340]  
 Of anger and of vengeance,—theirs who throned  
 The human Understanding paramount  
 320 And made of that their God, the hopes of those  
 Who were content to barter short-lived pangs  
 For a paradise of ages, the blind rage [345]  
 Of insolent tempers, the light vanity  
 Of intermeddlers, steady purposes

Withal a season dangerous and wild,  
 A time when sage Experience would have snatched  
 Flowers out of any hedge row to compose  
 A chaplet in contempt of his grey locks

When the proud fleet that bears the red-cross flag 315  
 In that unworthy service was prepared  
 To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,  
 A brood of gallant creatures, on the deep,  
 I saw them in their rest, a sojourner  
 Through a whole month of calm and glassy days 320  
 In that delightful island which protects  
 Their place of convocation—there I heard,  
 Each evening, pacing by the still sea-shore,  
 A monitory sound that never failed,—  
 The sunset cannon While the orb went down 325  
 In the tranquillity of nature, came  
 That voice, ill requiem ! seldom heard by me  
 Without a spirit overcast by dark  
 Imaginations, sense of woes to come,  
 Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart 330

In France, the men, who, for their desperate ends,  
 Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were glad  
 Of this new enemy Tyrants, strong before  
 In wicked pleas, were strong as demons now, 335  
 And thus, on every side beset with foes,  
 The goaded land waxed mad, the crimes of few  
 Spread into madness of the many, blasts  
 From hell came sanctified like airs from heaven  
 The sternness of the just, the faith of those  
 Who doubted not that Providence had times 340  
 Of vengeful retribution, theirs who throned  
 The human Understanding paramount  
 And made of that their God, the hopes of men  
 Who were content to barter short-lived pangs  
 For a paradise of ages, the blind rage 345  
 Of insolent tempers, the light vanity  
 Of intermeddlers, steady purposes

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305-6 with dark Imagination of impending woes A<sup>2</sup> C

307 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

311 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

318 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850



- 325 Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet,  
 And all the accidents of life were press'd  
 Into one service, busy with one work , [350]  
 The Senate was heart-stricken, not a voice  
 Uplifted, none to oppose or mitigate , [355]
- 330 Domestic carnage now filled all the year  
 With Feast-days , the old Man from the chimney-nook,  
 The Maiden from the bosom of her Love,  
 The Mother from the Cradle of her Babe,  
 The Warrior from the Field, all perish'd, all, [360]
- 335 Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks,  
 Head after head, and never heads enough  
 For those that bade them fall they found their joy,  
 They made it, ever thirsty as a Child,  
 If light desires of innocent little Ones [365]
- 340 May with such heinous appetites be match'd,  
 Having a toy, a wind-mill, though the air  
 Do of itself blow fresh, and make the vane [370]  
 Spin in his eyesight, he is not content  
 But with the plaything at arm's length he sets
- 345 His front against the blast, and runs amain,  
 To make it whirl the faster
- In the depth  
 Of those enormities, even thinking minds [375]  
 Forgot at seasons whence they had their being,  
 Forgot that such a sound was ever heard
- 350 As Liberty upon earth yet all beneath  
 Her innocent authority was wrought,  
 Nor could have been, without her blessed name [380]  
 The illustrious Wife of Roland, in the hour  
 Of her composure, felt that agony
- 355 And gave it vent in her last words. O Friend !  
 It was a lamentable time for man  
 Whether a hope had e'er been his or not, [385]

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328-9 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850 [351-5]

336-46 Head after head shower'd dismally to earth  
 Unglutt'd, unappeas'd, life after life  
 Poured out for hourly increase of the thirst  
 That sway'd the ruthless havoc Amid the depth A<sup>2</sup> C D stuck  
 over D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

338-41 As a child  
 Pleas'd on some blustering day to exercise  
 A Toy that mimics with revolving arms  
 The motions of a windmill A<sup>2</sup> (deleted)

Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet,  
 And all the accidents of life were pressed  
 Into one service, busy with one work 350  
 The Senate stood aghast, her prudence quenched,  
 Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,  
 Her frenzy only active to extol  
 Past outrages, and shape the way for new,  
 Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate 355

Domestic carnage now filled the whole year  
 With feast-days, old men from the chumney-nook,  
 The maiden from the bosom of her love,  
 The mother from the cradle of her babe,  
 The warrior from the field—all perished, all— 360  
 Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks,  
 Head after head, and never heads enough  
 For those that bade them fall They found their joy,  
 They made it proudly, eager as a child,  
 (If like desires of innocent little ones 365  
 May with such heinous appetites be compared),  
 Pleased in some open field to exercise  
 A toy that mimics with revolving wings  
 The motion of a wind-mill, though the air  
 Do of itself blow fresh, and make the vanes 370  
 Spin in his eyesight, *that* contents him not,  
 But, with the plaything at arm's length, he sets  
 His front against the blast, and runs amain,  
 That it may whirl the faster

Amid the depth  
 Of those enormities, even thinking minds 375  
 Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their being,  
 Forgot that such a sound was ever heard  
 As Liberty upon earth yet all beneath  
 Her innocent authority was wrought,  
 Nor could have been, without her blessed name 380  
 The illustrious wife of Roland, in the hour  
 Of her composure, felt that agony,  
 And gave it vent in her last words O Friend!  
 It was a lamentable time for man,  
 Whether a hope had e'er been his or not, 385

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346-7 In the depth Of] Amid the depth Of A<sup>2</sup> CD<sup>2</sup> Appalled, astounded  
 By D By E (*v. note*).

- A woeful time for them whose hopes did still  
 Outlast the shock, most woeful for those few,  
 360 They had the deepest feeling of the grief,  
 Who still were flattered, and had trust in man  
 Meanwhile, the Invaders fared as they deserv'd, [390]  
 The Herculean Commonwealth had put forth her arms  
 And throttled with an infant Godhead's might  
 365 The snakes about her cradle, that was well  
 And as it should be, yet no cure for those  
 Whose souls were sick with pain of what would be [395]  
 Hereafter brought in charge against mankind,  
 Most melancholy at that time, O Friend!  
 370 Were my day-thoughts, my dreams were miserable,  
 Through months, through years, long after the last beat  
 Of those atrocities (I speak bare truth, [400]  
 As if to thee alone in private talk)  
 I scarcely had one night of quiet sleep  
 375 Such ghastly visions had I of despair  
 And tyranny, and implements of death,  
 And long orations which in dreams I pleaded [411]  
 B'fore unjust Tribunals, with a voice  
 Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense,  
 380 Of treachery and desertion in the place  
 The holiest that I knew of, my own soul [415]

- When I began at first, in early youth  
 To yield myself to Nature, when that strong  
 And holy passion overcame me first,  
 385 Neither the day nor night, evening or morn  
 Were free from the oppression, but, Great God! [420]  
 Who send'st thyself into this breathing world  
 Through Nature and through every kind of life,  
 And mak'st man what he is, Creature divine,  
 390 In single or in social eminence [425]  
 Above all these rais'd infinite ascents  
 When reason, which enables him to be,

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358-61 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

372-5 atrocities the night to me

Came seldom charged with unmolested sleep

Such ghostly etc A<sup>2</sup> C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 for D<sup>2</sup> vide notes

[407] fond] forced DE

382 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

385-6 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

387-9 A<sup>2</sup> C D as 1850 [421-4], but care for call

391 all these] the rest A<sup>2</sup> C.

A woful time for them whose hopes survived  
The shock, most woful for those few who still  
Were flattered, and had trust in human kind  
They had the deepest feeling of the grief  
Meanwhile the Invaders fared as they deserved 390  
The Herculean Commonwealth had put forth her arms,  
And throttled with an infant godhead's might  
The snakes about her cradle, that was well,  
And as it should be, yet no cure for them  
Whose souls were sick with pain of what would be 395  
Hereafter brought in charge against mankind  
Most melancholy at that time, O Friend!  
Were my day-thoughts,—my nights were miserable,  
Through months, through years, long after the last beat  
Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep 400  
To me came rarely charged with natural gifts,  
Such ghastly visions had I of despair  
And tyranny, and implements of death,  
And innocent victims sinking under fear,  
And momentary hope, and worn-out prayer, 405  
Each in his separate cell, or penned in crowds  
For sacrifice, and struggling with fond mirth  
And levity in dungeons, where the dust  
Was laid with tears Then suddenly the scene  
Changed, and the unbroken dream entangled me 410  
In long orations, which I strove to plead  
Before unjust tribunals,—with a voice  
Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense,  
Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt  
In the last place of refuge—my own soul 415

When I began in youth's delightful prime  
To yield myself to Nature, when that strong  
And holy passion overcame me first,  
Nor day nor night, evening or morn, was free  
From its oppression But, O Power Supreme! 420  
Without Whose call this world would cease to breathe,  
Who from the fountain of Thy grace dost fill  
The veins that branch through every frame of life,  
Making man what he is, creature divine,  
In single or in social eminence, 425  
Above the rest raised infinite ascents  
When reason that enables him to be

Is not sequester'd, what a change is here !  
 How different ritual for this after worship  
 395 What countenance to promote this second love [430]  
 That first was service but to things which lie  
 At rest, within the bosom of thy will  
 Therefore to serve was high beatitude ,  
 The tumult was a gladness, and the fear  
 400 Ennobling, venerable , sleep secure, [435]  
 And waking thoughts more rich than happiest dreams

But as the ancient Prophets were enflam'd  
 Nor wanted consolations of their own [440]  
 And majesty of mind, when they denounced  
 405 On Towns and Cities, wallowing in the abyss  
 Of their offences, punishment to come ,  
 Or saw like other men with bodily eyes  
 Before them in some desolated place [445]  
 The consummation of the wrath of Heaven,  
 410 So did some portions of that spirit fall  
 On me, to uphold me through those evil times,  
 And in their rage and dog-day heat I found  
 Something to glory in, as just and fit,  
 And in the order of sublimest laws ,  
 415 And even if that were not, amid the awe  
 Of unintelligible chastisement, [455]  
 I felt a kind of sympathy with power,  
 Motions rais'd up within me, nevertheless,  
 Which had relationship to highest things  
 420 Wild blasts of music thus did find their way [461]  
 Into the midst of turbulent events,  
 So that worst tempests might be listen'd to  
 Then was the truth received into my heart,  
 That under heaviest sorrow earth can bring, [465]  
 425 Griefs bitterest of ourselves or of our kind,  
 If from the affliction somewhere do not grow  
 Honour which could not else have been, a faith,

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397-9 *ACD* D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

405-16 *stuck over in D* D<sup>a</sup> as E, *vide notes*

408 desolated *AC* desolate D<sup>a</sup> E

409 wrath of Heaven] threaten'd wrath A<sup>a</sup> C

411-12 On me uplifted from the vantage ground

Of lamentation to a state of being

That through the times exceeding fierceness saw A<sup>a</sup> C

Is not sequestered—what a change is here !  
 How different ritual for this after-worship,  
 What countenance to promote this second love ! 430  
 The first was service paid to things which he  
 Guarded within the bosom of Thy will  
 Therefore to serve was high beatitude ,  
 Tumult was therefore gladness, and the fear  
 Ennobling, venerable , sleep secure, 435  
 And waking thoughts more rich than happiest dreams

But as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft  
 In vision, yet constrained by natural laws  
 With them to take a troubled human heart,  
 Wanted not consolations, nor a creed 440  
 Of reconilement, then when they denounced,  
 On towns and cities, wallowing in the abyss  
 Of their offences, punishment to come ,  
 Or saw, like other men, with bodily eyes, .  
 Before them, in some desolated place, 445  
 The wrath consummate and the threat fulfilled ,  
 So, with devout humility be it said,  
 So, did a portion of that spirit fall  
 On me uplifted from the vantage-ground  
 Of pity and sorrow to a state of being 450  
 That through the time's exceeding fierceness saw  
 Glimpses of retribution, terrible,  
 And in the order of sublime behests  
 But, even if that were not, amid the awe  
 Of unintelligible chastisement, 455  
 Not only acquiescences of faith  
 Survived, but daring sympathies with power,  
 Motions not treacherous or profane, else why  
 Within the folds of no ungentle breast  
 Their dread vibration to this hour prolonged ? 460  
 Wild blasts of music thus could find their way  
 Into the midst of turbulent events ,  
 So that worst tempests might be listened to  
 Then was the truth received into my heart,  
 That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring, 465  
 If from the affliction somewhere do not grow  
 Honour which could not else have been, a faith,

417-19 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850 [456-9].425 A *deletes*, not in C

- An elevation, and a sanctity,  
 If new strength be not given, or old restored  
 430 The blame is ours not Nature's When a taunt [470]  
 Was taken up by Scoffers in their pride,  
 Saying, 'behold the harvest which we reap  
 From popular Government and Equality,'  
 I saw that it was neither these, nor aught  
 435 Of wild belief engrafted on their names [475]  
 By false philosophy, that caus'd the woe,  
 But that it was a reservoir of guilt  
 And ignorance, fill'd up from age to age,  
 That could no longer hold its loathsome charge,  
 440 But burst and spread in deluge through the Land [480]

- And as the desert hath green spots, the sea  
 Small islands in the midst of stormy waves,  
 So that disastrous period did not want  
 Such sprinklings of all human excellence,  
 445 As were a joy to hear of Yet (nor less [486]  
 For those bright spots, those fair examples given  
 Of fortitude, and energy, and love,  
 And human nature faithful to itself  
 Under worst trials) was I impell'd to think [490]  
 450 Of the glad time when first I traversed France,  
 A youthful pilgrim, above all remember'd  
 That day when through an Arch that spann'd the street,  
 A rainbow made of garish ornaments,  
 Triumphal pomp for Liberty confirm'd,  
 455 We walk'd, a pair of weary Travellers,  
 Along the Town of Arras, place from which  
 Issued that Robespierre, who afterwards  
 Wielded the sceptre of the atheist crew [502]  
 When the calamity spread far and wide,  
 460 And this same City, which had then appear'd  
 To outrun the rest in exultation, groan'd [505]  
 Under the vengeance of her cruel Son,

434-8 *A* C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

442 in the midst of] planted amid A<sup>s</sup> C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

445-9 As were a think A<sup>s</sup> C D as 1850, but graciously dispersed Of  
 human for in no age surpassed human and itself for herself [488]  
 D<sup>s</sup> as 1850 451-3 *A* C D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

455-7 We walk'd, a pair of gazing Travellers,  
 Entering beneath a festive evening sky  
 With weary steps the Town of Arras, whence  
 Issued, on delegation to sustain

An elevation and a sanctity,  
 If new strength be not given nor old restored,  
 The blame is ours, not Nature's When a taunt 470  
 Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,  
 Saying, 'Behold the harvest that we reap  
 From popular government and equality,'  
 I clearly saw that neither these nor aught  
 Of wild belief engrafted on their names 475  
 By false philosophy had caused the woe,  
 But a terrific reservoir of guilt  
 And ignorance filled up from age to age,  
 That could no longer hold its loathsome charge,  
 But burst and spread in deluge through the land 480

And as the desert hath green spots, the sea  
 Small islands scattered amid stormy waves,  
 So *that* disastrous period did not want  
 Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,  
 To which the silver wands of saints in Heaven 485  
 Might point with rapturous joy Yet not the less,  
 For those examples in no age surpassed  
 Of fortitude and energy and love,  
 And human nature faithful to herself  
 Under worst trials, was I driven to think 490  
 Of the glad times when first I traversed France  
 A youthful pilgrim, above all reviewed  
 That eventide, when under windows bright  
 With happy faces and with garlands hung,  
 And through a rainbow-arch that spanned the street, 495  
 Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,  
 I paced, a dear companion at my side,  
 The town of Arras, whence with promise high  
 Issued, on delegation to sustain  
 Humanity and right, *that* Robespierre, 500  
 He who thereafter, and in how short time !  
 Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew  
 When the calamity spread far and wide—  
 And this same city, that did then appear  
 To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned 505  
 Under the vengeance of her cruel son,

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The interests and rights of human kind,  
 That Robespierre, who in succeeding days A<sup>1</sup> C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.



As Lear reproach'd the winds, I could almost  
 Have quarrel'd with that blameless spectacle  
 405 For being yet an image in my mind  
 To mock me under such a strange reverse [510]

O Friend ! few happier moments have been mine  
 Through my whole life than that when first I heard  
 That this foul Tribe of Moloch was o'erthrown,  
 470 And their chief Regent levell'd with the dust  
 The day was one which haply may deserve  
 A separate chronicle Having gone abroad  
 From a small Village where I tarried then,  
 To the same far-secluded privacy  
 475 I was returning Over the smooth Sands  
 Of Leven's ample Æstuary lay [515]  
 My journey, and beneath a genial sun ,  
 With distant prospect among gleams of sky  
 And clouds, and intermingled mountain tops,  
 480 In one inseparable glory clad,  
 Creatures of one ethereal substance, met [520]  
 In Consistory, like a diadem  
 Or crown of burning Seraphs, as they sit  
 In the Empyrean Underneath this show  
 485 Lay, as I knew, the nest of pastoral vales  
 Among whose happy fields I had grown up [525]  
 From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle  
 Which neither changed, nor stirr'd, nor pass'd away,  
 I gazed, and with a fancy more alive  
 490 On this account, that I had chanced to find  
 That morning, ranging thro' the churchyard graves  
 Of Cartmell's rural Town, the place in which  
 An honor'd Teacher of my youth was laid [534]  
 While we were Schoolboys he had died among us,  
 495 And was borne hither, as I knew, to rest  
 With his own Family A plain Stone, inscribed  
 With name, date, office, pointed out the spot,  
 To which a slip of verses was subjoin'd,  
 (By his desire, as afterwards I learn'd)  
 500 A fragment from the Elegy of Gray [536]

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[512] Prostrated with their Moloch in the dust *followed by* 471 D D<sup>s</sup> as  
 1850

485-97 D *stuck over.*

As Lear reproached the winds—I could almost  
 Have quarrelled with that blameless spectacle  
 For lingering yet an image in my mind  
 To mock me under such a strange reverse 510

O Friend! few happier moments have been mine  
 Than that which told the downfall of this Tribe  
 So dreaded, so abhorred The day deserves  
 A separate record Over the smooth sands  
 Of Leven's ample estuary lay 515  
 My journey, and beneath a genial sun,  
 With distant prospect among gleams of sky  
 And clouds, and intermingling mountain tops,  
 In one inseparable glory clad,  
 Creatures of one ethereal substance met 520  
 In consistory, like a diadem  
 Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit  
 In the empyrean Underneath that pomp  
 Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales  
 Among whose happy fields I had grown up 525  
 From childhood On the fulgent spectacle,  
 That neither passed away nor changed, I gazed  
 Enrapt, but brightest things are wont to draw  
 Sad opposites out of the inner heart,  
 As even their pensive influence drew from mine 530  
 How could it otherwise? for not in vain  
 That very morning had I turned aside  
 To seek the ground where, 'mid a throng of graves,  
 An honoured teacher of my youth was laid,  
 And on the stone were graven by his desire 535  
 Lines from the churchyard elegy of Gray

- 488-93 That neither passed away nor stirr'd nor changed  
 I gazed with fancy charmed and soothed but soon  
 Depressed for all bright things are apt to draw  
 Sad opposites out of the inner heart  
 As now they did—how could they else from mine  
 For I that morning not in vain had sought  
 Ground where a Teacher of my Youth was laid D<sup>2</sup> D<sup>3</sup> as 1850
- 490 For this, that I had sought and not in vain A<sup>2</sup> C
- 492-4 in which Schoolboys he] where lay  
 Interr'd, an honour'd Teacher of my Youth  
 He in my Schoolboy time A<sup>2</sup> C
- 300 A C D: D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

A week, or little less, before his death  
 He had said to me, ' my head will soon lie low , '  
 And when I saw the turf that cover'd him, [540]  
 After the lapse of full eight years, those words,  
 505 With sound of voice, and countenance of the Man,  
 Came back upon me , so that some few tears  
 Fell from me in my own despite And now,  
 Thus travelling smoothly o'er the level Sands, [545]  
 I thought with pleasure of the Verses, graven  
 510 Upon his Tombstone, saying to myself  
 He loved the Poets, and if now alive,  
 Would have loved me, as one not destitute  
 Of promise, nor belying the kind hope [550]  
 That he had form'd, when I at his command,  
 515 Began to spin, at first, my toilsome Songs

Without me and within, as I advanced,  
 All that I saw, or felt, or communed with  
 Was gentleness and peace Upon a small  
 And rocky Island near, a fragment stood [555]  
 520 (Itself like a sea rock) of what had been  
 A Romish Chapel, where in ancient times  
 Masses were said at the hour which suited those  
 Who crossed the Sands with ebb of morning tide [561]  
 Not far from this still Ruin all the Plain  
 525 Was spotted with a variegated crowd  
 Of Coaches, Wains, and Travellers, horse and foot,  
 Wading, beneath the conduct of their Guide [565]  
 In loose procession through the shallow Stream  
 Of inland water ; the great Sea meanwhile  
 530 Was at safe distance, far retired I paused,  
 Unwilling to proceed, the scene appear'd  
 So gay and chearful, when a Traveller  
 Chancing to pass, I carelessly inquired  
 If any news were stirring , he replied  
 535 In the familiar language of the day [572]

---

501-2 Not long before the day when Nature closed

His sufferings in the quietness of death

I heard him say ' my etc A<sup>2</sup> C

507-9 Fell in my own despite And now I thought

With tender pleasure, etc D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

510 saying R C D whispering D<sup>2</sup>

515 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

520-6 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850, but masses for matins [560] morning D<sup>2</sup> even D.

This faithful guide, speaking from his death-bed,  
 Added no farewell to his parting counsel,  
 But said to me, ' My head will soon lie low ,  
 And when I saw the turf that covered him, 540  
 After the lapse of full eight years, those words,  
 With sound of voice and countenance of the Man,  
 Came back upon me, so that some few tears  
 Fell from me in my own despite But now  
 I thought, still traversing that widespread plain, 545  
 With tender pleasure of the verses graven  
 Upon his tombstone, whispering to myself  
 He loved the Poets, and, if now alive,  
 Would have loved me, as one not destitute  
 Of promise, nor belying the kind hope 550  
 That he had formed, when I, at his command,  
 Began to spin, with toil, my earliest songs

As I advanced, all that I saw or felt  
 Was gentleness and peace Upon a small  
 And rocky island near, a fragment stood 555  
 (Itself like a sea rock) the low remains  
 (With shells encrusted, dark with briny weeds)  
 Of a dilapidated structure, once  
 A Romish chapel, where the vested priest  
 Said matins at the hour that suited those 560  
 Who crossed the sands with ebb of morning tide  
 Not far from that still run all the plain  
 Lay spotted with a variegated crowd  
 Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,  
 Wading beneath the conduct of their guide 565  
 In loose procession through the shallow stream  
 Of inland waters , the great sea meanwhile  
 Heaved at safe distance, far retired I paused,  
 Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright  
 And cheerful, but the foremost of the band 570  
 As he approached, no salutation given  
 In the familiar language of the day,

---

529-30 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850 after distance A<sup>2</sup> has, deleted, with her ravenous  
 Host Of foaming billows

530-8 D stuck over D<sup>\*</sup> as 1850

531-4 Unwilling etc ] Loth to advance the scene appeared so gay,  
 So bright and cheerful, but a Horseman soon  
 Approached of whom I carelessly inquired  
 If aught of news etc A<sup>2</sup> C

That, *Robespierre was dead*. Nor was a doubt,  
 On further question, left within my mind  
 But that the tidings were substantial truth,  
 That he and his supporters all were fallen [575]

- 540 Great was my glee of spirit, great my joy  
 In vengeance, and eternal justice, thus  
 Made manifest 'Come now ye golden times,'  
 Said I, forth-breathing on those open Sands  
 A Hymn of triumph, 'as the morning comes [580]
- 545 Out of the bosom of the night, come Ye  
 Thus far our trust is veified, behold!  
 They who with clumsy desperation brought  
 Rivers of Blood, and preached that nothing else  
 Could cleanse the Augean Stable, by the might [585]
- 550 Of their own helper have been swept away,  
 Their madness is declared and visible,  
 Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and Earth  
 March firmly towards righteousness and peace'  
 Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how [590]
- 555 The madding Factions might be tranquillised,  
 And, though through hardships manifold and long,  
 The mighty renovation would proceed,  
 Thus, interrupted by uneasy bursts  
 Of exultation, I pursued my way [595]
- 560 Along that very Shore which I had skimm'd  
 In former times, when, spurring from the Vale  
 Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering Fane,  
 And the Stone Abbot, after circuit made  
 In wantonness of heart, a joyous Crew [600]
- 565 Of School-boys, hastening to their distant home,  
 Along the margin of the moonlight Sea,  
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level Sand

---

536-9 That Robespierre was dead —Who?—when and how?  
 Questions that thrust each other (out) of sight  
 But no misgiving, not a doubt survived  
 That he etc (*found on odd sheet*)

Cried, 'Robespierre is dead!'—nor was a doubt,  
 After strict question, left within my mind  
 That he and his supporters all were fallen 575

Great was my transport, deep my gratitude  
 To everlasting Justice, by this fiat  
 Made manifest 'Come now, ye golden times,'  
 Said I forth-pouring on those open sands  
 A hymn of triumph 'as the morning comes 580  
 From out the bosom of the night, come ye  
 Thus far our trust is verified, behold!  
 They who with clumsy desperation brought  
 A river of Blood, and preached that nothing else  
 Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might 585  
 Of their own helper have been swept away,  
 Their madness stands declared and visible,  
 Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth  
 March firmly towards righteousness and peace'—  
 Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how 590  
 The madding factions might be tranquillised,  
 And how through hardships manifold and long  
 The glorious renovation would proceed  
 Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts  
 Of exultation, I pursued my way 595  
 Along that very shore which I had skimmed  
 In former days, when—spurring from the Vale  
 Of Nightshade, and St Mary's mouldering fane,  
 And the stone abbot, after circuit made  
 In wantonness of heart, a joyous band 600  
 Of school-boys hastening to their distant home  
 Along the margin of the moonlight sea—  
 We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

---

Nor did a doubt

On further question in my mind remain

That he etc A<sup>2</sup> C

540 great my joy] deep my joy A<sup>2</sup> C 551 is A C D stands D<sup>2</sup>.

556 though] how A<sup>2</sup> C

557 mighty] glorious A<sup>2</sup> C 561 times A C D days D<sup>2</sup>

- FROM this time forth, in France, as is well known,  
 Authority put on a milder face,
- 570 Yet everything was wanting that might give  
 Courage to them who look'd for good by light  
 Of rational experience, good I mean [5]  
 At hand, and in the spirit of past aims  
 The same belief I, nevertheless, retain'd ,
- 575 The language of the Senate and the acts  
 And public measures of the Government,  
 Though both of heartless omen, had not power [10]  
 To daunt me , in the People was my trust  
 And in the virtues which mine eyes had seen,
- 580 And to the ultimate repose of things  
 I look'd with unabated confidence ,  
 I knew that wound external could not take  
 Life from the young Republic, that new foes  
 Would only follow in the path of shame [15]
- 585 Their brethren, and her triumphs be in the end  
 Great, universal, irresistible  
 This faith, which was an object in my mind  
 Of passionate intuition, had effect  
 Not small in dazzling me , for thus, thro' zeal,
- 590 Such victory I confounded in my thoughts  
 With one far higher and more difficult,  
 Triumphs of unambitious peace at home [20]  
 And noiseless fortitude Beholding still  
 Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought
- 595 That what was in degree the same, was likewise  
 The same in quality, that, as the worse  
 Of the two spirits then at strife remain'd [25]  
 Untired, the better surely would preserve

---

568-9 From that time forth Authority in France,

As is well known, put on a milder face, D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

572-3 A<sup>s</sup> C as 1850

## BOOK ELEVENTH

### FRANCE—CONCLUDED

FROM that time forth, Authority in France  
 Put on a milder face, Terror had ceased,  
 Yet every thing was wanting that might give  
 Courage to them who looked for good by light  
 Of rational Experience, for the shoots 5  
 And hopeful blossoms of a second spring  
 Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired,  
 The Senate's language, and the public acts  
 And measures of the Government, though both  
 Weak, and of heartless omen, had not power 10  
 To daunt me, in the People was my trust  
 And, in the virtues which mine eyes had seen,  
 I knew that wound external could not take  
 Life from the young Republic, that new foes  
 Would only follow, in the path of shame, 15  
 Their brethren, and her triumphs be in the end  
 Great, universal, irresistible  
 This intuition led me to confound  
 One victory with another, higher far,—  
 Triumphs of unambitious peace at home, 20  
 And noiseless fortitude Beholding still  
 Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought  
 That what was in degree the same was likewise  
 The same in quality,—that, as the worse  
 Of the two spirits then at strife remained 25  
 Untired, the better, surely, would preserve

---

574 How could I then retain the same belief? A<sup>2</sup> C Yet unabated was  
 my confidence D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

579 *not in D restored to D<sup>1</sup>*

580-1 *A deletes, not in C*

587-93 This faith—this passionate intuition—led  
 My inexperienced judgment to confound  
 Such with a victory more arduous far,  
 That unambitious peace alone could win  
 And noiseless fortitude A<sup>2</sup> C



- The heart that first had roused him, never dreamt  
 600 That transmigration could be undergone  
 A fall of being suffer'd, and of hope  
 By creature that appear'd to have received  
 Entire conviction what a great ascent  
 Had been accomplish'd, what high faculties  
 605 It had been call'd to Youth maintains, I knew,  
 In all conditions of society,  
 Communion more direct and intimate  
 With Nature, and the inner strength she has, [30]  
 And hence, oft-times, no less, with Reason too,  
 610 Than Age or Manhood, even To Nature then,  
 Power had reverted habit, custom, law,  
 Had left an interregnum's open space  
 For her to stir about in, uncontrol'd  
 The warmest judgments and the most untaught  
 615 Found in events which every day brought forth  
 Enough to sanction them, and far, far more  
 To shake the authority of canons drawn  
 From ordinary practice I could see  
 How Babel-like the employment was of those [35]  
 620 Who, by the recent deluge stupefied,  
 With their whole souls went culling from the day  
 Its petty promises to build a tower  
 For their own safety, laughed at gravest heads,  
 Who, watching in their hate of France for signs [40]  
 625 Of her disasters, if the stream of rumour  
 Brought with it one green branch, conceited thence  
 That not a single tree was left alive  
 In all her forests How could I believe  
 That wisdom could in any shape come near [45]  
 630 Men clinging to delusions so insane?  
 And thus, experience proving that no few  
 Of my opinions had been just, I took  
 Like credit to myself where less was due,  
 And thought that other notions were as sound, [50]  
 635 Yea, could not but be right, because I saw  
 That foolish men opposed them  
 To a strain  
 More animated I might here give way,  
 And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,  
 What in those days through Britain was perform'd [55]  
 640 To turn *all* judgments out of their right course,

The heart that first had roused him Youth maintains,  
 In all conditions of society,  
 Communion more direct and intimate  
 With Nature,—hence, oftentimes, with reason too— 30  
 Than age or manhood, even To Nature, then,  
 Power had reverted habit, custom, law,  
 Had left an interregnum's open space  
 For *her* to move about in, uncontrolled  
 Hence could I see how Babel-like their task, 35  
 Who, by the recent deluge stupified,  
 With their whole souls went culling from the day  
 Its petty promises, to build a tower  
 For their own safety, laughed with my compeers  
 At gravest heads, by enmity to France 40  
 Distempered, till they found, in every blast  
 Forced from the street-disturbing newsman's horn,  
 For her great cause record or prophecy  
 Of utter ruin How might we believe  
 That wisdom could, in any shape, come near 45  
 Men clinging to delusions so insane?  
 And thus, experience proving that no few  
 Of our opinions had been just, we took  
 Like credit to ourselves where less was due,  
 And thought that other notions were as sound, 50  
 Yea, could not but be right, because we saw  
 That foolish men opposed them

To a strain

More animated I might here give way,  
 And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,  
 What in those days, through Britain, was performed 55  
 To turn *all* judgments out of their right course,

---

599-605 never dreamt call'd to A *deletes and also* I knew 605.  
*Not in C*

605-10 Youth maintains

A more direct communion, this I felt, *etc as 1850 [30-1] A<sup>2</sup> C*  
 608 With Nature and (*those elements of*) that unapparent strength

Which, if required, is given her to display A<sup>2</sup> (*deleted*)

614-18 A *deletes and reads* Hence with my ardent Comrades I could see  
*So C*

624-3 Who by their keen hostility to France

Distempered, found in every boastful blast *etc as 1850 [42-4]*

A<sup>2</sup> C

632, 633, 635 my I. myself I *RC*. our . we . ourselves...  
*we A<sup>2</sup>*

But this is passion over-near ourselves,  
 Reality too close and too intense,  
 And mingled up with something, in my mind,  
 Of scorn and condemnation personal, [60]  
 645 That would profane the sanctity of verse  
 Our Shepherds (this say merely) at that time  
 Thrusted to make the guardian Crook of Law  
 A tool of Murder, they who ruled the State, [65]  
 Though with such awful proof before their eyes  
 650 That he who would sow death, reaps death, or worse,  
 And can reap nothing better, child-like long'd  
 To imitate, not wise enough to avoid, [69]  
 Giants in their impiety alone,  
 But, in their weapons and their warfare base  
 655 As vermin working out of reach, they leagu'd  
 Their strength perfidiously, to undermine  
 Justice, and make an end of Liberty

But from these bitter truths I must return  
 To my own History It hath been told [75]  
 660 That I was led to take an eager part  
 In arguments of civil polity  
 Abruptly, and indeed before my time.  
 I had approach'd, like other Youth, the Shield  
 Of human nature from the golden side [80]  
 665 And would have fought, even to the death, to attest  
 The quality of the metal which I saw.  
 What there is best in individual Man,  
 Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,  
 What there is strong and pure in household love,  
 670 Benevolent in small societies, [85]  
 And great in large ones also, when call'd forth  
 By great occasions, these were things of which  
 I something knew, yet even these themselves,  
 Felt deeply, were not thoroughly understood  
 675 By Reason, nay, far from it, they were yet,  
 As cause was given me afterwards to learn,  
 Not proof against the injuries of the day, [90]  
 Lodged only at the Sanctuary's door,  
 Not safe within its bosom. Thus prepared,  
 680 And with such general insight into evil,

643 mingled up] intermixed A<sup>2</sup> C

646 Our Shepherds acted in those days like men A<sup>2</sup> D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

But this is passion over-near ourselves,  
 Reality too close and too intense,  
 And intermixed with something, in my mind,  
 Of scorn and condemnation personal, 60  
 That would profane the sanctity of verse  
 Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that time  
 Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men  
 Thirsting to make the guardian crook of law  
 A tool of murder, they who ruled the State, 65  
 Though with such awful proof before their eyes  
 That he, who would sow death, reaps death, or worse,  
 And can reap nothing better, child-like longed  
 To imitate, not wise enough to avoid,  
 Or left (by mere timidity betrayed) 70  
 The plain straight road, for one no better chosen  
 Than if their wish had been to undermine  
 Justice, and make an end of Liberty

But from these bitter truths I must return  
 To my own history It hath been told 75  
 That I was led to take an eager part  
 In arguments of civil polity,  
 Abruptly, and indeed before my time  
 I had approached, like other youths, the shield  
 Of human nature from the golden side, 80  
 And would have fought, even to the death, to attest  
 The quality of the metal which I saw  
 What there is best in individual man,  
 Of wise in passion, and sublime in power,  
 Benevolent in small societies, 85  
 And great in large ones, I had oft revolved,  
 Felt deeply, but not thoroughly understood  
 By reason nay, far from it, they were yet,  
 As cause was given me afterwards to learn,  
 Not proof against the injuries of the day, 90  
 Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,  
 Not safe within its bosom Thus prepared,  
 And with such general insight into evil,

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669 A *deletes*, not in C

672-4 By great occasions, these momentous objects  
 Had exercised my mind, yet had they not  
 Though deeply felt, been thoroughly understood A\* C

- And of the bounds which sever it from good,  
 As books and common intercourse with life [95]  
 Must needs have given, to the noviciate mind,  
 When the world travels in a beaten road,  
 685 Guide faithful as is needed, I began  
 To think with fervour upon management  
 Of Nations, what it is and ought to be, [100]  
 And how their worth depended on their Laws  
 And on the Constitution of the State
- 690 O pleasant exercise of hope and joy ! [105]  
 For great were the auxiliars which then stood  
 Upon our side, we who were strong in love ;  
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
 But to be young was very heaven, O times,  
 695 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways [110]  
 Of custom, law, and statute took at once  
 The attraction of a Country in Romance,  
 When Reason seem'd the most to assert her rights  
 When most intent on making of herself
- 700 A prime Enchanter to assist the work, [115]  
 Which then was going forwards in her name  
 Not favour'd spots alone, but the whole earth  
 The beauty wore of promise, that which sets,  
 To take an image which was felt, no doubt,
- 705 Among the bowers of paradise itself, [120]  
 The budding rose above the rose full blown  
 What temper at the prospect did not wake  
 To happiness unthought of ? The inert  
 Were rous'd, and lively natures rapt away .
- 710 They who had fed their childhood upon dreams, [125]  
 The Play-fellows of Fancy, who had made  
 All powers of swiftness, subtlety, and strength  
 Their ministers, used to stir in lordly wise  
 Among the grandest objects of the sense,
- 715 And deal with whatsoever they found there [130]  
 As if they had within some lurking right  
 To wield it ; they too, who, of gentle mood

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683 noviciate *ACDE* inexperienced *E*<sup>2</sup>

685-8 *ACDE*, but *DE* depends upon *for* depended on *E*<sup>2</sup> as 1850 [99-104].

691 great] mighty *A*<sup>2</sup> *B*<sup>2</sup> *C*.

692 we all *MSS.* us 1850.

And of the bounds which sever it from good,  
 As books and common intercourse with life 95  
 Must needs have given—to the inexperienced mind,  
 When the world travels in a beaten road,  
 Guide faithful as is needed—I began  
 To meditate with ardour on the rule  
 And management of nations, what it is 100  
 And ought to be, and strove to learn how far  
 Their power or weakness, wealth or poverty,  
 Their happiness or misery, depends  
 Upon their laws, and fashion of the State

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy! 105  
 For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood  
 Upon our side, us who were strong in love!  
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
 But to be young was very Heaven! O times,  
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways 110  
 Of custom, law, and statute, took at once  
 The attraction of a country in romance!  
 When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights  
 When most intent on making of herself  
 A prime enchantress—to assist the work, 115  
 Which then was going forward in her name!  
 Not favoured spots alone, but the whole Earth,  
 The beauty wore of promise—that which sets  
 (As at some moments might not be unfelt  
 Among the bowers of Paradise itself) 120  
 The budding rose above the rose full blown  
 What temper at the prospect did not wake  
 To happiness unthought of? The inert  
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!  
 They who had fed their childhood upon dreams, 125  
 The play-fellows of fancy, who had made  
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength  
 Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred  
 Among the grandest objects of the sense,  
 And dealt with whatsoever they found there 130  
 As if they had within some lurking right  
 To wield it,—they, too, who of gentle mood

---

691-2 To them thrice pleasant who were strong in love Z Z<sup>2</sup> as A

701 going A Z<sup>2</sup> carrying Z 704 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

Had watch'd all gentle motions, and to these  
 Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,  
 720 And in the region of their peaceful selves, [135]  
 Did now find helpers to their hearts' desire,  
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish,  
 Were call'd upon to exercise their skill,  
 Not in Utopia, subterraneous Fields, [140]  
 725 Or some secreted Island, Heaven knows where,  
 But in the very world which is the world  
 Of all of us, the place in which, in the end,  
 We find our happiness, or not at all.

Why should I not confess that earth was then [145]  
 730 To me what an inheritance new-fallen  
 Seems, when the first time visited, to one  
 Who thither comes to find in it his home ?  
 He walks about and looks upon the place  
 With cordial transport, moulds it, and remoulds, [150]  
 735 And is half pleased with things that are amiss,  
 'Twill be such joy to see them disappear

An active partisan, I thus convoked  
 From every object pleasant circumstance  
 To suit my ends, I moved among mankind [155]  
 740 With genial feelings still predominant,  
 When erring, erring on the better part,  
 And in the kinder spirit, placable,  
 Indulgent oft-times to the worst desires  
 As on one side not uninform'd that men  
 745 See as it hath been taught them, and that time  
 Gives rights to error, on the other hand [161]  
 That throwing off oppression must be work  
 As well of license as of liberty,  
 And above all, for this was more than all,  
 750 Not caring if the wind did now and then [165]  
 Blow keen upon an eminence that gave  
 Prospect so large into futurity,  
 In brief, a child of nature, as at first,  
 Diffusing only those affections wider  
 755 That from the cradle had grown up with me, [170]

[136] A<sup>2</sup> C721 now] both A<sup>2</sup> C724 subterraneous R C D subterranean D<sup>2</sup>727 in which] where A<sup>2</sup> C728 find] reap A<sup>2</sup> [ ] C733 place] spot A<sup>2</sup> C743 Indulgent often times to ill desires A<sup>2</sup> C

Had watched all gentle motions, and to these  
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,  
And in the region of their peaceful selves,— 135  
Now was it that *both* found, the meek and lofty  
Did both find helpers to their hearts' desire,  
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish,—  
Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,— 140  
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where !  
But in the very world, which is the world  
Of all of us,—the place where, in the end,  
We find our happiness, or not at all !

Why should I not confess that Earth was then 145  
To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,  
Seems, when the first time visited, to one  
Who thither comes to find in it his home ?  
He walks about and looks upon the spot  
With cordial transport, moulds it and remoulds, 150  
And is half pleased with things that are amiss,  
'Twill be such joy to see them disappear

An active partisan, I thus convoked  
From every object pleasant circumstance  
To suit my ends, I moved among mankind 155  
With genial feelings still predominant,  
When erring, erring on the better part,  
And in the kinder spirit, placable,  
Indulgent, as not uninformed that men  
See as they have been taught—Antiquity 160  
Gives right to error, and aware, no less,  
That throwing off oppression must be work  
As well of License as of Liberty,  
And above all—for this was more than all—  
Not caring if the wind did now and then 165  
Blow keen upon an eminence that gave  
Prospect so large into futurity,  
In brief, a child of Nature, as at first.



And losing, in no other way than light  
Is lost in light, the weak in the more strong

- In the main outline, such, it might be said,  
Was my condition, till with open war  
760 Britain opposed the Liberties of France , [175]  
This threw me first out of the pale of love ,  
Sour'd and corrupted upwards to the source  
My sentiments, was not, as hitherto,  
A swallowing up of lesser things in great ,  
765 But change of them into their opposites, [180]  
And thus a way was opened for mistakes  
And false conclusions of the intellect,  
As gross in their degree and in their kind  
Far, far more dangerous What had been a pride  
770 Was now a shame , my likings and my loves  
Ran in new channels, leaving old ones dry, [185]  
And hence a blow which, in maturer age,  
Would but have touch'd the judgment struck more deep  
Into sensations near the heart meantime,  
775 As from the first, wild theories were afloat,  
Unto the subtleties of which, at least, [190]  
I had but lent a careless ear, assured  
Of this, that time would soon set all things right,  
Prove that the multitude had been oppressed,  
780 And would be so no more
- But when events  
Brought less encouragement, and unto these [195]  
The immediate proof of principles no more  
Could be entrusted, while the events themselves,  
Worn out in greatness, and in novelty,  
785 Less occupied the mind, and sentiments  
Could through my understanding's natural growth [200]  
No longer justify themselves through faith  
Of inward consciousness, and hope that laid  
Its hand upon its object, evidence  
790 Safer, of universal application, such

And losing, in no other way than light  
Is lost in light, the weak in the more strong

In the main outline, such it might be said  
Was my condition, till with open war  
Britain opposed the liberties of France 175  
This threw me first out of the pale of love,  
Soured and corrupted, upwards to the source,  
My sentiments, was not, as hitherto,  
A swallowing up of lesser things in great,  
But change of them into their contraries, 180  
And thus a way was opened for mistakes  
And false conclusions, in degree as gross,  
In kind more dangerous What had been a pride,  
Was now a shame, my likings and my loves  
Ran in new channels, leaving old ones dry, 185  
And hence a blow that, in maturer age,  
Would but have touched the judgment, struck more deep  
Into sensations near the heart meantime,  
As from the first, wild theories were afloat,  
To whose pretensions, sedulously urged, 190  
I had but lent a careless ear, assured  
That time was ready to set all things right,  
And that the multitude, so long oppressed,  
Would be oppressed no more

But when events  
Brought less encouragement, and unto these 195  
The immediate proof of principles no more  
Could be entrusted, while the events themselves,  
Worn out in greatness, stripped of novelty,  
Less occupied the mind, and sentiments  
Could through my understanding's natural growth 200  
No longer keep their ground, by faith maintained  
Of inward consciousness, and hope that laid  
Her hand upon her object—evidence  
Safer, of universal application, such  
As could not be impeached, was sought elsewhere 205

But now, become oppressors in their turn,  
Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence  
For one of conquest, losing sight of all

- 795 Which they had struggled for , and mounted up,  
 Openly, in the view of earth and heaven, [210]  
 The scale of Liberty I read her doom,  
 Vox'd inly somewhat, it is true, and sore ,  
 But not dismay'd, nor taking to the shame  
 800 Of a false Prophet , but, rouz'd up I stuck [214]  
 More firmly to old tenets, and to prove  
 Their tempcr, strained them more, and thus in heat  
 Of contest did opinions every day  
 Grow into consequence, till round my mind [220]  
 805 They clung, as if they were the life of it

- This was the time when all things tending fast  
 To depravation, the Philosophy  
 That promised to abstract the hopes of man [225]  
 Out of his feelings, to be fix'd thenceforth  
 810 For ever in a purer element  
 Found ready welcome Tempting region that  
 For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,  
 Where passions had the privilege to work, [230]  
 And never hear the sound of their own names ,  
 815 But, speaking more in charity, the dream  
 Was flattering to the young ingenuous mind  
 Pleas'd with extremes, and not the least with that  
 Which makes the human Reason's naked self  
 The object of its fervour What delight ' [235]  
 820 How glorious ' in self-knowledge and self-rule,  
 To look through all the frailties of the world,  
 And, with a resolute mastery shaking off  
 The accidents of nature, time, and place,  
 That make up the weak being of the past,  
 825 Build social freedom on its only basis,  
 The freedom of the individual mind, [240]  
 Which, to the blind restraints of general laws  
 Superior, magisterially adopts  
 One guide, the light of circumstances, flash'd  
 830 Upon an independent intellect [244]

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795 and mounted up *all MSS* now mounted up 1850

798 A<sup>2</sup> C *as* 1850

800 but, rouz'd up I stuck] While Resentment rose

In generous support of wounded pride

And mortified presumption, I adhered A<sup>2</sup> C

803 Of altercation, every day opinions A<sup>2</sup>

Which they had struggled for now mounted up,  
 Openly in the eye of earth and heaven, 210  
 The scale of liberty I read her doom,  
 With anger vexed, with disappointment sore,  
 But not dismayed, nor taking to the shame  
 Of a false prophet While resentment rose  
 Striving to hide, what nought could heal, the wounds 215  
 Of mortified presumption, I adhered  
 More firmly to old tenets, and, to prove  
 Their temper, strained them more, and thus, in heat  
 Of contest, did opinions every day  
 Grow into consequence, till round my mind 220  
 They clung, as if they were its life, nay more,  
 The very being of the immortal soul

This was the time, when, all things tending fast  
 To depravation, speculative schemes—  
 That promised to abstract the hopes of Man 225  
 Out of his feelings, to be fixed thenceforth  
 For ever in a purer element—  
 Found ready welcome Tempting region *that*  
 For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,  
 Where passions had the privilege to work, 230  
 And never hear the sound of their own names  
 But, speaking more in charity, the dream  
 Flattered the young, pleased with extremes, nor least  
 With that which makes our Reason's naked self  
 The object of its fervour What delight ! 235  
 How glorious ! in self-knowledge and self-rule,  
 To look through all the frailties of the world,  
 And, with a resolute mastery shaking off  
 Infirmities of nature, time, and place,  
 Build social upon personal Liberty, 240  
 Which, to the blind restraints of general laws  
 Superior, magisterially adopts  
 One guide, the light of circumstances, flashed  
 Upon an independent intellect

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805 They clung as if they had no other life  
 Than that which they had kindled and sustained A<sup>2</sup> C A<sup>2</sup> D E  
*as 1850, but the life of it for its life, nay more, E<sup>2</sup> as 1850*  
 807 the Philosophy A C D E L<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 816-18 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

- For howsoe'er unsettled, never once  
 Had I thought ill of human kind, or been  
 Indifferent to its welfare, but, enflam'd  
 With thirst of a secure intelligence  
 835 And sick of other passion, I pursued [250]  
 A higher nature, wish'd that Man should start  
 Out of the worm-like state in which he is,  
 And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,  
 Lord of himself, in undisturb'd delight—  
 840 A noble aspiration, yet I feel [255]  
 The aspiration, but with other thoughts  
 And happier, for I was perplex'd and sought  
 To accomplish the transition by such means  
 As did not lie in nature, sacrificed  
 845 The exactness of a comprehensive mind  
 To scrupulous and microscopic views  
 That furnish'd out materials for a work  
 Of false imagination, placed beyond  
 The limits of experience and of truth  
 850 Enough, no doubt, the advocates themselves [259]  
 Of ancient institutions had perform'd  
 To bring disgrace upon their very names,  
 Disgrace of which custom and written law  
 And sundry moral sentiments as props  
 855 And emanations of those institutes [265]  
 Too justly bore a part A veil had been  
 Uplifted, why deceive ourselves? 'Twas so,  
 'Twas even so, and sorrow for the Man  
 Who either had not eyes wherewith to see,  
 860 Or seeing hath forgotten Let this pass, [270]  
 Suffice it that a shock had then been given  
 To old opinions, and the minds of all men  
 Had felt it, that my mind was both let loose,  
 Let loose and goaded After what hath been  
 865 Already said of patriotic love, [274]  
 And hinted at in other sentiments  
 We need not linger long upon this theme  
 This only may be said, that from the first  
 Having two natures in me, joy the one

831 once] never A<sup>1</sup> C832 been] stood A<sup>1</sup> C D.831-4 D as A<sup>2</sup> C

For not indifferent was I to mankind

Howe'er unsettled, but enflamed with thirst

Of an impregnable intelligence D<sup>2</sup>831-49 E omits, E<sup>1</sup> restores, as A<sup>2</sup> C, but for 836 What seemed a brighter

Thus expectation rose again, thus hope, 245  
 From her first ground expelled, grew proud once more  
 Oft, as my thoughts were turned to human kind,  
 I scorned indifference, but, inflamed with thirst  
 Of a secure intelligence, and sick  
 Of other longing, I pursued what seemed 250  
 A more exalted nature, wished that Man  
 Should start out of his earthy, worm-like state,  
 And spread abroad the wings of Liberty,  
 Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight—  
 A noble aspiration 'yet I feel 255  
 (Sustained by worthier as by wiser thoughts)  
 The aspiration, nor shall ever cease  
 To feel it,—but return we to our course

Enough, 'tis true—could such a plea excuse  
 Those aberrations—had the clamorous friends 260  
 Of ancient Institutions said and done  
 To bring disgrace upon their very names,  
 Disgrace, of which, custom and written law,  
 And sundry moral sentiments as props  
 Or emanations of those institutes, 265  
 Too justly bore a part A veil had been  
 Uplifted, why deceive ourselves? in sooth,  
 'Twas even so, and sorrow for the man  
 Who either had not eyes wherewith to see,  
 Or, seeing, had forgotten! A strong shock 270  
 Was given to old opinions, all men's minds  
 Had felt its power, and mine was both let loose,  
 Let loose and goaded After what hath been  
 Already said of patriotic love,

nature, wished that man, 837 *as* 1850 [252] *and for* 841–50 The aspiration,  
 but with happier thoughts, Happier as wiser—Turn we back, 'tis true,  
 More than enough the advocates themselves E<sup>3</sup> *as* 1850

836 start] rise A<sup>3</sup> C D

837 in which he is] in which he creeps A<sup>2</sup> C with new fledged wings D

842–8 D *deletes* 849 Experience and unlimited by truth D (*v note*)

850–2 Meanwhile the intemperate Advocates who spake

For ancient institutions urged their way

Into extremes that cover'd with disgrace

The very name of things they wish'd to guard A<sup>2</sup> C

[259] Enough if hostile bigotry would excuse D

More than enough could such a plea excuse D<sup>3</sup> E. E<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

[260] clamorous friends E<sup>2</sup> advocates D<sup>2</sup> E

857–63 A C D E E<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850 866–7 A *deletes*, *not in* C

868 This only will I add A<sup>2</sup> C D E F<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

868–81 A C D E E<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850 [275–85]

- 870 The other melancholy, and withal  
 A happy man, and therefore bold to look  
 On painful things, slow, somewhat, too, and stern  
 In temperament, I took the knife in hand  
 And stopping not at parts less sensitive,  
 875 Endeavoured with my best of skill to probe  
 The living body of society [281]  
 Even to the heart, I push'd without remorse  
 My speculations forward, yea, set foot  
 On Nature's holiest places Time may come  
 880 When some dramatic Story may afford  
 Shapes livelier to convey to thee, my Friend,  
 What then I learn'd, or think I learn'd, of truth, [286]  
 And the errors into which I was betray'd  
 By present objects, and by reasonings false  
 885 From the beginning, inasmuch as drawn  
 Out of a heart which had been turn'd aside [290]  
 From Nature by external accidents,  
 And which was thus confounded more and more,  
 Misguiding and misguided Thus I fared,  
 890 Dragging all passions, notions, shapes of faith,  
 Like culprits to the bar, suspiciously [295]  
 Calling the mind to establish in plain day  
 Her titles and her honours, now believing,  
 Now disbelieving, endlessly perplex'd  
 895 With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground  
 Of moral obligation, what the rule [300]  
 And what the sanction, till, demanding *proof*,  
 And seeking it in everything, I lost  
 All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,  
 900 Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,  
 Yielded up moral questions in despair, [305]

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872-81 E has rejected alternative

On painful objects sternly I essayed  
 To anatomize the frame of social life  
 Probed to the quick Without reserve I toiled  
 To fathom mysteries and crafts endeavoured  
 To reach Authority's abiding place  
 Whether it seemed a Sanctuary of good  
 Or den of evil Wish with me O friend  
 That some dramatic tale with livelier shapes  
 Replete and flinging out more passionate words  
 Than suit our present labour might set forth

875 best of] nicest A<sup>2</sup> C D E      877 I push'd] pushing A<sup>2</sup> C D E.  
 878-9 yea . places A *deletes* Not in C D E

Suffice it here to add, that, somewhat stern                   275  
 In temperament, withal a happy man,  
 And therefore bold to look on painful things,  
 Free likewise of the world, and thence more bold,  
 I summoned my best skill, and toiled, intent  
 To anatomise the frame of social life,                   280  
 Yea, the whole body of society  
 Searched to its heart   Share with me, Friend ! the wish  
 That some dramatic tale, endued with shapes  
 Livelier, and flinging out less guarded words  
 Than suit the work we fashion, might set forth           285  
 What then I learned, or think I learned, of truth,  
 And the errors into which I fell, betrayed  
 By present objects, and by reasonings false  
 From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn  
 Out of a heart that had been turned aside               290  
 From Nature's way by outward accidents,  
 And which was thus confounded, more and more  
 Misguided, and misguiding   So I fared,  
 Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds,  
 Like culprits to the bar, calling the mind,               295  
 Suspiciously, to establish in plain day  
 Her titles and her honours, now believing,  
 Now disbelieving, endlessly perplexed  
 With impulse, motive, right and wrong, the ground  
 Of obligation, what the rule and whence               300  
 The sanction, till, demanding formal *proof*,  
 And seeking it in every thing, I lost  
 All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,  
 Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,  
 Yielded up moral questions in despair               305

This was the crisis of that strong disease,  
 This the soul's last and lowest ebb, I drooped,  
 Deeming our blessed reason of least use  
 Where wanted most   'The lordly attributes  
 Of will and choice,' I bitterly exclaimed,               310  
 'What are they but a mockery of a Being  
 Who hath in no concerns of his a test  
 Of good and evil, knows not what to fear

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883 was *A C D E* felt *E*<sup>2</sup>

887 *A C D E* *E*<sup>2</sup> as 1850

890 *A C D E* feelings, notions, forms of faith *E*<sup>1</sup> judgments, notions,  
 maxims, creeds *E*<sup>3</sup> *E*<sup>4</sup> as 1850

891-2, 896-7 *A C D E* *E*<sup>2</sup> as 1850



- And for my future studies, as the sole  
 Employment of the enquiring faculty,  
 Turn'd towards mathematics, and their clear  
 905 And solid evidence—Ah ! then it was  
 That Thou, most precious Friend ! about this time  
 First known to me, didst lend a living help  
 To regulate my Soul, and then it was  
 That the belovèd Woman in whose sight [335]  
 910 Those days were pass'd, now speaking in a voice  
 Of sudden admonition, like a brook  
 That did but cross a lonely road, and now  
 Seen, heard and felt, and caught at every turn,  
 Companion never lost through many a league, [340]  
 915 Maintained for me a saving intercourse  
 With my true self, for, though impair'd and chang'd  
 Much, as it seemed, I was no further chang'd  
 Than as a clouded, not a waning moon [344]  
 She, in the midst of all, preserv'd me still  
 920 A Poet, made me seek beneath that name  
 My office upon earth, and nowhere else,  
 And lastly, Nature's Self, by human love [350]  
 Assisted, through the weary labyrinth  
 Conducted me again to open day,  
 925 Reviv'd the feelings of my earlier life,  
 Gave me that strength and knowledge full of peace,  
 Enlarged, and never more to be disturb'd,  
 Which through the steps of our degeneracy,  
 All degradation of this age, hath still

902-8 A<sup>a</sup> as [306-33], but for [318-20] reads  
 And still to acknowledged law rebellious would,  
 As selfish passion prompted, act amiss

in [321] confounded for bewildered, and for [328-33]

But for my future studies as the sole  
 Employment of the reasoning faculty  
 To abstract science turned, and its severe  
 And solid evidence Ah ! then So CD D-E as 1850, but omitting

[331-2] and reading in [333] Find no admission Yet then it was

[331] matters various, properties] matters various attributes E<sup>a</sup> matters  
 various properties E<sup>a</sup>

913 Seen, heard and felt A C D E E<sup>a</sup> as 1850

917 E deletes and changes Than (918) to Both and not to and (i note)

[345] added in E 921 A<sup>a</sup> C as 1850

922 And lastly] And fear'd I not to encroach upon a theme  
 Reserv'd to close my Song, I would declare  
 That lastly etc A<sup>a</sup> C.

922-6 struck over in D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850 [349-52]

[352-3] through opening day To E<sup>a</sup> to open day And D E

928 degeneracy] degenerate course A<sup>a</sup> C

Or hope for, what to covet or to shun ,  
 And who, if those could be discerned, would yet 315  
 Be little profited, would see, and ask  
 Where is the obligation to enforce ?  
 And, to acknowledged law rebellious, still,  
 As selfish passion urged, would act amiss ,  
 The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime ' 320

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not walk  
 With scoffers, seeking light and gay revenge  
 From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate down  
 In reconciliation with an utter waste  
 Of intellect , such sloth I could not brook, 325  
 (Too well I loved, in that my spring of life,  
 Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their dear reward)  
 But turned to abstract science, and there sought  
 Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned  
 Where the disturbances of space and time— 330  
 Whether in matters various, properties  
 Inherent, or from human will and power  
 Derived—find no admission Then it was—  
 Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all good !—  
 That the beloved Sister in whose sight 335  
 Those days were passed, now speaking in a voice  
 Of sudden admonition—like a brook  
 That did but *cross* a lonely road, and now  
 Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every turn,  
 Companion never lost through many a league— 340  
 Maintained for me a saving intercourse  
 With my true self , for, though bedimmed and changed  
 Much, as it seemed, I was no further changed  
 Than as a clouded and a waning moon  
 She whispered still that brightness would return, 345  
 She, in the midst of all, preserved me still  
 A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,  
 And that alone, my office upon earth ,  
 And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,  
 If willing audience fail not, Nature's self, 350  
 By all varieties of human love  
 Assisted, led me back through opening day  
 To those sweet counsels between head and heart  
 Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace,  
 Which, through the later sinkings of this cause, 355

- 930 Upheld me, and upholds me at this day  
 In the catastrophe (for so they dream,  
 And nothing less), when finally, to close  
 And rivet up the gains of France, a Pope  
 Is summon'd in to crown an Emperor, [360]
- 935 This last opprobrium, when we see the dog  
 Returning to his vomit, when the sun  
 That rose in splendour, was alive, and moved [365]  
 In exultation among living clouds  
 Hath put his function and his glory off,
- 940 And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,  
 Sets like an opera phantom [370]
- Thus, O Friend !
- Through times of honour, and through times of shame,  
 Have I descended, tracing faithfully  
 The workings of a youthful mind, beneath
- 945 The breath of great events, its hopes no less  
 Than universal, and its boundless love ,  
 A Story destined for thy ear, who now, [375]  
 Among the basest and the lowest fallen  
 Of all the race of men, dost make abode
- 950 Where Etna looketh down on Syracuse,  
 The city of Timoleon ! Living God !  
 How are the Mighty prostrated ! they first, [380]  
 They first of all that breathe should have awaked  
 When the great voice was heard from out the tombs
- 955 Of ancient Heroes If for France I have griev'd  
 Who, in the judgment of no few, hath been  
 A trifier only, in her proudest day, [385]  
 Have been distress'd to think of what she once

933 rivet up] rivet down A<sup>2</sup> C D E seal up all 1850

938-44 *stuck over in D*

939 Has put his soul-exalting glory off  
 Disclaimed all functions by the gods bestowed D<sup>2</sup> E  
 Has put his glory off with reckless haste  
 Disclaimed his functions *etc* E<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

939-40 Puts off his functions, and, his glory gone,  
 Sets *etc* A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>

941-2 Thus through times  
 Of honour and through times of bitter shame D<sup>2</sup>;  
*So E, but omitting bitter E<sup>2</sup> as 1850*

Hath still upheld me, and upholds me now  
 In the catastrophe (for so they dream,  
 And nothing less), when, finally to close  
 And seal up all the gains of France, a Pope  
 Is summoned in, to crown an Emperor— 360  
 This last opprobrium, when we see a people,  
 That once looked up in faith, as if to Heaven  
 For manna, take a lesson from the dog  
 Returning to his vomit, when the sun  
 That rose in splendour, was alive, and moved 365  
 In exultation with a living pomp  
 Of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—  
 Hath dropped all functions by the gods bestowed,  
 And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,  
 Sets like an Opera phantom 370

Thus, O Friend !

Through times of honour and through times of shame  
 Descending, have I faithfully retraced  
 The perturbations of a youthful mind  
 Under a long-lived storm of great events—  
 A story destined for thy ear, who now, 375  
 Among the fallen of nations, dost abide  
 Where Etna, over hill and valley, casts  
 His shadow stretching towards Syracuse,  
 The city of Timoleon ! Righteous Heaven !  
 How are the mighty prostrated ! They first, 380  
 They first of all that breathe should have awaked  
 When the great voice was heard from out the tombs  
 Of ancient heroes If I suffered grief  
 For ill-requited France, by many deemed  
 A trifer only in her proudest day, 385  
 Have been distressed to think of what she once

943 A C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

944-5 The perturbations of a youthful mind  
     Swayed by the breath of great events, its joy  
     Sublime and ardent, its capacious griefs,  
     Its scorn and anger, after hopes, no less A<sup>2</sup> C

948 A C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

949 Of nations and of men dost make abode A<sup>2</sup> C D E (E *deletes*)

950 A C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

951 Living God] Righteous Heaven A<sup>2</sup> C

955-6 A<sup>2</sup> C D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Promised, now is, a far more sober cause  
 960 Thine eyes must see of sorrow, in a Land  
 Strew'd with the wreck of loftiest years, a Land [388]  
 Glorious indeed, substantially renown'd  
 Of simple virtue once, and manly praise,  
 Now without one memorial hope, not even  
 985 A hope to be deferr'd, for that would serve  
 To cheer the heart in such entire decay

But indignation works where hope is not,  
 And thou, O Friend! wilt be refresh'd There is  
 One great Society alone on earth,  
 970 The noble Living and the noble Dead [395]  
 Thy consolation shall be there, and Time  
 And Nature shall before thee spread in store  
 Imperishable thoughts, the Place itself  
 Be conscious of thy presence, and the dull  
 975 Sirocco air of its degeneracy  
 Turn as thou mov'st into a healthful breeze  
 To cherish and invigorate thy frame

Thine be those motions strong and sanative,  
 A ladder for thy Spirit to reascend  
 980 To health and joy and pure contentedness,  
 To me the grief confined that Thou art gone  
 From this last spot of earth where Freedom now [400]  
 Stands single in her only sanctuary,  
 A lonely wanderer, art gone, by pain  
 985 Compell'd and sickness, at this latter day,  
 This heavy time of change for all mankind,  
 I feel for Thee, must utter what I feel [405]  
 The sympathies, erewhile, in part discharg'd,  
 Gather afresh, and will have vent again.  
 990 My own delights do scarcely seem to me  
 My own delights, the lordly Alps themselves,  
 Those rosy Peaks, from which the Morning looks [410]  
 Abroad on many Nations, are not now  
 Since thy migration and departure, Friend,  
 995 The gladsome image in my memory

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 961-6

a Land

Of simple virtue once, and solid praise  
 Now without one memorial energy  
 To kindle hope, in absolute decay D.

Promised, now is , a far more sober cause  
 Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a land,  
 To the reanimating influence lost  
 Of memory, to virtue lost and hope, 390  
 Though with the wreck of loftier years bestrewn

But indignation works where hope is not,  
 And thou, O Friend ! wilt be refreshed There is  
 One great society alone on earth  
 The noble Living and the noble Dead 395

Thine be such converse strong and sanative,  
 A ladder for thy spirit to reascend  
 To health and joy and pure contentedness ,  
 To me the grief confined, that thou art gone 400  
 From this last spot of earth, where Freedom now  
 Stands single in her only sanctuary ,  
 A lonely wanderer art gone, by pain  
 Compelled and sickness, at this latter day,  
 Thus sorrowful reverse for all mankind  
 I feel for thee, must utter what I feel 405  
 The sympathies erewhile in part discharged,  
 Gather afresh, and will have vent again  
 My own delights do scarcely seem to me  
 My own delights , the lordly Alps themselves,  
 Those rosy peaks, from which the Morning looks 410  
 Abroad on many nations, are no more  
 For me that image of pure gladness

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Strewn with the wreck of happier years, yet lost  
 To memory, to glory lost, and hope D<sup>2</sup>  
 Strewn with *etc* as D<sup>\*</sup>  
 To the reanimating influence sweet  
 Of memory, to virtue lost and hope D<sup>2</sup> E  
 Though with the wreck of loftier years bestrewn—  
 To the *etc* E<sup>2</sup> (*but lost for sweet*) No MS authority for order of  
*lines in 1850*

962-6 Mid these memorials of past glory left  
 Without a hope, in absolute decay A<sup>2</sup> C

971-2 A C D D *deletes*

973-7 Imperishable beauty heard and felt

Where'er thou movest along the faded place A<sup>2</sup> C D D *deletes*

978 those motions] such converse A<sup>2</sup> C

986 heavy time of change A C D E sorrowful reverse E<sup>2</sup>

993 are not now A D<sup>2</sup> E yield not now A<sup>2</sup> C D are no more E<sup>2</sup>

994 A C D D *deletes* 995 A C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- Which they were used to be , to kindred scenes,  
 On errand, at a time how different !  
 Thou tak'st thy way, carrying a heart more ripe [415]  
 For all divine enjoyment, with the soul  
 1000 Which Nature gives to Poets, now by thought  
 Matur'd, and in the summer of its strength  
 Oh ! wrap him in your Shades, ye Giant Woods,  
 On Etna's side, and thou, O flowery Vale  
 Of Enna ! is there not some nook of thine, [420]  
 1005 From the first playtime of the infant earth  
 Kept sacred to restorative delight ?

- Child of the mountains, among Shepherds rear'd,  
 Even from my earliest school-day time, I lov'd  
 To dream of Sicily , and now a strong  
 1010 And vital promise wafted from that Land  
 Comes o'er my heart , there's not a single name  
 Of note belonging to that honor'd isle,  
 Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,  
 Or Archimedes, deep and tranquil Soul ! [435]  
 1015 That is not like a comfort to my grief .  
 And, O Theocritus, so far have some  
 Prevail'd among the Powers of heaven and earth,  
 By force of graces which were their's, that they  
 Have had, as thou reportest, miracles [440]  
 1020 Wrought for them in old time yea, not unmov'd,  
 When thinking on my own beloved Friend,  
 I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed  
 Divine Comates, by his tyrant lord  
 Within a chest imprison'd impiously [445]  
 1025 How with their honey from the fields they came

996 used to be] wont to yield A<sup>2</sup> C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

997 A C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

998-9 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

1003 Vale] Field A<sup>2</sup> C

1002-3 O lure him to recline within your shades

Ye trees whose circumambient zone engirds

Vast Etna's midway region ! Sunny lawns

Of fragrant Hybla offer to his lip

Your choicest sweets, and thou O flowery Field A<sup>2</sup> (*deleted*) B<sup>2</sup>

1009-11 To think, to dream of Sicily, and now

A pleasant happy vales as [429-31]

Nor doth the book of Time display a name A<sup>2</sup> C

*After [426] E has rejected line*

Sensations changing as thoughts shift their ground,

[427-8] added E<sup>2</sup> The apprehension and sad thoughts that rose

At her command, at her command dispersed E<sup>2</sup>

Which they were wont to be Through kindred scenes,  
 For purpose, at a time, how different '  
 Thou tak'st thy way, carrying the heart and soul 415  
 That Nature gives to Poets, now by thought  
 Matured, and in the summer of their strength  
 Oh ! wrap him in your shades, ye giant woods,  
 On Etna's side , and thou, O flowery field  
 Of Enna ! is there not some nook of thine, 420'  
 From the first play-time of the infant world  
 Kept sacred to restorative delight,  
 When from afar invoked by anxious love ?

Child of the mountains, among shepherds reared,  
 Ere yet familiar with the classic page, 425  
 I learnt to dream of Sicily , and lo,  
 The gloom, that, but a moment past, was deepened  
 At thy command, at her command gives way ,  
 A pleasant promise, wafted from her shores,  
 Comes o'er my heart ' in fancy I behold 430  
 Her seas yet smiling, her once happy vales ,  
 Nor can my tongue give utterance to a name  
 Of note belonging to that honoured isle,  
 Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,  
 Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul ! 435  
 That doth not yield a solace to my grief  
 And, O Theocritus, so far have some  
 Prevailed among the powers of heaven and earth,  
 By their endowments, good or great, that they  
 Have had, as thou reportest, miracles 440  
 Wrought for them in old time yea, not unmoved,  
 When thinking on my own beloved friend,  
 I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed  
 Divine Comates, by his impious lord  
 Within a chest imprisoned , how they came 445  
 Laden from blooming grove or flowery field,

1010 vital B gladsome A pleasant A<sup>2</sup> C

1014 calm abstracted Soul A<sup>2</sup> C

1015 That shines not for my comfort, like the lamp

Of some tall Pharos on a perilous coast

That with no questionable purpose sends

Its lustre streaming o'er the gloomy deep A<sup>2</sup> C

1018 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

1022 I hear thee tell how clustering bees sustain'd A<sup>2</sup> C

1023 tyrant A C D E impious E<sup>2</sup> 1024-5 A<sup>2</sup> C D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

1024 impiously A C D E how they came E<sup>2</sup>

1025 A C D E, but burden for honey D E, and meads for fields A<sup>2</sup> C D :

E<sup>2</sup> as 1850



And fed him there, alive, from month to month,  
Because the Goatherd, blessed Man ! had lips  
Wet with the Muses' Nectar

Thus I soothe

The pensive moments by this calm fire side, [450]  
1030 And find a thousand fancied images  
That cheer the thoughts of those I love, and mine  
Our prayers have been accepted, Thou wilt stand  
Not as an Exile but a Visitant  
On Etna's top, by pastoral Arethuse [465]  
1035 Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,  
Then near some other Spring, which by the name  
Thou gratest, willingly deceived,  
Shalt linger as a gladsome Votary,  
And not a Captive, pining for his home [470]

1026 alive A D<sup>2</sup> preserv'd A<sup>2</sup> C D

1026 from month to month A C D E month after month E<sup>2</sup>

[459] Of youthful heroes and delight of gods D<sup>2</sup>

1030 fancied] bounteous A<sup>2</sup> C

1031-9 [452-70]

mine,

Teaching our souls to flow, though by a rough  
And bitter world surrounded, as, unting'd  
With aught injurious to her native freshness,  
Flowed Arethusa under briny waves  
Of the Sicilian Sea Delicious Fount !  
Our prayers have been accepted, at thy side  
Lingers (or if thou be indeed no more  
Then near some other Spring which by thy name  
He gratest, willingly deceiv'd)  
Lingers my Friend, a gladsome Votary  
And not a Captive pining for his home  
In querulous lassitude To Etna's top  
Foot-quickenng Health shall guide him, there to stand  
No Exile, but a joyful Visitant  
A Conqueror wresting from the dwindled earth  
And from the invaded heavens, capacious thoughts  
Far-stretching views, magnificent designs  
Worthy of Poets, who attuned their Harps  
In woods and echoing caves, for discipline  
Of Heroes, and in reverence to the Gods  
Mid temples serv'd by sapient Priests and serv'd  
By Virgins crown'd with roses which their hands,  
At daybreak, gather'd from the dewy fields. A<sup>2</sup> C.

And fed him there, alive, month after month,  
Because the goatherd, blessed man<sup>1</sup> had lips  
Wet with the Muses' nectar

Thus I soothe

The pensive moments by this calm fire-side, 450  
And find a thousand bounteous images  
To cheer the thoughts of those I love, and mine  
Our prayers have been accepted, thou wilt stand  
On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,  
Triumphant, winning from the invaded heavens 455  
Thoughts without bound, magnificent designs,  
Worthy of poets who attuned their harps  
In wood or echoing cave, for discipline  
Of heroes, or, in reverence to the gods,  
'Mid temples, served by sapient priests, and choirs 460  
Of virgins crowned with roses Not in vain  
Those temples, where they in their ruins yet  
Survive for inspiration, shall attract  
Thy solitary steps and on the brink  
Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse, 465  
Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,  
Then, near some other spring, which, by the name  
Thou gratestest, willingly deceived,  
I see thee linger a glad votary,  
And not a captive pining for his home 470

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D as 1850, but for [454-6] No exile but a joyful Visitant

On Etna's top a conqueror, from the Earth  
Under thee stretched, and from the invaded heavens  
Winning high thoughts, magnificent designs

and for [461-5] roses that their hands

At daybreak gathered from the dewy fields.  
Then from that height descending on the brink  
Of pastoral Arethusa shalt thou stand

D<sup>2</sup> E for [461-5] have Of Virgins crowned with flowers, or on the brink

Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse

and for [469] Wilt linger, a rejoicing Votary E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

## BOOK ELEVENTH

### IMAGINATION, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED

- Long time hath Man's unhappiness and guilt  
 Detain'd us, with what dismal sights beset  
 For the outward view, and inwardly oppress'd  
 With sorrow, disappointment, vexing thoughts,  
 5 Confusion of opinion, zeal decay'd, [5]  
 And lastly, utter loss of hope itself,  
 And things to hope for Not with these began  
 Our Song, and not with these our Song must end  
 Ye motions of delight, that through the fields  
 10 Stir gently, breezes and soft airs that breathe [10]  
 The breath of Paradise, and find your way  
 To the recesses of the soul! Ye Brooks  
 Muttering along the stones, a busy noise  
 By day, a quiet one in silent night, [20]  
 15 And you, ye Groves, whose ministry it is  
 To interpose the covert of your shades, [25]  
 Even as a sleep, betwixt the heart of man  
 And the uneasy world, 'twixt man himself,

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[MSS for Bk XII, A B C D E Z for ll 138-51, 176-84, 199-257, 316-45  
 W for 258-389 V for 9-14 Y]

Book Eleventh, *Imagination, how impaired etc* B D E. 11 A Book  
 Eleventh C And Taste *added to E*<sup>2</sup>

1-2 did human ignorance and guilt Detain B<sup>2</sup>

1-8 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

9-11 Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides  
 Of the green hills in company with airs  
 And Zephyrs whose least whisper finds an inlet A<sup>2</sup> C

9-13 Ye gentle breezes lead me forth again  
 Soft airs and gladdening sunbeams lead me on  
 To the green haunts of cheerfulness and peace  
 And health and liberty, to pathways roads  
 And fields with rural works to open earth  
 And the calm bliss of an unbounded sky  
 The woods the villages the pleasant farms  
 Smoke rising up from tufted trees and brooks  
 Muttering among the stones Y, *but woods the corr from scattered*

10-12 Stir gently vernal airs that find an inlet  
 To the recesses of the Soul B<sup>2</sup>

## BOOK TWELFTH

### IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED

LONG time have human ignorance and guilt  
 Detained us, on what spectacles of woe  
 Compelled to look, and inwardly oppressed  
 With sorrow, disappointment, vexing thoughts,  
 Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed, 5  
 And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself  
 And things to hope for ! Not with these began  
 Our song, and not with these our song must end —  
 Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides  
 Of the green hills , ye breezes and soft airs, 10  
 Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers,  
 Feelingly watched, might teach Man's haughty race  
 How without injury to take, to give  
 Without offence , ye who, as if to show  
 The wondrous influence of power gently used, 15  
 Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,  
 And, with a touch, shift the stupendous clouds  
 Through the whole compass of the sky , ye brooks,  
 Muttering along the stones, a busy noise  
 By day, a quiet sound in silent night , 20  
 Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal forth  
 In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,  
 Not mute, and then retire, fearing no storm ,  
 And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is  
 To interpose the covert of your shades, 25  
 Even as a sleep, between the heart of man  
 And outward troubles, between man himself,

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[9-20] Ye sunbeams, glancing over the green hills,  
 Ye spirits of air, that league your strength to rouse  
 The sea whose surface in your gentle mood  
 Ye deign to ripple into elfin waves  
 Innumerable, ye whose intercourse  
 With breathing flowers might teach Man's haughty race  
*etc to clouds [17] as 1850*  
 Yet condescend to ripple Lake or Pool  
 In elfin waves innumerable, ye brooks *etc* D D<sup>s</sup> as 1850, *but*  
*one for sound [20]*

- Not seldom, and his own unquiet heart,  
 20 Oh ! that I had a music and a voice,  
 Harmonious as your own, that I might tell [30]  
 What ye have done for me The morning shines,  
 Nor heedeth Man's perverseness, Spring returns,  
 I saw the Spring return, when I was dead  
 25 To deeper hope, yet had I joy for her,  
 And welcomed her benevolence, rejoiced  
 In common with the Children of her Love,  
 Plants, insects, beasts in field, and birds in bower [35]  
 So neither were complacency nor peace  
 30 Nor tender yearnings wanting for my good  
 Through those distracted times, in Nature still [40]  
 Glorifying, I found a counterpoise in her,  
 Which, when the spirit of evil was at height  
 Maintain'd for me a secret happiness,  
 35 Her I resorted to, and lov'd so much  
 I seem'd to love as much as heretofore,  
 And yet this passion, fervent as it was,  
 Had suffer'd change, how could there fail to be  
 Some change, if merely hence, that years of life  
 40 Were going on, and with them loss or gain  
 Inevitable, sure alternative  
 This History, my Friend, hath chiefly told  
 Of intellectual power, from stage to stage [45]  
 Advancing, hand in hand with love and joy,  
 45 And of imagination teaching truth  
 Until that natural graciousness of mind [50]  
 Gave way to over-pressure from the times  
 And their disastrous issues What avail'd,  
 When Spells forbade the Voyager to land,  
 50 The fragrance which did ever and anon  
 Give notice of the Shore, from arbours breathed [55]  
 Of blessed sentiment and fearless love ?  
 What did such sweet remembrances avail,  
 Perfidious then, as seem'd, what serv'd they then ?  
 55 My business was upon the barren sea,  
 My errand was to sail to other coasts  
 Shall I avow that I had hope to see,

19 unquiet *A* C D (un)peaceful D<sup>s</sup> uneasy D<sup>r</sup> 24 A<sup>s</sup> C as 1850

28-30 D *stuck over* D<sup>s</sup> as 1850 25, 26, 28, 35, 36 A *deletes*, not in C

28 with plants the green herb and the bleating Lamb Z

29-30 So neither stillness beauty or repose

Order or peace were wanting etc Z Z<sup>s</sup> as *A*

Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart  
 Oh ! that I had a music and a voice  
 Harmonious as your own, that I might tell 30  
 What ye have done for me The morning shines,  
 Nor heedeth Man's perverseness, Spring returns,—  
 I saw the Spring return, and could rejoice,  
 In common with the children of her love,  
 Piping on boughs, or sporting on fresh fields, 35  
 Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heaven  
 On wings that navigate cerulean skies  
 So neither were complacency, nor peace,  
 Nor tender yearnings, wanting for my good  
 Through these distracted times, in Nature still 40  
 Glorifying, I found a counterpoise in her,  
 Which, when the spirit of evil reached its height,  
 Maintained for me a secret happiness

This narrative, my Friend ! hath chiefly told  
 Of intellectual power, fostering love, 45  
 Dispensing truth, and, over men and things,  
 Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusing  
 Prophetic sympathies of genial faith  
 So was I favoured—such my happy lot—  
 Until that natural graciousness of mind 50  
 Gave way to overpressure from the times  
 And their disastrous issues What availed,  
 When spells forbade the voyager to land,  
 That fragrant notice of a pleasant shore  
 Wafted, at intervals, from many a bower 55  
 Of blissful gratitude and fearless love ?  
 Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,

33 was at *A C D* reached its *D*<sup>s</sup>

37-41 And yet this passion, fervent as it was,

Had yielded to some change, for years of life

Were going on, and with them loss or gain

Inevitable, sure alternative *A*<sup>s</sup> *B*<sup>s</sup> *C*

*So D, but Yet had this for And yet this and Submitted for Had*  
 yielded *D*<sup>s</sup> *deletes*

42-5 *A C D E*, but in 42 *D E* have narrative for history and in 44 for love  
 and joy *D*<sup>s</sup> *E* have hope and joy *E*<sup>s</sup> as 1850 [44-9]

48 And their disastrous issues, whence ensued

A lower tone of feeling in respect

To human life and sad perplexities

In moral knowledge Ah, what then availed *Z* *deleted*

50-2 *A C D* *D*<sup>s</sup> as 1850

53-6 *A* *deletes*, not in *C*

56 errand *Z*<sup>s</sup> business *Z*.

I mean that future times would surely see  
 The man to come parted as by a gulph,  
 60 From him who had been, that I could no more [60]  
 Trust the elevation which had made me one  
 With the great Family that here and there  
 Is scatter'd through the abyss of ages past,  
 Sage, Patriot, Lover, Hero, for it seem'd  
 65 That their best virtues were not free from taint [65]  
 Of something false and weak, which could not stand  
 The open eye of Reason Then I said,  
 Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee  
 More perfectly of purer creatures, yet  
 70 If Reason be nobility in man, [70]  
 Can aught be more ignoble than the man  
 Whom they describe, would fasten if they may  
 Upon our love by sympathies of truth

Thus strangely did I war against myself, [76]  
 75 A Bigot to a new Idolatry  
 Did like a Monk who hath forsworn the world  
 Zealously labour to cut off my heart  
 From all the sources of her former strength, [80]  
 And, as by simple waving of a wand  
 80 The wizard instantaneously dissolves  
 Palace or grove, even so did I unsoul  
 As readily by syllogistic words  
 Some charm of Logic, ever within reach,  
 Those mysteries of passion which have made, [85]  
 85 And shall continue evermore to make,  
 (In spite of all that Reason hath perform'd  
 And shall perform to exalt and to refine)  
 One brotherhood of all the human race  
 Through all the habitations of past years  
 90 And those to come, and hence an emptiness  
 Fell on the Historian's Page, and even on that  
 Of Poets, pregnant with more absolute truth  
 The works of both wither'd in my esteem  
 Their sentence was, I thought, pronounc'd, their rights  
 95 Seem'd mortal, and their empire pass'd away

What then remained in such eclipse? what light  
 To guide or cheer? The laws of things which lie  
 Beyond the reach of human will or power,

And hope that future times *would* surely see,  
 The man to come, parted, as by a gulph,  
 From him who had been, that I could no more 60  
 Trust the elevation which had made me one  
 With the great family that still survives  
 To illuminate the abyss of ages past,  
 Sage, warrior, patriot, hero, for it seemed  
 That their best virtues were not free from taint 65  
 Of something false and weak, that could not stand  
 The open eye of Reason Then I said,  
 Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee  
 More perfectly of purer creatures,—yet  
 If reason be nobility in man, 70  
 Can aught be more ignoble than the man  
 Whom they delight in, blinded as he is  
 By prejudice, the miserable slave  
 Of low ambition or distempered love ?'

In such strange passion, if I may once more 75  
 Review the past, I warred against myself—  
 A bigot to a new idolatry—  
 Like a cowed monk who hath forsworn the world,  
 Zealously laboured to cut off my heart  
 From all the sources of her former strength, 80  
 And as, by simple waving of a wand,  
 The wizard instantaneously dissolves  
 Palace or grove, even so could I unsoul  
 As readily by syllogistic words  
 Those mysteries of being which have made, 85  
 And shall continue evermore to make,  
 Of the whole human race one brotherhood

62-3  $\mathcal{A}$  C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 64 A<sup>+</sup> C as 1850

73 Upon us by affinities of truth Z Z<sup>2</sup> as  $\mathcal{A}$

74, 76, 77  $\mathcal{A}$  C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

75-128 *added to Z, in their place Z had originally*

Nor here alone for even the lovely earth  
 To which I owed so much of noble thought  
 With its sweet groves and rivers, pomp of clouds  
 And all the visible universe was scann'd  
 In something of a kindred spirit, had fallen

*etc as  $\mathcal{A}$  117-20, but with benignant (119) for more noble*

83 charm  $\mathcal{A}$ , Z<sup>2</sup> spell Z 84 passion  $\mathcal{A}$  C D E being E<sup>2</sup>

88  $\mathcal{A}$  C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

96-102 What then remained lost  $\mathcal{A}$  C D D goes on Ah! then it  
 was [XI 333-52] with some changes, and deletes both passages, substituting  
 1850 [88-92]



The life of nature, by the God of love  
 100 Inspired, celestial presence ever pure ,  
 These left, the Soul of Youth must needs be rich,  
 Whatever else be lost, and these were mine,  
 Not a deaf echo, merely, of the thought  
 Bewilder'd recollections, solitary,  
 105 But living sounds Yet in despite of this,  
 This feeling, which howe'er impair'd or damp'd,  
 Yet having been once born can never die  
 'Tis true that Earth with all her appanage  
 Of elements and organs, storm and sunshine,  
 110 With its pure forms and colours, pomp of clouds  
 Rivers and mountains, objects among which  
 It might be thought that no dislike or blame,  
 No sense of weakness or infirmity  
 Or aught amiss could possibly have come,  
 115 Yea, even the visible universe was scann'd  
 With something of a kindred spirit, fell  
 Beneath the domination of a taste [90]  
 Less elevated, which did in my mind  
 With its more noble influence interfere,  
 120 Its animation and its deeper sway

There comes (if need be now to speak of this  
 After such long detail of our mistakes)  
 There comes a time when Reason, not the grand  
 And simple Reason, but that humbler power  
 125 Which carries on its no inglorious work  
 By logic and minute analysis  
 Is of all Idols that which pleases most  
 The growing mind. A Trifler would he be  
 Who on the obvious benefits should dwell  
 130 That rise out of this process ; but to speak  
 Of all the narrow estimates of things  
 Which hence originate were a worthy theme  
 For philosophic Verse , suffice it here  
 To hint that danger cannot but attend  
 135 Upon a Function rather proud to be  
 The enemy of falsehood, than the friend  
 Of truth, to sit in judgment than to feel

Oh ! soul of Nature, excellent and fair,  
 That didst rejoice with me, with whom I too  
 140 Rejoiced, through early youth before the winds [95]

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far  
 Perverted, even the visible Universe  
 Fell under the dominion of a taste 90  
 Less spiritual, with microscopic view  
 Was scanned, as I had scanned the moral world ?

O Soul of Nature ! excellent and fair !  
 That didst rejoice with me, with whom I, too,  
 Rejoiced through early youth, before the winds 95

---

102-6 Whatever feeling A *deletes* and these were mine despite  
 of this *and reads* Whatever else be lost But in despite Of feelings, So C  
 106-7 This feeling which once born can never die Z Z<sup>s</sup> as *R*.  
 114 come] nsen A<sup>s</sup> C  
 115 even the Z<sup>s</sup> *R* the whole Z  
 120 its deeper] profounder A<sup>s</sup> C  
 125 Which its] Who her A<sup>s</sup> C 129-37 *not in* Z  
 130-1 speak Of all the] unfold The many A<sup>s</sup> B<sup>s</sup> C  
 132 theme] toil B<sup>s</sup>  
 [92-3] *Between these lines* E has By glimmering lights perplexed (*deleted*)

- And powerful waters, and in lights and shades  
 That march'd and countermarch'd about the hills  
 In glorious apparition, now all eye  
 And now all ear, but ever with the heart [100]
- 145 Employ'd, and the majestic intellect,  
 Oh! Soul of Nature! that dost overflow  
 With passion and with life, what feeble men  
 Walk on this earth! how feeble have I been [105]  
 When thou wert in thy strength! Nor thus through stroke
- 150 Of human suffering, such as justifies  
 Remissness and inaptitude of mind,  
 But through presumption, even in pleasure pleas'd  
 Unworthily, disliking here, and there, [110]  
 Liking, by rules of mimic art transferr'd
- 155 To things above all art But more, for this  
 Although a strong infection of the age,  
 Was never much my habit, giving way  
 To a comparison of scene with scene, [115]  
 Bent overmuch on superficial things,
- 160 Pampering myself with meagre novelties  
 Of colour and proportion, to the moods  
 Of time and season, to the moral power  
 The affections, and the spirit of the place, [120]  
 Less sensible Nor only did the love
- 165 Of sitting thus in judgment interrupt  
 My deeper feelings, but another cause  
 More subtle and less easily explain'd  
 That almost seems inherent in the Creature, [125]  
 Sensuous and intellectual as he is,
- 170 A twofold Frame of body and of mind,  
 The state to which I now allude was one  
 In which the eye was master of the heart,  
 When that which is in every stage of life  
 The most despotic of our senses gain'd
- 175 Such strength in me as often held my mind [130]  
 In absolute dominion Gladly here,  
 Entering upon abstruser argument,  
 Would I endeavour to unfold the means

---

141 powerful *ACD* roaring *D*<sup>s</sup>

143 In glorious apparition, powers on whom

I daily waited—now all eye *A*<sup>s</sup> *D*<sup>s</sup> as 1850

144 *D* as *A* *D*<sup>s</sup> as 1850

145-7 *ACD* *D*<sup>s</sup> as 1850

162-3 Of time place *BDE*. Of Nature and the spirit of the place

*A*<sup>s</sup> *C* (*original reading of A erased*)

164 Less sensible] Insensible *A*<sup>s</sup> *C*

171 *A*<sup>s</sup> *C* as 1850

176 Gladly here] Then gladly too *W*.

And roaring waters, and in lights and shades  
 That marched and countermarched about the hills  
 In glorious apparition, Powers on whom  
 I daily waited, now all eye and now  
 All ear, but never long without the heart 100  
 Employed, and man's unfolding intellect  
 O Soul of Nature! that, by laws divine  
 Sustained and governed, still dost overflow  
 With an impassioned life, what feeble ones  
 Walk on this earth! how feeble have I been 105  
 When thou wert in thy strength! Nor thus through stroke  
 Of human suffering, such as justifies  
 Remissness and inaptitude of mind,  
 But through presumption, even in pleasure pleased  
 Unworthily, disliking here, and there 110  
 Liking, by rules of mimic art transferred  
 To things above all art, but more,—for this,  
 Although a strong infection of the age,  
 Was never much my habit—giving way  
 To a comparison of scene with scene, 115  
 Bent overmuch on superficial things,  
 Pampering myself with meagre novelties  
 Of colour and proportion, to the moods  
 Of time and season, to the moral power,  
 The affections and the spirit of the place, 120  
 Insensible Nor only did the love  
 Of sitting thus in judgment interrupt  
 My deeper feelings, but another cause,  
 More subtle and less easily explained,  
 That almost seems inherent in the creature. 125  
 A twofold frame of body and of mind  
 I speak in recollection of a time  
 When the bodily eye, in every stage of life  
 The most despotic of our senses, gained  
 Such strength in *me* as often held my mind 130  
 In absolute dominion Gladly here,  
 Entering upon abstruser argument,  
 Could I endeavour to unfold the means

178 Would *A C D E* Could *E*<sup>a</sup> unfold *Z*<sup>a</sup> explain *Z*

178-80 Attempt to place in view the diverse means

Which Nature studiously { puts forth  
employs } to uphold

This agency against the barren dream

Of use and habit and call the senses each *W* (Would we *added*  
*above* Attempt)

- Which Nature studiously employs to thwart  
 180 This tyranny, summons all the senses each [135]  
 To counteract the other and themselves,  
 And makes them all, and the objects with which all  
 Are conversant, subservient in their turn  
 To the great ends of Liberty and Power  
 185 But this is matter for another Song ,  
 Here only let me add that my delights, [140]  
 Such as they were, were sought insatiably,  
 Though 'twas a transport of the outward sense,  
 Not of the mind, vivid but not profound  
 190 Yet was I often greedy in the chace,  
 And roam'd from hill to hill, from rock to rock,  
 Still craving combinations of new forms,  
 New pleasure, wider empire for the sight, [145]  
 Proud of its own endowments, and rejoiced  
 195 To lay the inner faculties asleep  
 Amid the turns and counterturns, the strife  
 And various trials of our complex being,  
 As we grow up, such thralldom of that sense [150]  
 Seems hard to shun , and yet I knew a Maid,  
 200 Who, young as I was then, conversed with things  
 In higher style, from Appetites like these  
 She, gentle Visitant, as well she might  
 Was wholly free, far less did critic rules  
 Or barren intermeddling subtleties [155]  
 205 Perplex her mind ; but, wise as Women are  
 When genial circumstance hath favor'd them,  
 She welcom'd what was given, and craved no more  
 Whatever scene was present to her eyes,  
 That was the best, to that she was attuned [160]  
 210 Through her humility and lowliness,  
 And through a perfect happiness of soul  
 Whose variegated feelings were in this  
 Sisters, that they were each some new delight [164]  
 For she was Nature's inmate Her the birds  
 215 And every flower she met with, could they but

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185-6 Let this be matter for another song

Here only will I add that my delights D E E<sup>a</sup> as 1850

188-9 It was a transport vivid though not profound D

Vivid the transport was, though not profound D<sup>2</sup> E E<sup>a</sup> as 1850

190-1 A C D E E<sup>a</sup> as 1850 194 endowments A B<sup>2</sup> enjoyments B

196 B begins new paragraph here

179 complex being Y<sup>a</sup> A faculties Z

Which Nature studiously employs to thwart  
 This tyranny, summons all the senses each 135  
 To counteract the other, and themselves,  
 And makes them all, and the objects with which all  
 Are conversant, subservient in their turn  
 To the great ends of Liberty and Power  
 But leave we this enough that my delights 140  
 (Such as they were) were sought insatiably  
 Vivid the transport, vivid though not profound,  
 I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to rock,  
 Still craving combinations of new forms,  
 New pleasure, wider empire for the sight, 145  
 Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced  
 To lay the inner faculties asleep  
 Amid the turns and counterturns, the strife  
 And various trials of our complex being,  
 As we grow up, such thralldom of that sense 150  
 Seems hard to shun And yet I knew a maid,  
 A young enthusiast, who escaped these bonds,  
 Her eye was not the mistress of her heart,  
 Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste,  
 Or barren intermeddling subtleties, 155  
 Perplex her mind, but, wise as women are  
 When genial circumstance hath favoured them,  
 She welcomed what was given, and craved no more,  
 Whate'er the scene presented to her view,  
 That was the best, to that she was attuned 160  
 By her benign simplicity of life,  
 And through a perfect happiness of soul,  
 Whose variegated feelings were in this  
 Sisters, that they were each some new delight  
 Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field, 165

---

200-3 Who though her years ran parallel with mine  
 Did then converse with objects of the sense  
 In loftier style, from appetites like these  
 She gentle Visitant was wholly free  
 Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste A<sup>2</sup> C D illegible  
 D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

203-5 her no critic rules Ever perplex'd Z Z<sup>2</sup> as A  
 her rules of critic art Never perplex'd W

210 Through her benignity and lowliness D E By her benign and  
 simple way of life E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

213 Sisters that each bestowed some new delight E<sup>2</sup> E as 1850

214 inmate] pupil A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> C

2925

F f

Have known her, would have lov'd Methought such charm  
 Of sweetness did her presence breathe around  
 That all the trees, and all the silent hills  
 And every thing she look'd on, should have had  
 220 An intimation how she bore herself [170]  
 Towards them and to all creatures God delights  
 In such a being, for her common thoughts  
 Are piety, her life is blessedness

Even like this Maid before I was call'd forth  
 225 From the retirement of my native hills [175]  
 I lov'd whate'er I saw, nor lightly lov'd,  
 But fervently, did never dream of aught  
 More grand, more fair, more exquisitely fram'd  
 Than those few nooks to which my happy feet  
 230 Were limited I had not at that time [180]  
 Liv'd long enough, nor in the least survived  
 The first diviner influence of this world,  
 As it appears to unaccustom'd eyes,  
 I worshipp'd then among the depth of things  
 235 As my soul bade me, could I then take part [185]  
 In aught but admiration, or be pleased  
 With any thing but humbleness and love,  
 I felt, and nothing else, I did not judge,  
 I never thought of judging, with the gift  
 240 Of all this glory fill'd and satisfi'd [190]  
 And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps  
 Roaming, I carried with me the same heart.  
 In truth, this degradation, howsoe'er

---

216 charm] depth Z    223 blessedness *ACD* gratitude A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> E  
 227-8 But deeply never dreamt of aught more fair  
 More grand more choice more exquisitely framed WZ A 227  
*originally as Z, but scratched out* 228 More fair more grand B  
 230-40 Were limited And why? upon myself  
 I was dependent then else should I soon  
 Have languish'd and familiar with the shape  
 And outside fabric of that little world  
 Have undelighted looked on all delight W. *So Z, but for second*  
*and third lines Z has*  
 Was my dependence then else must I needs  
 Have languished and accustomed to etc Z *deletes whole passage*  
 235-8 As piety ordained could I submit  
 To stinted admiration or be pleased  
 With aught that banished humbleness and love  
 I felt observed and pondered, did not judge A<sup>2</sup> D B<sup>2</sup> C as A,  
*but felt observed and felt (238) . D<sup>2</sup> as 1850*  
 242 I roamed W

Could they have known her, would have loved, methought  
 Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,  
 That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,  
 And every thing she looked on, should have had  
 An intimation how she bore herself 170  
 Towards them and to all creatures God delights  
 In such a being, for her common thoughts  
 Are piety, her life is gratitude

Even like this maid, before I was called forth  
 From the retirement of my native hills, 175  
 I loved whate'er I saw nor lightly loved,  
 But most intensely, never dreamt of aught  
 More grand, more fair, more exquisitely framed  
 Than those few nooks to which my happy feet  
 Were limited I had not at that time 180  
 Lived long enough, nor in the least survived  
 The first diviner influence of this world,  
 As it appears to unaccustomed eyes  
 Worshipping then among the depth of things,  
 As piety ordained, could I submit 185  
 To measured admiration, or to aught  
 That should preclude humility and love?  
 I felt, observed, and pondered, did not judge,  
 Yea, never thought of judging, with the gift  
 Of all this glory filled and satisfied 190  
 And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps  
 Roaming, I carried with me the same heart  
 In truth, the degradation—howsoever

- 
- 243-57 In truth this malady of which I speak  
 Though aided by the times whose deeper sound  
 Without my knowledge sometimes might perchance  
 Make rural Nature's milder minstrelsy  
 Inaudible did never take in me  
 Deep (*root*) hold or larger action I had received  
 Impressions far too early and too strong  
 For this to last I threw the habit off  
 Entirely and for ever, and again  
 In Nature's presence stood as I do now  
 A meditative and creative soul W
- 243-51 In truth this relaxation in the power  
 Of natural objects o'er my weaker mind  
 Though doubtless aggravated by the times  
 In various manners for their passionate ends  
 Without my knowledge oftentimes might make  
 The milder minstrelsy of rural scenes  
 Inaudible Z



- Induced, effect in whatsoe'er degree  
 245 Of custom, that prepares such wantonness [195]  
 As makes the greatest things give way to least,  
 Or any other cause which hath been named,  
 Or lastly, aggravated by the times,  
 Which with their passionate sounds might often make  
 250 The milder minstrelsies of rural scenes [200]  
 Inaudible, was transient, I had felt  
 Too forcibly, too early in my life,  
 Visitings of imaginative power  
 For this to last I shook the habit off  
 255 Entirely and for ever, and again [205]  
 In Nature's presence stood, as I stand now,  
 A sensitive, and a creative soul
- There are in our existence spots of time,  
 Which with distinct pre-eminence retain  
 260 A vivifying Virtue, whence, depress'd [210]  
 By false opinion and contentious thought,  
 Or aught of heavier or more deadly weight,  
 In trivial occupations, and the round  
 Of ordinary intercourse, our minds  
 265 Are nourished and invisibly repair'd, [215]  
 A virtue by which pleasure is enhanced  
 That penetrates, enables us to mount  
 When high, more high, and lifts us up when fallen  
 This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks  
 270 Among those passages of life in which [220]  
 We have had deepest feeling that the mind  
 Is lord and master, and that outward sense  
 Is but the obedient servant of her will  
 Such moments worthy of all gratitude,  
 275 Are scatter'd everywhere, taking their date [225]  
 From our first childhood. in our childhood even  
 Perhaps are most conspicuous Life with me,

245-6 ACD D<sup>a</sup> as 1850249 ACDE E<sup>a</sup> as 1850257 ACD D<sup>a</sup> as 1850260 vivifying A Z<sup>a</sup> fructifying VZ

261-2 not in V, added later to Z

264 followed in V by Especially the imaginative power

266-73 not in V, added later to Z 269 efficacious Z<sup>a</sup> A animating Z.

270-3

247 Or DE Of AC (sic)

251 felt] known A<sup>a</sup> B<sup>a</sup> C

258 V begins again here

renovating A<sup>a</sup> BCD E.

life that give

Profoundest feeling to what point the mind

Is lord and master, and external sense

Obedient servant to her will. Such moments D. D<sup>a</sup> as 1850

Induced, effect, in whatsoe'er degree,  
 Of custom that prepares a partial scale 195  
 In which the little oft outweighs the great,  
 Or any other cause that hath been named,  
 Or lastly, aggravated by the times  
 And their impassioned sounds, which well might make  
 The milder minstrelsies of rural scenes 200  
 Inaudible—was transient, I had known  
 Too forcibly, too early in my life,  
 Visitings of imaginative power  
 For this to last I shook the habit off  
 Entirely and for ever, and again 205  
 In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand,  
 A sensitive being, a *creative* soul

There are in our existence spots of time,  
 That with distinct pre-eminence retain  
 A renovating virtue, whence, depressed 210  
 By false opinion and contentious thought,  
 Or aught of heavier or more deadly weight,  
 In trivial occupations, and the round  
 Of ordinary intercourse, our minds  
 Are nourished and invisibly repaired, 215  
 A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced,  
 That penetrates, enables us to mount,  
 When high, more high, and lifts us up when fallen  
 This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks  
 Among those passages of life that give 220  
 Profoundest knowledge to what point, and how,  
 The mind is lord and master—outward sense  
 The obedient servant of her will Such moments  
 Are scattered everywhere, taking their date  
 From our first childhood I remember well, 225

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274-81 Such moments chiefly seem to have their date  
 In our first childhood I remember well,  
 'Tis of an early season that I speak,  
 The twilight of rememberable life,  
 While I was yet an urchin, one who scarce  
 Could hold a bridle, with ambitious hopes V

277-80 Perhaps are most conspicuous, vividly  
 How vividly in one particular scene  
 Now present to my memory d.d I see  
 This fructifying influence with a time  
 When scarcely *etc* Z Z<sup>3</sup> as 1850

276-80 [225-6] From earliest seasons I remember well  
 That once while yet a child When scarcely (I was then but six  
 whose timid hand A-C years old) my hand D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

- As far as memory can look back, is full  
 Of this beneficent influence At a time
- 280 When scarcely (I was then not six years old)  
 My hand could hold a bridle, with proud hopes  
 I mounted, and we rode towards the hills  
 We were a pair of horsemen, honest James  
 Was with me, my encourager and guide [230]
- 285 We had not travell'd long, ere some mischance  
 Disjoin'd me from my Comrade, and, through fear  
 Dismounting, down the rough and stony Moor  
 I led my Horse, and stumbling on, at length  
 Came to a bottom, where in former times [235]
- 290 A Murderer had been hung in iron chains  
 The Gibbet-mast was moulder'd down, the bones  
 And iron case were gone, but on the turf,  
 Hard by, soon after that fell deed was wrought  
 Some unknown hand had carved the Murderer's name [240]
- 295 The monumental writing was engraven  
 In times long past, and still, from year to year,  
 By superstition of the neighbourhood,  
 The grass is clear'd away, and to this hour  
 The letters are all fresh and visible [245]
- 300 Faltering, and ignorant where I was, at length  
 I chanced to espy those characters inscribed  
 On the green sod forthwith I left the spot  
 And, reascending the bare Common, saw  
 A naked Pool that lay beneath the hills,
- 305 The Beacon on the summit, and more near, [250]  
 A Girl who bore a Pitcher on her head  
 And seem'd with difficult steps to force her way  
 Against the blowing wind It was, in truth,  
 An ordinary sight, but I should need
- 310 Colours and words that are unknown to man [255]  
 To paint the visionary dreaminess  
 Which, while I look'd all round for my lost guide,  
 Did at that time invest the naked Pool,  
 The Beacon on the lonely Eminence,

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281 A<sup>s</sup> C D *as* [227]

282 rode A C D E. journeyed E<sup>s</sup>.

283 A<sup>s</sup> C *as* [229].

290-303 A man, the murderer of his wife, was hung  
 In irons, moulder'd was the gibbet mast,  
 The bones were gone, the iron and the wood,

That once, while yet my inexperienced hand  
 Could scarcely hold a bridle, with proud hopes  
 I mounted, and we journeyed towards the hills  
 An ancient servant of my father's house  
 Was with me, my encourager and guide 230  
 We had not travelled long, ere some mischance  
 Disjoined me from my comrade, and, through fear  
 Dismounting, down the rough and stony moor  
 I led my horse, and, stumbling on, at length  
 Came to a bottom, where in former times 235  
 A murderer had been hung in iron chains  
 The gibbet-mast had mouldered down, the bones  
 And iron case were gone, but on the turf,  
 Hard by, soon after that fell deed was wrought,  
 Some unknown hand had carved the murderer's name 240  
 The monumental letters were inscribed  
 In times long past, but still, from year to year,  
 By superstition of the neighbourhood,  
 The grass is cleared away, and to this hour  
 The characters are fresh and visible 245  
 A casual glance had shown them, and I fled,  
 Faltering and faint, and ignorant of the road  
 Then, reascending the bare common, saw  
 A naked pool that lay beneath the hills,  
 The beacon on the summit, and, more near, 250  
 A girl, who bore a pitcher on her head,  
 And seemed with difficult steps to force her way  
 Against the blowing wind It was, in truth,  
 An ordinary sight, but I should need  
 Colours and words that are unknown to man, 255  
 To paint the visionary dreariness  
 Which, while I looked all round for my lost guide,  
 Invested moorland waste, and naked pool,  
 The beacon crowning the lone eminence,

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Only a long green ridge of turf remain'd  
 Whose shape was like a grave I left the spot  
 And reascending the bare slope, I saw V. Z as A

[241] inscribed D<sup>2</sup> E engraven D

299 The far-famed characters are visible D

Remain the letters fresh and visible D<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

301-2 Chancing to espy these far famed characters carved

Fresh in the turf I hurried from the spot D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

313 The Moor invested and the naked Pool D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- 315 The Woman, and her garments vex'd and toss'd [260]  
 By the strong wind When, in a blessed season  
 With those two dear Ones, to my heart so dear,  
 When in the blessed time of early love,  
 Long afterwards, I roam'd about  
 320 In daily presence of this very scene,  
 Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,  
 And on the melancholy Beacon, fell [265]  
 The spirit of pleasure and youth's golden gleam,  
 And think ye not with radiance more divine  
 325 From these remembrances, and from the power  
 They left behind? So feeling comes in aid  
 Of feeling, and diversity of strength [270]  
 Attends us, if but once we have been strong  
 Oh! mystery of Man, from what a depth  
 330 Proceed thy honours! I am lost but see  
 In simple childhood something of the base  
 On which thy greatness stands, but this I feel, [275]  
 That from thyself it is that thou must give,  
 Else never canst receive The days gone by  
 335 Come back upon me from the dawn almost  
 Of life the hiding-places of my power  
 Seem open, I approach, and then they close, [280]  
 I see by glimpses now, when age comes on,  
 May scarcely see at all, and I would give,  
 340 While yet we may, as far as words can give,  
 A substance and a life to what I feel  
 I would enshrine the spirit of the past [285]  
 For future restoration. Yet another  
 Of these to me affecting incidents  
 345 With which we will conclude  
 One Christmas-time,  
 The day before the holidays began,  
 Feverish and tired, and restless, I went forth  
 Into the fields, impatient for the sight [290]

315 Woman A C D Female D<sup>2</sup>

316-19 When in the blessed hours

Of early love, alone or with the maid

To whom were breathed my first fond vows I roamed A<sup>2</sup> C.

316-45 When in a conclude] not in V

323 followed in D by deleted line Fell with a radiance brighter for the shade.

328 Attends on him who hath but once been strong W W<sup>2</sup> as A

329 Oh mystery of Man A C D E Mysterious soul of Man A<sup>2</sup> deleted

333 is Z<sup>2</sup> A C comes Z D E 335 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 340 give] do Z

The female and her garments vexed and tossed 260  
 By the strong wind When, in the blessed hours  
 Of early love, the loved one at my side,  
 I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,  
 Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,  
 And on the melancholy beacon, fell 265  
 A spirit of pleasure and youth's golden gleam,  
 And think ye not with radiance more sublime  
 For these remembrances, and for the power  
 They had left behind? So feeling comes in aid  
 Of feeling, and diversity of strength 270  
 Attends us, if but once we have been strong  
Oh! mystery of man, from what a depth  
Proceed thy honours I am lost, but see  
In simple childhood something of the base  
On which thy greatness stands, but this I feel, 275  
 That from thyself it comes, that thou must give,  
 Else never canst receive The days gone by  
 Return upon me almost from the dawn  
 Of life the hiding-places of man's power  
 Open, I would approach them, but they close 280  
 I see by glimpses now, when age comes on,  
 May scarcely see at all, and I would give,  
 While yet we may, as far as words can give,  
 Substance and life to what I feel, enshrining,  
 Such is my hope, the spirit of the Past 285  
 For future restoration—Yet another  
 Of these memorials—  
 One Christmas-time,  
 On the glad eve of its dear holidays,  
 Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went forth  
 Into the fields, impatient for the sight 290

338-45 *In place of these lines W reads*

Yet have I singled out not satisfied  
 With general feelings, here and there have culled  
 Some incidents that may explain whence came  
 My restoration, and with yet one more of these  
 I will conclude One Christmas time

343-5 restoration Then vouchsafe

Philosopher and friend a willing Ear  
 While I record a second incident  
 With thankful memory One A<sup>2</sup> C

V (*going on from l 316*) reads Nor less I recollect  
 (Long after, though my childhood had not ceased)  
 Another scene which left a kindred power  
 Implanted in my mind

346 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- Of those two Horses which should bear us home ,  
 350 My Brothers and myself There was a crag,  
 An Eminence, which from the meeting-point  
 Of two highways ascending, overlook'd  
 At least a long half-mile of those two roads,  
 By each of which the expected Steeds might come,  
 355 The choice uncertain Thither I repair'd [296]  
 Up to the highest summit , 'twas a day  
 Stormy, and rough, and wild, and on the grass  
 I sate, half-shelter'd by a naked wall ,  
 Upon my right hand was a single sheep, [300]  
 360 A whistling hawthorn on my left, and there,  
 With those companions at my side, I watch'd,  
 Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist  
 Gave intermitting prospect of the wood  
 And plain beneath Ere I to School return'd [305]  
 365 That dreary time, ere I had been ten days  
 A dweller in my Father's House, he died,  
 And I and my two Brothers, Orphans then,  
 Followed his Body to the Grave The event  
 With all the sorrow which it brought appear'd [310]  
 370 A chastisement , and when I call'd to mind  
 That day so lately pass'd, when from the crag  
 I look'd in such anxiety of hope,  
 With trite reflections of morality,  
 Yet in the deepest passion, I bow'd low [315]  
 375 To God, who thus corrected my desires ,  
 And afterwards, the wind and sleety rain  
 And all the business of the elements,  
 The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,  
 And the bleak music of that old stone wall, [320]  
 380 The noise of wood and water, and the mist  
 Which on the line of each of those two Roads  
 Advanced in such indisputable shapes,  
 All these were spectacles and sounds to which  
 I often would repair and thence would drink, [325]  
 385 As at a fountain , and I do not doubt  
 That in this later time, when storm and rain

349 two horses *R* three horses *V Z* rough palfreys *B<sup>2</sup> C D* led  
 palfreys *D<sup>2</sup> E*, 351-5 *R C D* 351-2 *D<sup>2</sup> as* 1850

353-5 Thither (for which of these two roads might first

Show to my eager sight the expected steeds

Was all uncertain) scoutlike I repaired *D<sup>2</sup> E E<sup>2</sup> as* 1850

357 Stormy and rough and wild *V R* bleak *for* rough *B<sup>2</sup>, A<sup>2</sup> C as* 1850

Of those led palfreys that should bear us home ,  
 My brothers and myself There rose a crag,  
 That, from the meeting-point of two highways  
 Ascending, overlooked them both, far stretched ,  
 Thither, uncertain on which road to fix 295  
 My expectation, thither I repaired,  
 Scout-like, and gained the summit , 'twas a day  
 Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass  
 I sate half-sheltered by a naked wall ,  
 Upon my right hand couched a single sheep, 300  
 Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood ,  
 With those companions at my side, I watched,  
 Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist  
 Gave intermitting prospect of the copse  
 And plain beneath Ere we to school returned,— 305  
 That dreary time,—ere we had been ten days  
 Sojourners in my father's house, he died,  
 And I and my three brothers, orphans then,  
 Followed his body to the grave The event,  
 With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared 310  
 A chastisement , and when I called to mind  
 That day so lately past, when from the crag  
 I looked in such anxiety of hope ,  
 With trite reflections of morality,  
 Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low 315  
 To God, Who thus corrected my desires ,  
 And, afterwards, the wind and sleety rain,  
 And all the business of the elements,  
 The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,  
 And the bleak music from that old stone wall, 320  
 The noise of wood and water, and the mist  
 That on the line of each of those two roads  
 Advanced in such indisputable shapes ,  
 All these were kindred spectacles and sounds  
 To which I oft repaired, and thence would drink, 325  
 As at a fountain , and on winter nights,  
 Down to this very time, when storm and rain

359 was V Z A couched A<sup>2</sup> C360 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

361 With those] Those two V

362 Straining my eyes intensely] With eyes intensely straining V

364-6 I I A dweller V A we we Sojourners A<sup>2</sup> C

367 two V Z A C three D E

385 As at a favourite fountain, and belike D E E<sup>2</sup> as 1850

386-9 A C D.



Beat on my roof at midnight, or by day  
When I am in the woods, unknown to me  
The workings of my spirit thence are brought [331]

390   Thou wilt not languish here, O Friend, for whom  
I travel in these dim uncertain ways  
Thou wilt assist me as a pilgrim gone  
In quest of highest truth   Behold me then  
Once more in Nature's presence, thus restored  
395   Or otherwise, and strengthened once again  
(With memory left of what had been escaped)  
To habits of devoutest sympathy

---

[329-end] When in a grove I walk whose lofty trees  
Laden with all their summer foliage, rock  
High over head some workings of the mind  
Of source and tendency to me unknown  
Some inward agitations thence are brought  
Efforts and struggle tempered and restrained  
By melancholy awe or pleasing fear   D<sup>a</sup>

Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,  
 While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,  
 Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock 330  
 In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,  
 Some inward agitations thence are brought,  
 Whate'er their office, whether to beguile  
 Thoughts over busy in the course they took,  
 Or animate an hour of vacant ease 335

---

When in a grove I walk whose lofty trees  
 Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock  
 In a strong wind, some workings of the spirit  
 Some inward agitations thence proceed  
 To blend with all that impulse from without  
 Inspires of effort tempered and restrained  
 By melancholy awe or pleasing fear D<sup>3</sup> E E<sup>3</sup> as 1850

390-7 A B *delete* not in C

393 highest] precious A<sup>2</sup>.

395-7 Or otherwise, behold me at her shrine  
 Healed and accomplish'd, sensible of what  
 Had been escaped, and strengthened once again  
 To habits *etc* Z

## BOOK TWELFTH

SAME SUBJECT—CONTINUED

- From nature doth emotion come, and moods  
 Of calmness equally are nature's gift,  
 This is her glory, these two attributes  
 Are sister horns that constitute her strength, [4]  
 5 This twofold influence is the sun and shower  
 Of all her bounties, both in origin  
 And end alike benignant Hence it is,  
 That Genius which exists by interchange [5]  
 Of peace and excitation, finds in her  
 10 His best and purest Friend, from her receives  
 That energy by which he seeks the truth,  
 Is rous'd, aspires, grasps, struggles, wishes, craves,  
 From her that happy stillness of the mind  
 Which fits him to receive it, when unsought [10]
- 15 Such benefit may souls of humblest frame  
 Partake of, each in their degree, 'tis mine  
 To speak, what I myself have known and felt  
 Sweet task! for words find easy way, inspired  
 By gratitude and confidence in truth [15]  
 20 Long time in search of knowledge desperate,  
 I was benighted heart and mind, but now  
 On all sides day began to reappear,  
 And it was proved indeed that not in vain  
 I had been taught to reverence a Power [20]  
 25 That is the very quality and shape  
 And image of right reason, that matures  
 Her processes by steadfast laws, gives birth

---

[MSS for Bk XII A B D E Z // 1-186 C // 111-276 Y // 185-204 J]

Book Twelfth Same subject continued B 12 A Book Twelfth C

Subject concluded D E

1-2 From nature comes emotion, moods of peace And calmness A<sup>s</sup>

3-5 This is her glory, for this twofold sway

The very sunshine as it were and shower Z Z<sup>s</sup> as A

7 is A C comes B<sup>s</sup>

8 which exists A C born to thrive A<sup>s</sup>

12 B A omits wishes, craves, and deletes defective line: not in C.

## BOOK THIRTEENTH

### IMAGINATION AND TASTE, HOW IMPAIRED AND RESTORED—CONCLUDED

FROM Nature doth emotion come, and moods  
Of calmness equally are Nature's gift  
This is her glory, these two attributes  
Are sister horns that constitute her strength  
Hence Genius, born to thrive by interchange 5  
Of peace and excitation, finds in her  
His best and purest friend, from her receives  
That energy by which he seeks the truth,  
From her that happy stillness of the mind  
Which fits him to receive it when unsought 10

Such benefit the humblest intellects  
Partake of, each in their degree, 'tis mine  
To speak, what I myself have known and felt,  
Smooth task' for words find easy way, inspired  
By gratitude, and confidence in truth 15  
Long time in search of knowledge did I range  
The field of human life, in heart and mind  
Benighted, but, the dawn beginning now  
To re-appear, 'twas proved that not in vain  
I had been taught to reverence a Power 20  
That is the visible quality and shape  
And image of right reason, that matures  
Her processes by steadfast laws, gives birth

---

20-3 When in the search for knowledge desperate  
I was benighted both in heart and mind  
Soon as the day began to reappear  
Then was it prov'd indeed that not in vain Z Z<sup>2</sup> Y as A  
Desperate in search of knowledge long I roamed  
The path of life, benighted, heart and mind,  
But, day beginning now to reappear  
On every side, 'twas proved that not in vain A<sup>2</sup>  
Long time in search of knowledge desperate  
Roam'd I the plain of life in heart and mind  
Benighted but the dawn beginning now etc as 1850 A<sup>2</sup> C D D<sup>2</sup> as  
1850  
25 very A C D visible D<sup>2</sup> E

[25]

With present objects and the busy dance [30]  
 35 Of things that pass away, a temperate shew  
 Of objects that endure, and by this course  
 Disposes her, when over-fondly set  
 On leaving her incumbrances behind  
 To seek in Man, and in the frame of life, [35]  
 40 Social and individual, what there is  
 Desirable, affecting, good or fair  
 Of kindred permanence, the gifts divine  
 And universal, the pervading grace  
 That hath been, is, and shall be Above all [39]  
 45 Did Nature bring again that wiser mood  
 More deeply re-established in my soul,  
 Which, seeing little worthy or sublime  
 In what we blazon with the pompous names  
 Of power and action, early tutor'd me  
 50 To look with feelings of fraternal love [45]  
 Upon those unassuming things, that hold  
 A silent station in this beauteous world

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found  
 Once more in Man an object of delight  
 55 Of pure imagination, and of love, [50]  
 And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,  
 Again I took the intellectual eye  
 For my instructor, studious more to see  
 Great Truths, than touch and handle little ones.  
 60 Knowledge was given accordingly, my trust [55]  
 Was firmer in the feelings which had stood  
 The test of such a trial, clearer far  
 My sense of what was excellent and right,  
 The promise of the present time retired  
 65 Into its true proportion, sanguine schemes, [60]  
 Ambitious virtues pleased me less, I sought

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 31-2 *ACD* · *D*<sup>2</sup> as 1850
42-6 *A<sup>2</sup>C* as 1850

48-9 In that Ambition which the Historian's pen

Delights to blazon      action *D*   *D*<sup>2</sup> as 1850 [42-4]

To no impatient or fallacious hopes,  
 No heat of passion or excessive zeal, 25  
 No vain conceits, provokes to no quick turns  
 Of self-applauding intellect, but trains  
 To meekness, and exalts by humble faith,  
 Holds up before the mind intoxicate  
 With present objects, and the busy dance 30  
 Of things that pass away, a temperate show  
 Of objects that endure, and by this course  
 Disposes her, when over-fondly set  
 On throwing off incumbrances, to seek  
 In man, and in the frame of social life, 35  
 Whate'er there is desirable and good  
 Of kindred permanence, unchanged in form  
 And function, or, through strict vicissitude  
 Of life and death, revolving Above all  
 Were re-established now those watchful thoughts 40  
 Which, seeing little worthy or sublime  
 In what the Historian's pen so much delights  
 To blazon—power and energy detached  
 From moral purpose—early tutored me  
 To look with feelings of fraternal love 45  
 Upon the unassuming things that hold  
 A silent station in this beauteous world

Thus moderated, thus composed, I found  
 Once more in Man an object of delight,  
 Of pure imagination, and of love, 50  
 And, as the horizon of my mind enlarged,  
 Again I took the intellectual eye  
 For my instructor, studious more to see  
 Great truths, than touch and handle little ones  
 Knowledge was given accordingly, my trust 55  
 Became more firm in feelings that had stood  
 The test of such a trial, clearer far  
 My sense of excellence—of right and wrong  
 The promise of the present time retired  
 Into its true proportion, sanguine schemes, 60  
 Ambitious projects, pleased me less, I sought

61 A<sup>2</sup> C as 185062 clearer fai Z<sup>2</sup> far more deep Z63 A C D E D<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> as 185065-6 schemes, sought Z<sup>2</sup> thoughts, look'd Z66 virtues A C D E projects D<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup>

For good in the familiar face of life  
And built thereon my hopes of good to come

- With settling judgments now of what would last  
70 And what would disappear, prepared to find [65]  
Ambition, folly, madness in the men  
Who thrust themselves upon this passive world  
As Rulers of the world, to see in these,  
Even when the public welfare is their aim,  
75 Plans without thought, or bottom'd on false thought [70]  
And false philosophy having brought to test  
Of solid life and true result the Books  
Of modern Statists, and thereby perceiv'd  
The utter hollowness of what we name  
80 The wealth of Nations, where alone that wealth  
Is lodged, and how encreased, and having gain'd  
A more judicious knowledge of what makes [80]  
The dignity of individual Man,  
Of Man, no composition of the thought,  
85 Abstraction shadow, image, but the man  
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold  
With our own eyes, I could not but inquire,  
Not with less interest than heretofore [85]  
But greater, though in spirit more subdued,  
90 Why is this glorious Creature to be found  
One only in ten thousand? What one is,  
Why may not many be? What bars are thrown  
By Nature in the way of such a hope? [90]  
Our animal wants and the necessities  
95 Which they impose are these the obstacles?  
If not, then others vanish into air  
Such meditations bred an anxious wish  
To ascertain how much of real worth [95]  
And genuine knowledge, and true power of mind  
100 Did at this day exist in those who liv'd  
By bodily labour, labour far exceeding

---

67 *A C D* *D*<sup>1</sup> *as* 1850

71 Ambition *A C D E* Presumption *D*<sup>1</sup> *E*<sup>2</sup>

75-80 *D stuck over* *D*<sup>2</sup> *as* 1850

76-8 And false philosophy, having brought the Books

Of Modern Statists to their proper test—

Life, human life, and clearly thence perceived *A*<sup>2</sup> *C*.

77-8 *added to Z*

82 More feelingly to know wherein consists *Z* *Z*<sup>2</sup> *as* *A*

For present good in life's familiar face,  
And built thereon my hopes of good to come

With settling judgments now of what would last  
And what would disappear, prepared to find 65  
Presumption, folly, madness, in the men  
Who thrust themselves upon the passive world  
As Rulers of the world, to see in these,  
Even when the public welfare is their aim,  
Plans without thought, or built on theories 70  
Vague and unsound, and having brought the books  
Of modern statisticians to their proper test,  
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims  
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended rights,  
Mortal, or those beyond the reach of death, 75  
And having thus discerned how dire a thing  
Is worshipped in that idol proudly named  
'The Wealth of Nations,' where alone that wealth  
Is lodged, and how increased, and having gained  
A more judicious knowledge of the worth 80  
And dignity of individual man,  
No composition of the brain, but man  
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold  
With our own eyes—I could not but inquire—  
Not with less interest than heretofore, 85  
But greater, though in spirit more subdued—  
Why is this glorious creature to be found  
One only in ten thousand? What one is  
Why may not millions be? What bars are thrown  
By Nature in the way of such a hope? 90  
Our animal appetites and daily wants,  
Are these obstructions insurmountable?  
If not, then others vanish into air  
'Inspect the basis of the social pile  
Inquire,' said I, 'how much of mental power 95  
And genuine virtue they possess who live  
By bodily toil, labour exceeding far

84 thought ACD brain D-

88-9 added to Z

92 many ACD millions D<sup>s</sup>

94 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

94-6 added to Z

95-101 A<sup>2</sup> as 1850, after false start

Look, said I, first at men of low degree

Enquire what genuine knowledge—

101 ACD D<sup>s</sup> as 1850

101 exceeding] beyond Z



Their due proportion, under all the weight  
 Of that injustice which upon ourselves  
 By composition of society  
 105 Ourselves entail To frame such estimate [100]  
 I chiefly look'd (what need to look beyond ?)  
 Among the natural abodes of men,  
 Fields with their rural works, recall'd to mind  
 My earliest notices, with these compared  
 110 The observations of my later youth, [105]  
 Continued downwards to that very day

For time had never been in which the throes  
 And mighty hopes of Nations, and the stir  
 And tumult of the world to me could yield,  
 115 How far soe'er transported and possess'd, [110]  
 Full measure of content, but still I craved  
 An intermixture of distinct regards  
 And truths of individual sympathy  
 Nearer ourselves Such often might be glean'd  
 120 From that great City, else it must have been  
 A heart-depressing wilderness indeed, [115]  
 Full soon to me a wearisome abode,  
 But much was wanting, therefore did I turn  
 To you, ye Pathways, and ye lonely Roads  
 125 Sought you enrich'd with everything I prized,  
 With human kindness and with Nature's joy

Oh ! next to one dear state of bliss, vouchsafed [120]  
 Alas ! to few in this untoward world,  
 The bliss of walking daily in Life's prime  
 130 Through field or forest with the Maid we love,  
 While yet our hearts are young, while yet we breathe  
 Nothing but happiness, living in some place, [125]  
 Deep Vale, or anywhere, the home of both,  
 From which it would be misery to stir,

---

110 of my] made in A<sup>2</sup> C

111 followed in Z by Though not with less interest than heretofore

But greater, though more temperate, more subdued.

111-14 And to that day continued. For the time

Had never been in which the throes of nations

And tumults of the world to me could yield A<sup>2</sup> C D D<sup>2</sup> a: 1850

113-14 Of nations and their conflicts and the stir

And turmoil of the world to me could yield Y

Their due proportion, under all the weight  
 Of that injustice which upon ourselves  
 Ourselves entail ' Such estimate to frame  
 I chiefly looked (what need to look beyond ')  
 Among the natural abodes of men,  
 Fields with their rural works, recalled to mind  
 My earliest notices, with these compared  
 The observations made in later youth, 105  
 And to that day continued —For, the time  
 Had never been when throes of mighty Nations  
 And the world's tumult unto me could yield,  
 How far soe'er transported and possessed,  
 Full measure of content, but still I craved 110  
 An intermingling of distinct regards  
 And truths of individual sympathy  
 Nearer ourselves Such often might be gleaned  
 From the great City, else it must have proved  
 To me a heart-depressing wilderness, 115  
 But much was wanting therefore did I turn  
 To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads,  
 Sought you enriched with everything I prized,  
 With human kindnesses and simple joys

' Oh ! next to one dear state of bliss, vouchsafed 120  
 Alas ! to few in this untoward world,  
 The bliss of walking daily in life's prime  
 Through field or forest with the maid we love,  
 While yet our hearts are young, while yet we breathe  
 Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook, 125  
 Deep vale, or any where, the home of both,  
 From which it would be misery to stir

---

120-1 A<sup>2</sup> C as 1850

122 A *deletes*, not in C

126 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

131-2 while we inhale

At every respiration happiness,  
 Or feed on cares that but inhance delight,  
 Living together in some lonely spot A<sup>2</sup> C

while yet we breathe

Nothing but happiness, or feed on cares  
 That ruffle and stir up, but cannot stain,  
 Living together in some lonely spot D. D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

131 misery A C D<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> punishment D E

- 135 Oh ' next to such enjoyment of our youth,  
 In my esteem, next to such dear delight  
 Was that of wandering on from day to day [130]  
 Where I could meditate in peace, and find  
 The knowledge which I love, and teach the sound
- 140 Of Poet's music to strange fields and groves, [135]  
 Converse with men, where if we meet a face  
 We almost meet a friend on naked Moors  
 With long, long ways before, by Cottage Bench [140]  
 Or Well-spring where the weary Traveller rests
- 145 I love a public road few sights there are  
 That please me more, such object hath had power  
 O'er my imagination since the dawn [145]  
 Of childhood, when its disappearing line,  
 Seen daily afar off, on one bare steep
- 150 Beyond the limits which my feet had trod  
 Was like a guide into eternity, [151]  
 At least to things unknown and without bound  
 Even something of the grandeur which invests  
 The Mariner who sails the roaring sea
- 155 Through storm and darkness early in my mind  
 Surrounded, too, the Wanderers of the Earth, [155]

---

136 added to Z

139 The knowledge which I loved, or teach the sound A<sup>2</sup> C

[133] The knowledge which I loved, or like a bird D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

[136] added to D, and [137] added to A, (after 140)

142 naked R C D E<sup>2</sup> Z<sup>2</sup> lonely Z Moors R C D heaths D<sup>2</sup>

145-7 Who doth not love to follow with his eye

An easy pathway's undulating flow

Through park or flowery meadow, or to track

The statelier course of some frequented road

Climbing round hills or stretched along the plain

Such object though familiar hath had power

O'er my imagination A<sup>2</sup>

Who does not love to follow with his eye

A winding stream, even as a public road

Familiar object as it is with me

Doth exercise a salutary power

Over imagination A<sup>2</sup>

Few sights more please me than a public road

'Tis my delight, such object hath had power

O'er my imagination B<sup>2</sup>

145-6 The wild meanderings of a liquid brook

Who doth not love, what eye the stately course

Of a large river tracks but with delight ?

Oh! next to such enjoyment of our youth,  
 In my esteem, next to such dear delight,  
 Was that of wandering on from day to day 130  
 Where I could meditate in peace, and cull  
 Knowledge that step by step might lead me on  
 To wisdom, or, as lightsome as a bird  
 Wafted upon the wind from distant lands,  
 Sing notes of greeting to strange fields or groves, 135  
 Which lacked not voice to welcome me in turn  
 And, when that pleasant toil had ceased to please,  
 Converse with men, where if we meet a face  
 We almost meet a friend, on naked heaths  
 With long long ways before, by cottage bench, 140  
 Or well-spring where the weary traveller rests

Who doth not love to follow with his eye  
 The windings of a public way? the sight,  
 Familiar object as it is, hath wrought  
 On my imagination since the morn 145  
 Of childhood, when a disappearing line,  
 One daily present to my eyes, that crossed  
 The naked summit of a far-off hill  
 Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,  
 Was like an invitation into space 150  
 Boundless, or guide into eternity  
 Yes, something of the grandeur which invests  
 The mariner who sails the roaring sea  
 Through storm and darkness, early in my mind  
 Surrounded, too, the wanderers of the earth, 155

---

With kindred pleasure doth my eye pursue  
 The humbler windings of a public road  
 Through shady grove or cultivated field  
 Or desert waste such object hath had power B  
 [143-5] The easy pathways undulating flow  
 Familiar object as it is hath fed  
 Imagination ever since the morn D  
 The windings of a public way? the sight  
 Hath wrought on my imagination since the morn D<sup>2</sup> E L<sup>2</sup> as  
 1850 149 steep] slope Y  
 152 At least bound] And regions of illimitable space A<sup>2</sup> The region  
 etc C An invitation into boundless space D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 153 invests A Z<sup>2</sup> surrounds Z  
 156 Surrounded A Z<sup>2</sup> Invested Z

- Grandeur as much, and loveliness far more ,  
 Awed have I been by strolling Bedlamites,  
 From many other uncouth Vagrants pass'd  
 160 In fear, have walk'd with quicker step , but why  
 Take note of this ? When I began to inquire, [160]  
 To watch and question those I met, and held  
 Familiar talk with them, the lonely roads  
 Were schools to me in which I daily read  
 165 With most delight the passions of mankind, [164]  
 There saw into the depth of human souls,  
 Souls that appear to have no depth at all  
 To vulgar eyes And now convinced at heart  
 How little that to which alone we give  
 170 The name of education hath to do [171]  
 With real feeling and just sense, how vain  
 A correspondence with the talking world  
 Proves to the most, and call'd to make good search  
 If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked [175]  
 175 With toil, is therefore yoked with ignorance,  
 If virtue be indeed so hard to rear,  
 And intellectual strength so rare a boon  
 I prized such walks still more , for there I found  
 Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure peacc, [180]  
 180 And steadiness , and healing and repose  
 To every angry passion There I heard,  
 From mouths of lowly men and of obscure  
 A tale of honour , sounds in unison  
 With loftiest promises of good and fair [185]  
 185 There are who think that strong affections, love  
 Known by whatever name, is falsely deem'd  
 A gift, to use a term which they would use,  
 Of vulgar Nature, that its growth requires  
 Retirement, leisure, language purified [190]  
 190 By manners thoughtful and elaborate,  
 That whoso feels such passion in excess  
 Must live within the very light and air

---

 158 strolling] wandering Y

162 watch] search Y

162-3 held Familiar talk with] speak Without reserve to A<sup>2</sup> C

166 added to D

168 vulgar A C D careless D<sup>2</sup>.169 A C D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850181-2 *Between these lines Y has (deleted)*

And in the tongue of truest eloquence

182-3 A<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Grandeur as much, and loveliness far more  
 Awed have I been by strolling Bedlamites,  
 From many other uncouth vagrants (passed  
 In fear) have walked with quicker step, but why  
 Take note of this? When I began to enquire, 160  
 To watch and question those I met, and speak  
 Without reserve to them, the lonely roads  
 Were open schools in which I daily read  
 With most delight the passions of mankind,  
 Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tears, revealed, 165  
 There saw into the depth of human souls,  
 Souls that appear to have no depth at all  
 To careless eyes And—now convinced at heart  
 How little those formalities, to which  
 With overweening trust alone we give 170  
 The name of Education, have to do  
 With real feeling and just sense, how vain  
 A correspondence with the talking world  
 Proves to the most, and called to make good search  
 If man's estate, by doom of Nature yoked 175  
 With toil, be therefore yoked with ignorance,  
 If virtue be indeed so hard to rear,  
 And intellectual strength so rare a boon—  
 I prized such walks still more, for there I found  
 Hope to my hope, and to my pleasure peace 180  
 And steadiness, and healing and repose  
 To every angry passion There I heard,  
 From mouths of men obscure and lowly, truths  
 Replete with honour, sounds in unison  
 With loftiest promises of good and fair 185

There are who think that strong affection, love  
 Known by whatever name, is falsely deemed  
 A gift, to use a term which they would use,  
 Of vulgar nature, that its growth requires  
 Retirement, leisure, language purified 190  
 By manners studied and elaborate,  
 That whoso feels such passion in its strength  
 Must live within the very light and air

---

 187 *C ends abruptly here*
188 vulgar *A* *D*<sup>2</sup> common *A* *B*<sup>2</sup> *D*191 excess] its strength *B*<sup>2</sup>187-8 A gift of Nature that etc *J*.190 thoughtful *A* *D* studied *D*<sup>2</sup>192 within] even in *J*

- Of elegances that are made by man  
 True is it, where oppression worse than death [195]  
 195 Salutes the Being at his birth, where grace  
 Of culture hath been utterly unknown,  
 And labour in excess and poverty  
 From day to day pre-occupy the ground  
 Of the affections, and to Nature's self [200]  
 200 Oppose a deeper nature, there indeed,  
 Love cannot be, nor does it easily thrive  
 In cities, where the human heart is sick,  
 And the eye feeds it not, and cannot feed [205]  
 Thus far, no further, is that inference good  
 205 Yes, in those wanderings deeply did I feel  
 How we mislead each other, above all  
 How Books mislead us, looking for their fame  
 To judgments of the wealthy Few, who see  
 By artificial lights, how they debase [210]  
 210 The Many for the pleasure of those Few  
 Effeminately level down the truth  
 To certain general notions for the sake  
 Of being understood at once, or else  
 Through want of better knowledge in the men [215]  
 215 Who frame them, flattering thus our self-conceit  
 With pictures that ambitiously set forth  
 The differences, the outward marks by which  
 Society has parted man from man,  
 Neglectful of the universal heart [220]  
 220 Here calling up to mind what then I saw  
 A youthful Traveller, and see daily now  
 Before me in my rural neighbourhood,  
 Here might I pause, and bend in reverence  
 To Nature, and the power of human minds, [225]  
 225 To men as they are men within themselves  
 How oft high service is perform'd within,

193, 197 *A D D<sup>a</sup> as 1850*

194-7 These deem that bonds of natural amity  
 Do seldom lay strong hold upon the hearts  
 Of men in low estates, true inference  
 Where want and the excess of poverty J

194-8 Where culture hath been utterly unknown,  
 And labour in excess and poverty  
 Have from the first preoccupied the ground Z Z<sup>a</sup> as A  
 Where labour in excess and poverty, etc as Z, Y

Of courteous usages refined by art  
 True is it where oppression worse than death 195  
 Salutes the being at his birth where grace  
 Of culture hath been utterly unknown,  
 And poverty and labour in excess  
 From day to day pre-occupy the ground  
 Of the affections and to Nature's self 200  
 Oppose a deeper nature, there, indeed,  
 Love cannot be, nor does it thrive with ease  
 Among the close and overcrowded haunts  
 Of cities, where the human heart is sick,  
 And the eye feeds it not, and cannot feed 205  
 —Yes, in those wanderings deeply did I feel  
 How we mislead each other, above all,  
 How books mislead us, seeking their reward  
 From judgments of the wealthy Few, who see  
 By artificial lights, how they debase 210  
 The Many for the pleasure of those Few,  
 Effeminately level down the truth  
 To certain general notions, for the sake  
 Of being understood at once, or else  
 Through want of better knowledge in the heads 215  
 That framed them, flattering self-conceit with words,  
 That, while they most ambitiously set forth  
 Extrinsic differences, the outward marks  
 Whereby society has parted man  
 From man, neglect the universal heart 220

Here, calling up to mind what then I saw,  
 A youthful traveller, and see daily now  
 In the familiar circuit of my home,  
 Here might I pause, and bend in reverence  
 To Nature, and the power of human mind 225  
 To men as they are men within themselves  
 How oft high service is performed within,

200 there indeed] true it is Y

200 nature, true no less J, *omitting* 201

201-2 A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> as 1850 [202-4]

203 the eye Z<sup>2</sup> knowledge Z

207-8 looking for their fame To A D seeking their reward From D<sup>2</sup>

215-19 B<sup>2</sup> D as 1850 (*but* [216] pictures for words and [219] By which for

Whereby) D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

222 A D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 *not in* Y, *added to* Z

226 service is perform'd] reverence is paid D D<sup>2</sup> as A and 1850



- When all the external man is rude in shew,  
 Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold  
 But a mere mountain-Chapel such as shields [230]
- 230 Its simple worshippers from sun and shower  
 Of these, said I, shall be my Song, of these,  
 If future years mature me for the task,  
 Will I record the praises, making Verse  
 Deal boldly with substantial things, in truth [235]
- 235 And sanctity of passion, speak of these  
 That justice may be done, obeisance paid  
 Where it is due thus haply shall I teach,  
 Inspire, through unadulterated ears  
 Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope, my theme [240]
- 240 No other than the very heart of man  
 As found among the best of those who live  
 Not unexalted by religious hope,  
 Nor uninformed by books, good books though few,  
 In Nature's presence thence may I select [245]
- 245 Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight,  
 And miserable love that is not pain  
 To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
 Therefrom to human kind and what we are  
 Be mine to follow with no timid step [250]
- 250 Where knowledge leads me, it shall be my pride  
 That I have dared to tread this holy ground,  
 Speaking no dream but things oracular,  
 Matter not lightly to be heard by those  
 Who to the letter of the outward promise [255]
- 255 Do read the invisible soul, by men adroit  
 In speech and for communion with the world  
 Accomplish'd, minds whose faculties are then  
 Most active when they are most eloquent  
 And elevated most when most admired [260]
- 260 Men may be found of other mold than these,  
 Who are their own upholders, to themselves  
 Encouragement, and energy and will,  
 Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words  
 As native passion dictates Others, too, [265]
- 265 There are among the walks of homely life

---

229 such as shields] that protects B<sup>a</sup>

233 record *R* Y<sup>a</sup> Z<sup>a</sup> rehearse YZ      238 cars *R* Y<sup>a</sup> Z<sup>a</sup> hearts YZ

When all the external man is rude in show,—  
 Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,  
 But a mere mountain chapel, that protects 230  
 Its simple worshippers from sun and shower  
 Of these, said I, shall be my song, of these,  
 If future years mature me for the task,  
 Will I record the praises, making verse  
 Deal boldly with substantial things, in truth 235  
 And sanctity of passion, speak of these,  
 That justice may be done, obeisance paid  
 Where it is due thus haply shall I teach,  
 Inspire, through unadulterated ears  
 Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope,—my theme 240  
 No other than the very heart of man,  
 As found among the best of those who live,  
 Not unexalted by religious faith,  
 Nor uninformed by books, good books, though few,  
 In Nature's presence thence may I select 245  
 Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight,  
 And miserable love, that is not pain  
 To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
 Therefrom to human kind, and what we are  
 Be mine to follow with no timid step 250  
 Where knowledge leads me it shall be my pride  
 That I have dared to tread this holy ground,  
 Speaking no dream, but things oracular,  
 Matter not lightly to be heard by those  
 Who to the letter of the outward promise ' 255  
 Do read the invisible soul, by men adroit  
 In speech, and for communion with the world  
 Accomplished, minds whose faculties are then  
 Most active when they are most eloquent,  
 And elevated most when most admired 260  
 Men may be found of other mould than these,  
 Who are their own upholders, to themselves  
 Encouragement, and energy, and will,  
 Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words  
 As native passion dictates Others, too, 265  
 There are among the walks of homely life

239-44

my theme

The joys and pains of man, of men who live

In Nature's presence, among these may find Y

242 hope] faith A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>260 other mold Y<sup>2</sup> A: better make Y.

Still higher, men for contemplation framed,  
 Shy, and unpractis'd in the strife of phrase,  
 Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink  
 Beneath them, summon'd to such intercourse [270]  
 270 Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,  
 The thought, the image, and the silent joy,  
 Words are but under-agents in their souls,  
 When they are grasping with their greatest strength  
 They do not breathe among them this I speak [275]  
 275 In gratitude to God, who feeds our hearts  
 For his own service, knoweth, loveth us  
 When we are unregarded by the world

Also about this time did I receive  
 Convictions still more strong than heretofore [280]  
 280 Not only that the inner frame is good,  
 And graciously composed, but that no less  
 Nature through all conditions hath a power  
 To consecrate, if we have eyes to see, [285]  
 The outside of her creatures, and to breathe  
 285 Grandeur upon the very humblest face  
 Of human life I felt that the array  
 Of outward circumstance and visible form  
 Is to the pleasure of the human mind  
 What passion makes it, that meanwhile the forms [290]  
 290 Of Nature have a passion in themselves  
 That intermingles with those works of man  
 To which she summons him, although the works  
 Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own,  
 And that the genius of the Poet hence [295]  
 295 May boldly take his way among mankind  
 Wherever Nature leads, that he hath stood  
 By Nature's side among the men of old,  
 And so shall stand for ever Dearest Friend,  
 Forgive me if I say that I, who long  
 300 Had harbour'd reverentially a thought  
 That Poets, even as Prophets, each with each [301]  
 Connected in a mighty scheme of truth,

---

274 do not Z<sup>s</sup> scarcely Z

277 the world} mankind Y

279 More deep impressions even than heretofore Z Impressions still  
 more deep than heretofore Z<sup>s</sup>

Still higher, men for contemplation framed,  
 Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase ,  
 Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink  
 Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse 270  
 Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,  
 The thought, the image, and the silent joy  
 Words are but under-agents in their souls ,  
 When they are grasping with their greatest strength,  
 They do not breathe among them this I speak 275  
 In gratitude to God, Who feeds our hearts  
 For His own service , knoweth, loveth us,  
 When we are unregarded by the world

Also, about this time did I receive  
 Convictions still more strong than heretofore, 280  
 Not only that the inner frame is good,  
 And graciously composed, but that, no less,  
 Nature for all conditions wants not power  
 To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,  
 The outside of her creatures, and to breathe 285  
 Grandeur upon the very humblest face  
 Of human life I felt that the array  
 Of act and circumstance, and visible form,  
 Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind  
 What passion makes them, that meanwhile the forms 290  
 Of Nature have a passion in themselves,  
 That intermingles with those works of man  
 To which she summons him , although the works  
 Be mean, have nothing lofty of their own ,  
 And that the Genius of the Poet hence 295  
 May boldly take his way among mankind  
 Wherever Nature leads , that he hath stood  
 By Nature's side among the men of old,  
 And so shall stand for ever Dearest Friend '  
 If thou partake the animating faith 300  
 That Poets, even as Prophets, each with each  
 Connected in a mighty scheme of truth.

282 *A* D D' as 1850287-9 B<sup>2</sup> as 1850

291-2 That intermingle with the works of man

Engrafted on her objects, though the works Z Z<sup>2</sup> as *A*299-300 *A* D A reverential thought had long been mine D<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

- Have each for his peculiar dower, a sense  
 By which he is enabled to perceive
- 305 Something unseen before , forgive me, Friend, [305]  
 If I, the meanest of this Band, had hope  
 That unto me had also been vouchsafed  
 An influx, that in some sort I possess'd  
 A privilege and that a work of mine,
- 310 Proceeding from the depth of untaught things, [310]  
 Enduring and creative, might become  
 A power like one of Nature's To such mood,  
 Once above all, a Traveller at that time  
 Upon the Plain of Sarum was I raised ,
- 315 There on the pastoral Downs without a track [315]  
 To guide me, or along the bare white roads  
 Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,  
 While through those vestiges of ancient times  
 I ranged, and by the solitude overcome,
- 320 I had a reverie and saw the past,  
 Saw multitudes of men, and here and there, [321]  
 A single Briton in his wolf-skin vest  
 With shield and stone-axe, stride across the Wold ,  
 The voice of spears was heard, the rattling spear
- 325 Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in strength [325]  
 Long moulder'd of barbaric majesty  
 I called upon the darkness , and it took,  
 A midnight darkness seem'd to come and take  
 All objects from my sight , and lo ! again
- 330 The desert visible by dismal flames ' [330]  
 It is the sacrificial Altar, fed  
 With living men, how deep the groans, the voice  
 Of those in the gigantic wicker thrills  
 Throughout the region far and near, pervades
- 335 The monumental hillocks , and the pomp  
 Is for both worlds, the living and the dead [335]  
 At other moments, for through that wide waste  
 Three summer days I roam'd, when 'twas my chance  
 To have before me on the dreary Plain
- 340 Lines, circles, mounts, a mystery of shapes  
 Such as in many quarters yet survive,  
 With intricate profusion figuring o'er

---

303-4 A D A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> Whereby for By which , D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

303-14 D stuck over D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

310 the depth] a source B<sup>2</sup>

315-16 A D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

Have each his own peculiar faculty  
 Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him to perceive  
 Objects unseen before, thou wilt not blame 305  
 The humblest of this band who dares to hope  
 That unto him hath also been vouchsafed  
 An insight that in some sort he possesses,  
 A privilege whereby a work of his,  
 Proceeding from a source of untaught things, 310  
 Creative and enduring, may become  
 A power like one of Nature's To a hope  
 Not less ambitious once among the wilds  
 Of Sarum's Plain, my youthful spirit was raised,  
 There, as I ranged at will the pastoral downs 315  
 Trackless and smooth, or paced the bare white road,  
 Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,  
 Time with his retinue of ages fled  
 Backwards, nor checked his flight until I saw  
 Our dim ancestral Past in vision clear, 320  
 Saw multitudes of men, and, here and there  
 A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,  
 With shield and stone-axe, stride across the wold,  
 The voice of spears was heard, the rattling spear  
 Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in strength, 325  
 Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty  
 I called on Darkness—but before the word  
 Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed to take  
 All objects from my sight, and lo! again  
 The Desert visible by dismal flames, 330  
 It is the sacrificial altar, fed  
 With living men—how deep the groans! the voice  
 Of those that crowd the giant wicker thrills  
 The monumental hillocks, and the pomp  
 Is for both worlds, the living and the dead 335  
 At other moments (for through that wide waste  
 Three summer days I roamed) where'er the Plain  
 Was figured o'er with circles, lines, or mounds,

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319-20 I wandered, from the solitude proceeded

A reverie, and I beheld the past B<sup>2</sup> D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

327-9 I called on darkness and it came to take

All visible objects from my sight, and lo! A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>

330-1 The desert visible by flames that mount

Up from the sacrificial altar, fed B<sup>2</sup> D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

333 in the gigantic] that throng the giant A<sup>2</sup>, that crowd the giant B<sup>2</sup>

334 A *deletes*

338 roam'd Z ranged Z<sup>2</sup>

The untill'd ground, the work, as some divine,  
 Of infant science, imitative forms  
 345 By which the Druids covertly express'd  
 Their knowledge of the heavens, and imaged forth [341]  
 The constellations, I was gently charm'd,  
 Albert with an antiquarian's dream,  
 I saw the bearded Teachers, with white wands [345]  
 350 Uplifted, pointing to the stairy sky  
 Alternately and Plain below, while breath  
 Of music seem'd to guide them, and the Waste  
 Was chear'd with stillness and a pleasant sound

This for the past, and things that may be view'd [350]  
 355 Or fancied, in the obscurities of time  
 Not is it, Friend, unknown to thee, at least  
 Thyself delighted, who for my delight  
 Hast said, perusing some imperfect verse  
 Which in that lonesome journey was composed,  
 360 That also then I must have exercised [355]  
 Upon the vulgar forms of present things  
 And actual world of our familiar days,  
 A higher power, have caught from them a tone,  
 An image, and a character, by books  
 365 Not hitherto reflected Call we this [360]  
 But a persuasion taken up by Thee  
 In friendship, yet the mind is to herself  
 Witness and judge, and I remember well

343 the work] rude work A<sup>2</sup> A work of mystery as some divine D D<sup>2</sup> as  
 1850 344 B *deletes* 345 express d] preserved A<sup>2</sup>  
 345-7 B<sup>2</sup> as 1850 348-9 A D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 351-3 while notes  
 Of music seemed to guide them, strains that cheer'd  
 The widely listening waste with still delight  
 Intense, from voice or viewless harp diffused A<sup>2</sup> D as A D<sup>2</sup>  
 as 1850  
 [352] monumental D E<sup>2</sup> antiquarian E 356-63 A D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 357 Thyself pleased highly for my pleasure Thou A<sup>2</sup>  
 362 actual Z<sup>2</sup> living Z 363 higher] loftier A<sup>2</sup>  
 366-9 But a persuasion taken up by thee  
 In friendship—no—that could not be—for then  
 We two were strangers—and I must not speak  
 Thus wrongfully of strains which were to thee } *deleted*  
 An instantaneous opening from afar  
 In splendid oneness (?) to a youthful mind  
 Thus wrongfully of verse to which I owe  
 So much, so much of thy profounder Love

That yet survive, a work, as some divine,  
 Shaped by the Druids, so to represent 340  
 Their knowledge of the heavens, and image forth  
 The constellations, gently was I charmed  
 Into a waking dream, a reverie  
 That, with believing eyes, where'er I turned,  
 Beheld long-bearded teachers, with white wands 345  
 Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky  
 Alternately, and plain below, while breath  
 Of music swayed their motions, and the waste  
 Rejoiced with them and me in those sweet sounds

Thus for the past, and things that may be viewed 350  
 Or fancied in the obscurity of years  
 From monumental hints and thou, O Friend!  
 Pleased with some unpremeditated strains  
 That served those wanderings to beguile, hast said  
 That then and there my mind had exercised 355  
 Upon the vulgar forms of present things,  
 The actual world of our familiar days,  
 Yet higher power, had caught from them a tone,  
 An image, and a character, by books  
 Not hitherto reflected Call we this 360  
 A partial judgment—and yet why? for *then*  
 We were as strangers, and I may not speak  
 Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude  
 Which on thy young imagination trained  
 In the great City, broke like light from far 365  
 Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself  
 Witness and judge, and I remember well

I must have courage to proclaim thy joy  
 And for a moment tread with steps serene  
 The elevation of thy gratitude  
 Moreover my own mind is to herself  
 Witness and judge A<sup>2</sup> (*deleted*)  
 But a persuasion taken up by thee  
 In friendship—yet not so, for at that time  
 We were as strangers and I must not speak  
 Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude,  
 Which to thy youthful Fancy did appear  
 An instantaneous opening from afar  
 Of verse to whose preparatory gifts  
 I owe so much of thy profounder love  
 Moreover my own mind is to herself *etc* as A, A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> Z. So D.  
*but omitting* Of verse profounder love D<sup>2</sup> as 1850



- That in life's every-day appearances  
370 I seem'd about this period to have sight  
Of a new world, a world, too, that was fit [370]  
To be transmitted and made visible  
To other eyes, as having for its base  
That whence our dignity originates,  
375 That which both gives it being and maintains  
A balance, an ennobling interchange [375]  
Of action from within and from without,  
The excellence, pure spirit, and best power  
Both of the object seen, and eye that sees

---

369-70 Z<sup>s</sup> A B<sup>s</sup> as 1850 That at this time I seem'd to have the  
sight Z

That in life's every-day appearances  
 I seemed about this time to gain clear sight  
 Of a new world—a world, too, that was fit      370  
 To be transmitted, and to other eyes  
 Made visible, as ruled by those fixed laws  
 Whence spiritual dignity originates,  
 Which do both give it being and maintain  
 A balance, an ennobling interchange      375  
 Of action from without and from within,  
 The excellence, pure function, and best power  
 Both of the object seen, and eye that sees

---

372-5  $\mathcal{A} D$   $D^2$  as 1850

374  $Z^2 \mathcal{A}$  That in which human dignity consists  $Z$

378 spirit  $\mathcal{A} D$  · function  $D^2$

## BOOK THIRTEENTH

### CONCLUSION

- IN one of these excursions, travelling then  
Through Wales on foot, and with a youthful Friend,  
I left Bethhelert's huts at couching-time,  
And westward took my way to see the sun [5]  
5 Rise from the top of Snowdon. Having reach'd  
The Cottage at the Mountain's foot, we there  
Rouz'd up the Shepherd, who by ancient right  
Of office is the Stranger's usual guide ;  
And after short refreshment sallied forth. [10]
- 10 It was a Summer's night, a close warm night,  
Wan, dull and glaring, with a dripping mist  
Low-hung and thick that cover'd all the sky,  
Half threatening storm and rain ; but on we went  
Uncheck'd, being full of heart and having faith  
15 In our tried Pilot. Little could we see  
Hemm'd round on every side with fog and damp,  
And, after ordinary travellers' chat [16]  
With our Conductor, silently we sank  
Each into commerce with his private thoughts :  
20 Thus did we breast the ascent, and by myself  
Was nothing either seen or heard the while [20]  
Which took me from my musings, save that once  
The Shepherd's Cur did to his own great joy  
Unearth a hedgehog in the mountain crags

[MSS. for Bk. XIII : A B D E : for ll. 1-131, 154-65 W ; for ll. 181-203 J ; for ll. 334-67, 374-85 Y.]

Book Thirteenth Conclusion B : *no heading in A.*

1 Once (but I must promise that several years

Are overleap'd to reach this incident W (*deleted*).

1-3 Once when a Youth and with a youthful friend

Travelling along the region of North Wales

We left etc. W.

1-3 In one of those Excursions (may they neer

Fade from my thoughts nor be with less delight

Remember'd !) travelling with a youthful Friend

Along the northern Tract of Wales, I left

Bethhelert's peaceful Huts at Couching-time. A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> D, *but* B<sup>2</sup> D mind  
for thoughts : D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

## BOOK FOURTEENTH

## CONCLUSION

In one of those excursions (may they ne'er  
Fade from remembrance !) through the Northern tracts  
Of Cambria ranging with a youthful friend,  
I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,  
And westward took my way, to see the sun      5  
Rise from the top of Snowdon. To the door  
Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base  
We came, and roused the shepherd who attends  
The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty guide ;  
Then, cheered by short refreshment, sallied forth.      10

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer night,  
Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping fog  
Low-hung and thick that covered all the sky ;  
But, undiscouraged, we began to climb  
The mountain-side. The mist soon girt us round,      15  
And, after ordinary travellers' talk  
With our conductor, pensively we sank  
Each into commerce with his private thoughts :  
Thus did we breast the ascent, and by myself  
There was nothing either seen or heard that checked      20  
Those musings or diverted, save that once  
The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the crags,  
Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog, teased

5-8 To the door  
Of a rude cottage near the mountain's base at  
Arrived, we roused the Shepherd who We came and rous'd B: D: D<sup>2</sup> as  
by right A<sup>2</sup>. 1850.  
Having reached  
The cottage at the mountain's foot, we rous'd  
The shepherd up who is the Stranger's guide W.  
9 And after short repose we etc. W.  
13-18 B<sup>2</sup> as 1850.  
13-14 But we were undismay'd such faith was ours A<sup>2</sup>.  
14 being full of heart] being young and blithe W.  
18 silently] pensively B<sup>2</sup>.  
21-2 A D: D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.  
23-4 The shepherd's mongrel to his own great joy  
Unearched a hedgehog in the crags and teased D: D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

- 25 Round which he made a barking turbulent  
This small adventure for even such it seemed [25]  
In that wild place and at the dead of night,  
Being over and forgotten, on we wound  
In silence as before With forehead bent
- 30 Earthward, as if in opposition set  
Against an enemy, I panted up [30]  
With eager pace, and no less eager thoughts  
Thus might we wear perhaps an hour away,  
Ascending at loose distance each from each,
- 35 And I, as chanced, the foremost of the Band,  
When at my feet the ground appear'd to brighten, [35]  
And with a step or two seem'd brighter still,  
Nor had I time to ask the cause of this,  
For instantly a Light upon the turf
- 40 Fell like a flash I looked about, and lo!  
The Moon stood naked in the Heavens, at height [40]  
Immense above my head, and on the shore  
I found myself of a huge sea of mist,  
Which, meek and silent, rested at my feet
- 45 A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved  
All over this still Ocean, and beyond,  
Far, far beyond, the vapours shot themselves, [45]  
In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,  
Into the Sea, the real Sea, that seem'd
- 50 To dwindle, and give up its majesty,  
Usurp'd upon as far as sight could reach  
Meanwhile, the Moon look'd down upon this show  
In single glory, and we stood, the mist

---

29-30 With forehead bent Earthward] With face towards The hull W

32 pace] steps W 33 perhaps an] a midnight A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>

34 Ascending] Straggling W

36-40 When at my feet the ground in gentle sort  
Brighten'd, at least I fancied that it looked  
More bright in that half dream which wrapp'd me up  
Nor had I time to ask if it were so  
For instantly a light before my eyes  
Fell like a flash etc W

37 seem'd brighter still A D became more bright B<sup>2</sup> D

38 A<sup>2</sup> B as 1850 41 stood] hung B<sup>2</sup> D

40 Fell like a flash, a startling gleam, yet mild  
The shock and gentle I look'd up and lo! A<sup>2</sup>

43-4 Of a huge sea, in clear and open air  
I found myself, a billowy sea of mist A-  
I stood and saw a billowy sea of mist D: D<sup>2</sup> as 1850,

His coiled-up prey with barkings turbulent  
 This small adventure, for even such it seemed 25  
 In that wild place and at the dead of night,  
 Being over and forgotten, on we wound  
 In silence as before With forehead bent  
 Earthward, as if in opposition set  
 Against an enemy, I panted up 30  
 With eager pace, and no less eager thoughts  
 Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,  
 Ascending at loose distance each from each,  
 And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band,  
 When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten, 35  
 And with a step or two seemed brighter still,  
 Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,  
 For instantly a light upon the turf  
 Fell like a flash, and lo! as I looked up,  
 The Moon hung naked in a firmament 40  
 Of azure without cloud, and at my feet  
 Rested a silent sea of hoary mist  
 A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved  
 All over this still ocean, and beyond,  
 Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched, 45  
 In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,  
 Into the main Atlantic, that appeared  
 To dwindle, and give up his majesty,  
 Usurped upon far as the sight could reach  
 Not so the ethereal vault, encroachment none 50  
 Was there, nor loss, only the inferior stars  
 Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light

40-7 *Between these lines A B add Throughout the wide dominion of the  
 West, but A deletes*

47 vapours shot themselves] solid vapours stretched A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>

49 Into the Atlantic [ ] A<sup>2</sup> B- as 1850

51-6 Not so the ethereal vault—encroachment none

Was there, save only that the inferior stars

Had disappear'd before the full orb'd Moon

That from her [?] look'd down upon this shew

In plenitude of solitary state

And while we stood, the hoary mists our feet

Touching, we saw, at distance from the shore

Not twice the measure of an arrow's flight

A dark blue chasm etc A<sup>2</sup>

[51-77] *stuck over in D D<sup>2</sup> [51-60] as 1850*

52 Meanwhile the] The radiant A 53 single W- lonesome W

- Touching our very feet, and from the shore  
 55 At distance not the third part of a mile  
 Was a blue chasm, a fracture in the vapour,  
 A deep and gloomy breathing-place through which  
 Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams  
 Innumerable, roaring with one voice [60]  
 60 The universal spectacle throughout  
 Was shaped for admiration and delight,  
 Grand in itself alone, but in that breach  
 Through which the homeless voice of waters rose,  
 That dark deep thoroughfare had Nature lodg'd  
 65 The Soul, the Imagination of the whole

- A meditation rose in me that night  
 Upon the lonely Mountain when the scene  
 Had pass'd away, and it appear'd to me  
 The perfect image of a mighty Mind, [10]  
 70 Of one that feeds upon infinity,  
 That is exalted by an underpresence,  
 The sense of God, or whatso'er is dim

- 55 Not distant more perchance than half a mile W W' as A  
 56 a blue A W' all a A vapour] mist W amid the vapoury ['] W'  
 59 Innumerable] Inseparable W  
 60-5 The universal whole]  
 The universal spectacle was shaped  
 For admiration, for delight was framed  
 In all that it displayed but in that breach etc A'  
 The universal spectacle was shaped  
 For admiration, with magnificence  
 Impregnated, but in that steadfast breach etc as A, D E  
 [61-2] Heard over earth and felt (for so it seemed  
 At that still hour) up to the starry heavens E' E' as 1850  
 62 in itself alone] in its simple self W  
 [63-71] When into an had quietly dissolved  
 That vision, given to Spirits of the night  
 And thence chance human wanderers, when the marvel  
 Was seen no more, it offered to my thoughts  
 The type or image of a mighty mind  
 That feeds upon infinity, that broods D-E E' as 1850  
 66 89 Even yet thou wilt vouchsafe an ear my friend  
 As to this prelude thou I know hast done  
 And something too of a submissive mind  
 As in thy mildness Thou I know hast done  
 While with a winding but no devious song  
 Through [ ] processes I make my way  
 By links of tender thought My present aim

In the clear presence of the full-orbed Moon,  
 Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed  
Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay 55  
 All meek and silent save that through a rift—  
 Not distant from the shore whereon we stood,  
 A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-place—  
Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams—  
Innumerable, roaring with one voice ! 60  
 Heard over earth and sea, and, in that how,  
 For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens

When into air had partially dissolved  
 That vision, given to spirits of the night  
 And three chance human wanderers, in calm thought 65  
Reflected, it appeared to me the type  
Of a majestic intellect, its acts  
 And its possessions, what it has and craves,  
 What in itself it is, and would become  
There I beheld the emblem of a mind 70  
That feeds upon infinity, that broods  
Over the dark abyss, intent to hear

---

Is to contemplate for a needful while  
 Following a track which would in season {  
 (Passage which will conduct in season due  
 Back to the tale which we have left behind)  
 The diverse manner in which Nature works  
 Oft times, upon the outward face of things  
 As if with an imaginative power  
 I mean so moulds exalts, induces, combines,  
 Impregnates, separates, adds, takes away  
 And makes one object sway another so  
 By unhabitual influence or abrupt  
 That even the grossest minds must see and hear  
 And cannot chuse but feel The power which these  
 Acknowledge, } being so moved which Nature thus  
 Are touch'd by, }  
 Thrusts } forth upon the senses (not to speak  
 Puts }  
 Of sure operations) is in kind  
 A Brother of the very faculty W  
 -O it appeared to me The perfect etc ] to my thoughts it showed  
 Embodied in material powers austere  
 The perfect etc A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>  
 Exalted by an underconsciousness A B



- Or vast in its own being, above all  
 One function of such mind had Nature there  
 75 Exhibited by putting forth, and that  
 With circumstance most awful and sublime, [80]  
 That domination which she oftentimes  
 Exerts upon the outward face of things,  
 So moulds them, and endues, abstracts, combines,  
 80 Or by abrupt and unhabitual influence  
 Doth make one object so impress itself  
 Upon all others, and pervade them so  
 That even the grossest minds must see and hear [85]  
 And cannot chuse but feel The Power which these  
 85 Acknowledge when thus moved, which Nature thus  
 Thrusts forth upon the senses, is the express  
 Resemblance, in the fulness of its strength  
 Made visible, a genuine Counterpart  
 And Brother of the glorious faculty  
 90 Which higher minds bear with them as their own [90]  
 That is the very spirit in which they deal  
 With all the objects of the universe,  
 They from their native selves can send abroad  
 Like transformations, for themselves create  
 95 A like existence, and, whene'er it is [95]  
 Created for them, catch it by an instinct,  
 Them the enduring and the transient both [100]  
 Serve to exalt, they build up greatest things  
 From least suggestions, ever on the watch,  
 100 Willing to work and to be wrought upon,

---

73 in its own being, above all] in the sustaining power profound  
 Of its own human being Above all A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>

75-6 and that With] with pomp Of A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>

[74] A mind instinct with faculties sustained D<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

[76] conducting to D<sup>2</sup> E exalted by D<sup>2</sup>

79-83 Moulds them, abstracts, combines, and so endows  
 With interchangeable supremacy  
 And makes one object so diffuse itself  
 Among all others and pervade and fill  
 Their several frames with such commanding virtue  
 That even etc A<sup>2</sup>

86-8 Exhibits to the senses, is the express  
 Resemblance, say a genuine counterpart D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

91-2 not in W 92 A D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

93 ff These from their native selves can deal about  
 Like transformation, to one life impart  
 The functions of another, shift, create,  
 Trafficking with immeasurable thoughts W (for continuation of  
 W v notes).

93 They from the seats of passion or calm thought Within their native  
 selves etc. B<sup>2</sup>.

Its voices issuing forth to silent light  
 In one continuous stream , a mind sustained  
By recognitions of transcendent power, 75  
In sense conducting to ideal form,  
In soul of more than mortal privilege  
 One function, above all, of such a mind  
 Had Nature shadowed there, by putting forth,  
 'Mid circumstances awful and sublime, 80  
That mutual domination which she loves  
To exert upon the face of outward things,  
 So moulded, joined, abstracted, so endowed  
 With interchangeable supremacy,  
 That men, least sensitive, see, hear, perceive, 85  
And cannot choose but feel The power, which all  
Acknowledge when thus moved, which Nature thus  
 To bodily sense exhibits, is the express  
 Resemblance of that glorious faculty  
 That higher minds bear with them as their own 90  
 This is the very spirit in which they deal  
 With the whole compass of the universe  
 They from their native selves can send abroad  
 Kindred mutations , for themselves create  
 A like existence , and, whene'er it dawns 95  
 Created for them, catch it, or are caught  
 By its inevitable mastery,  
 Like angels stopped upon the wing by sound  
 Of harmony from Heaven's remotest spheres  
Them the enduring and the transient both 100  
Serve to exalt , they build up greatest things  
 From least suggestions , ever on the watch,  
 Willing to work and to be wrought upon,

96-7

catch it by an instinct,

Say rather by an intellectual sense  
 Or attribute, inevitably fine ,  
 Enraptur'd, awed, suspended or inspired  
 As Angels on the wing when Music speaks  
 In the remotest quarters of the heavens,  
 So they perceive, and so they think, though then  
 Mortal, and Tenants of this nether sphere  
 Where change and grief and wretchedness prevail  
 Them the enduring *etc* A<sup>3</sup> B<sup>3</sup>

catch it by the aid

Of attributes inevitably fine  
 Them the enduring *etc* A<sup>3</sup>.

- They need not extraordinary calls  
 To rouse them, in a world of life they live, [105]  
 By sensible impressions not enthrall'd,  
 But quicken'd, rous'd, and made thereby more apt  
 105 To hold communion with the invisible world.  
 Such minds are truly from the Deity,  
 For they are Powers; and hence the highest bliss  
 That can be known is theirs, the consciousness  
 Of whom they are habitually infused [115]  
 110 Through every image, and through every thought,  
 And all impressions; hence religion, faith  
 And endless occupation for the soul  
 Whether discursive or intuitive; [120]  
 Hence sovereignty within and peace at will  
 115 Emotion which best foresight need not fear  
 Most worthy then of trust when most intense.  
 Hence cheerfulness in every act of life  
 Hence truth in moral judgements and delight  
 That fails not in the external universe.
- 120 Oh! who is he that hath his whole life long [130]  
 Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in himself?  
 For this alone is genuine Liberty:  
 Witness, ye Solitudes! where I received  
 My earliest visitations, careless then [141]

- 104 But by their quickening virtue made more apt D.  
 105 A D E: E<sup>2</sup> as 1850 [108-11].  
 [109-11] not in D: added to F, with, as earlier drafts of [110].  
 (1) Both of past time, time present and to come,  
 (2) From present time to past, from both to future,  
 108 That can be known] That Man can know A<sup>2</sup>: That Man may know  
 B<sup>2</sup>: Earth for Man D: D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.  
 111 impressions] perceptions A<sup>2</sup>.  
 [115-27] D stuck over: D<sup>2</sup> as [116-29], but in [128] this pure source  
 D<sup>2</sup> E: Power divine D: God's free gift D<sup>3</sup>.  
 123-8 Among the living or the mighty dead  
 Where is the favoured Being who hath held  
 Such course uncheck'd, unerring and untired  
 In one perpetual progress bright and pure?  
 v A humbler destiny have we retraced  
 And told of lapse and devious wandering, yet  
 Encompassed round by mountain solitudes  
 Within whose holy temples I received . . . powers (as A 124-7)  
 Before their presence with a grateful heart  
 x Do I declare in accents which by truth  
 And harmony exalted shall not fear

They need not extraordinary calls  
 To rouse them, in a world of life they live, 105  
By sensible impressions not enthralled,  
 But by their quickening impulse made more prompt  
To hold fit converse with the spiritual world,  
And with the generations of mankind  
 Spread over time, past, present, and to come, 110  
 Age after age, till Time shall be no more  
 Such minds are truly from the Deity,  
For they are Powers, and hence the highest bliss  
That flesh can know is theirs—the consciousness  
 Of Whom they are, habitually infused 115  
 Through every image and through every thought,  
 And all affections by communion raised  
 From earth to heaven, from human to divine,  
Hence endless occupation for the Soul,  
Whether discursive or intuitive, 120  
Hence cheerfulness for acts of daily life,  
 Emotions which best foresight need not fear,  
 Most worthy then of trust when most intense  
Hence, amid ills that vex and wrongs that crush  
Our hearts—if here the words of Holy Writ 125  
May with fit reverence be applied—that peace  
Which passeth understanding, that repose  
In moral judgments which from this pure source  
Must come, or will by man be sought in vain

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life long 130  
 Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in himself?  
 For this alone is genuine liberty  
 Where is the favoured being who hath held  
 That course unchecked unerring, and untired,  
 In one perpetual progress smooth and bright?— 135  
A humbler destiny have we retraced,  
And told of lapse and hesitating choice,  
And backward wanderings along thorny ways  
 Yet—compassed round by mountain solitudes,  
 Within whose solemn temple I received 140  
 My earliest visitations, careless then

---

To blend then murmur with these solemn streams  
 That whatsoever falls my better mind etc A<sup>2</sup> So B<sup>2</sup>, but Spirit (u)  
 for Being and (vii) by these for round by  
 So A<sup>2</sup>, but for vi-vii.  
 Of lapse and devious wandering have we told  
 Yet bear me witness mountain solitudes etc, and in x While I  
 affirm etc, D as B<sup>2</sup>, but omitting And yet grateful heart, and leading in xii  
 To blend while from my grateful heart they flow D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- 125 Of what was given me, and where now I roam,  
 A meditative, oft a suffering Man, [143]  
 And yet, I trust, with undiminish'd powers,  
 Witness, whatever falls my better mind,  
 Revolving with the accidents of life,  
 130 May have sustain'd, that, howsoe'er misled,  
 I never, in the quest of right and wrong, [150]  
 Did tamper with myself from private aims,  
 Nor was in any of my hopes the dupe  
 Of selfish passions, nor did wilfully  
 135 Yield ever to mean cares and low pursuits,  
 But rather did with jealousy shrink back [155]  
 From every combination that might aid  
 The tendency, too potent in itself,  
 Of habit to enslave the mind, I mean  
 140 Oppress it by the laws of vulgar sense,  
 And substitute a universe of death, [160]  
 The falsest of all worlds, in place of that  
 Which is divine and true To fear and love,  
 To love as first and chief, for there fear ends,  
 145 Be thus ascribed, to early intercourse,  
 In presence of sublime and lovely forms, [165]  
 With the adverse principles of pain and joy,  
 Evil as one is rashly named by those  
 Who know not what they say By love, for here  
 150 Do we begin and end, all grandeur comes,  
 All truth and beauty, from pervading love,  
 That gone, we are as dust Behold the fields [170]  
 In balmy spring-time, full of rising flowers  
 And happy creatures, see that Pair, the Lamb  
 155 And the Lamb's Mother, and their tender ways  
 Shall touch thee to the heart, in some green bower

[157-61] *D stuck over* D<sup>2</sup> as 1830

139 Of use and custom to enslave the mind A<sup>2</sup>

142-3 The falsest of all worlds for the divine  
 And actual universe To etc A<sup>2</sup>

146 and lovely] or beauteous A<sup>2</sup>

149 say] speak A<sup>2</sup>

154 happy] sportive A<sup>2</sup> joyous A<sup>2</sup> gladsome A<sup>4</sup> blissful B<sup>2</sup>

156-60 In some green bower fill B *not in W or A (orig text)*

156-66 In some green bower

Rest etc. world

There linger, soothed and lost and rapt away,  
 Lulled by her voice, enchanted by her eyes,  
 Be happy to thy fill Thou callest this love  
 Rightly bestow'st that name on both delights

Of what was given me , and which now I range  
 A meditative, oft a suffering man—  
 Do I declare—in accents which, from truth  
 Deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend 145  
 Their modulation with these vocal streams—  
 That, whatsoever falls my better mind,  
 Revolving with the accidents of life,  
 May have sustained, that, howsoe'er misled,  
 Never did I, in quest of right and wrong, 150  
 Tamper with conscience from a private aim ,  
 Nor was in any public hope the dupe  
 Of selfish passions , nor did ever yield  
 Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits.  
 But shrunk with apprehensive jealousy 155  
 From every combination which might aid  
 The tendency, too potent in itself,  
 Of use and custom to bow down the soul  
 Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,  
 And substitute a universe of death 160  
 For that which moves with light and life informed,  
 Actual, divine, and true To fear and love,  
To love as prime and chief, for there fear ends,  
Be this ascribed , to early intercourse,  
In presence of sublime or beautiful forms, 165  
With the adverse principles of pain and joy—  
 Evil as one is rashly named by men  
 Who know not what they speak By love subsists  
All lasting grandeur, by pervading love ,  
 That gone, we are as dust —Behold the fields 170  
 In balmy spring-time full of rising flowers  
 And joyous creatures , see that pair, the lamb  
 And the lamb's mother, and their tender ways  
 Shall touch thee to the heart , thou callest this love,

The mild and passionate , but higher love  
 Exists a love that breathes not without awe  
 Thy love is human etc      divine A  
 To both delights the mild and passionate  
 Though different in kind and in degree  
 Do thy affections give the name of love  
 And rightly so, but there is higher love  
 Thy love is human etc      A'

Then, added later,  
 Passion from all disturbing influence pure  
 Foretaste of beatific sentiment  
 Bestowed in mercy on a world condemned  
 To mutability and pain and grief  
 Terrestrial Nature's sure inheritance  
 Such love etc as A 166

Rest, and be not alone, but have thou there  
 The One who is thy choice of all the world, [178]  
 There linger, lull'd and lost, and rapt away,  
 160 Be happy to thy fill, thou call'st this love  
 And so it is, but there is higher love [175]  
 Than this, a love that comes into the heart  
 With awe and a diffusive sentiment,  
 Thy love is human merely, this proceeds  
 165 More from the brooding Soul, and is divine

This love more intellectual cannot be  
 Without Imagination, which, in truth,  
 Is but another name for absolute strength [190]  
 And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,  
 170 And reason in her most exalted mood  
 This faculty hath been the moving soul  
 Of our long labour - we have traced the stream  
 From darkness, and the very place of birth  
 In its blind cavern, whence is faintly heard [195]  
 175 The sound of waters, follow'd it to light  
 And open day, accompanied its course  
 Among the ways of Nature, afterwards  
 Lost sight of it bewilder'd and engulph'd,  
 Then given it greeting, as it rose once more [200]  
 180 With strength, reflecting in its solemn breast  
 The works of man and face of human life,  
 And lastly, from its progress have we drawn  
 The feeling of life endless, the great thought  
 By which we live, Infinity and God [205]  
 185 Imagination having been our theme,  
 So also hath that intellectual love,  
 For they are each in each, and cannot stand  
 Dividually — Here must thou be, O Man!  
 Strength to thyself, no Helper hast thou here; [210]

---

[181] Still higher E<sup>2</sup> far higher E

[185-7] Lifted above the fairest, purest, best

Of mortal passions, on the wings of praise,

Its tribute bearing *etc* E,

Bearing in union with the purest best

Of earthborn passions on the wings of praise

A mutual tribute *etc* E<sup>2</sup> (*No MS authority for 1850*)

166 love more intellectual] intellectual feeling B<sup>2</sup>.

And not inaptly so, for love it is, 175  
 Far as it carries thee In some green bower  
 Rest, and be not alone, but have thou there  
The One who is thy choice of all the world  
 There linger, listening, gazing, with delight  
 Impassioned, but delight how pitiable ! 180  
Unless this love by a still higher love  
Be hallowed, love that breathes not without awe ,  
Love that adores, but on the knees of prayer,  
 By heaven inspired , that frees from chains the soul,  
 Lifted, in union with the purest, best, 185  
 Of earth-born passions, on the wings of praise  
Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's Throne

This spiritual Love acts not nor can exist  
Without Imagination, which, in truth,  
Is but another name for absolute power 190  
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,  
And Reason in her most exalted mood  
 This faculty hath been the feeding source  
 Of our long labour we have traced the stream  
 From the blind cavern whence is faintly heard 195  
 Its natal murmur , followed it to light  
 And open day , accompanied its course  
 Among the ways of Nature, for a time  
 Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed  
 Then given it greeting as it rose once more 200  
 In strength, reflecting from its placid breast  
 The works of man and face of human life ,  
 And lastly, from its progress have we drawn  
Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought  
Of human Being, Eternity, and God 205

Imagination having been our theme,  
So also hath that intellectual Love,  
 For they are each in each, and cannot stand  
 Dividually — Here must thou be, O Man !  
Power to thyself , no Helper hast thou here , 210

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173-80 B<sup>2</sup> as 1850

183-4 A D (but A<sup>2</sup> D one for great) D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

189 A D Power to D<sup>2</sup> Strength and resource and succour to thyself A<sup>2</sup>



- 190 Here keepest thou thy individual state  
 No other can divide with thee this work,  
 No secondary hand can intervene  
 To fashion this ability, 'tis thine,  
 The prime and vital principle is thine [215]
- 195 In the recesses of thy nature, far  
 From any reach of outward fellowship,  
 Else is not thine at all But joy to him,  
 Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath laid  
 Here the foundations of his future years ! [220]
- 200 For all that friendship, all that love can do,  
 All that a darling countenance can look  
 Or dear voice utter to complete the man,  
 Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,  
 All shall be his and he whose soul hath risen [225]
- 205 Up to the height of feeling intellect  
 Shall want no humbler tenderness, his heart  
 Be tender as a nursing Mother's heart ,  
 Of female softness shall his life be full,  
 Of little loves and delicate desires, [230]
- 210 Mild interests and gentlest sympathies

- Child of my Parents ! Sister of my Soul !  
 Elsewhere have streams of gratitude been breath'd  
 To thee for all the early tenderness  
 Which I from thee imbibed And true it is [235]
- 215 That later seasons owed to thee no less ,  
 For, spite of thy sweet influence and the touch  
 Of other kindred hands that open'd out  
 The springs of tender thought in infancy,  
 And spite of all which singly I had watch'd [240]
- 220 Of elegance, and each minuter charm  
 In nature and in life, still to the last  
 Even to the very going out of youth,  
 The period which our Story now hath reach'd,  
 I too exclusively esteem'd that love,
- 225 And sought that beauty, which, as Milton sings [245]  
 Hath terror in it Thou didst soften down  
 This over-sternness , but for thee, sweet Friend,

---

190 thy individual *AD* in singleness thy *D*<sup>2</sup>

209 little loves] humbler cares *A*<sup>1</sup> *B*<sup>1</sup>

212-13 *B*<sup>1</sup> *a*: 1850

Here keepest thou in singleness thy state :  
 No other can divide with thee this work .  
 No secondary hand can intervene  
 To fashion this ability , 'tis thine,  
 The prime and vital principle is thine 215  
 In the recesses of thy nature, far  
 From any reach of outward fellowship,  
 Else is not thine at all But joy to him,  
 Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath laid  
 Here, the foundation of his future years ! 220  
 For all that friendship, all that love can do,  
 All that a darling countenance can look  
 Or dear voice utter, to complete the man,  
 Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,  
 All shall be his and he whose soul hath risen 225  
 Up to the height of feeling intellect  
 Shall want no humbler tenderness , his heart  
 Be tender as a nursing mother's heart ,  
 Of female softness shall his life be full,  
 Of humble cares and delicate desires, 230  
 Mild interests and gentlest sympathies ]

Child of my parents ! Sister of my soul !  
 Thanks in sincerest verse have been elsewhere  
 Poured out for all the early tenderness  
 Which I from thee imbibed and 'tis most true 235  
 That later seasons owed to thee no less ,  
 For, spite of thy sweet influence and the touch  
 Of kindred hands that opened out the springs  
 Of genial thought in childhood, and in spite  
 Of all that unassisted I had marked 240  
 In life or nature of those charms minute  
 That win their way into the heart by stealth  
 (Still to the very going-out of youth),  
 I too exclusively esteemed *that* love,  
 And sought *that* beauty, which, as Milton sings, 245  
 Hath terror in it Thou didst soften down  
 This over-sternness , but for thee, dear Friend !

---

214 true it is] 'tis most true B<sup>2</sup>

217-18 D as 1850, but in infancy or childhood for in childhood, and in spite.

219-23 R D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

- My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had been  
 Far longer what by Nature it was framed,  
 230 Longer retain'd its countenance severe, [250]  
 A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds  
 Familiar, and a favourite of the Stars  
 But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,  
 Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,  
 235 And teach the little birds to build their nests [255]  
 And waile in its chambers At a time  
 When Nature, destined to remain so long  
 Foremost in my affections, had fallen back  
 Into a second place, well pleas'd to be  
 240 A handmaid to a nobler than herself, [260]  
 When every day brought with it some new sense  
 Of exquisite regard for common things,  
 And all the earth was budding with these gifts  
 Of more refined humanity, thy breath,  
 245 Dear Sister, was a kind of gentler spring [265]  
 That went before my steps
- With such a theme, [275]
- Coleridge ' with this my argument, of thee  
 Shall I be silent ? O most loving Soul '  
 Placed on this earth to love and understand,  
 250 And from thy presence shed the light of love,  
 Shall I be mute ere thou be spoken of ? [280]  
 Thy gentle Spirit to my heart of hearts  
 Did also find its way, and thus the life  
 Of all things and the mighty unity  
 255 In all which we behold, and feel, and are,  
 Admitted more habitually a mild [288]

228 too reckless *A* *D* not studious *A*<sup>2</sup> been] stood *A*<sup>2</sup> *B*<sup>2</sup>

229-30 Confiding in its own original frame

And held too long its countenance severe *A*<sup>2</sup> Retained too long  
 etc *A*<sup>2</sup> *B*<sup>2</sup> *D* but self for frame *B*<sup>2</sup> *D* *D*<sup>2</sup> as 1850

[266-74] *Not in A*

Thereafter came

- One who in friendship had been early pair'd  
 No more an apparition to adore  
 A moment, but an Inmate of the heart  
 In feminine humility arrayed  
 And yet a spirit still, by words and looks  
 And nameless influences, high and low,  
 Pervading as one quality of light  
 Shines in the brightest of a thousand stars  
 And the meek worm that feeds her single lamp  
 Among the dewy grass *A*<sup>2</sup> *D* stuck over *D*<sup>2</sup> as 1850.  
 248 most loving *A* *D* capacious *D*<sup>2</sup>  
 252 gentle spirit] genial spirit *A*<sup>2</sup> *B*<sup>2</sup> *D* kindred influence *D*<sup>2</sup>

My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had stood  
 In her original self too confident,  
 Retained too long a countenance severe , 250  
 A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds  
 Familiar, and a favourite of the stairs .  
 But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,  
 Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,  
 And teach the little birds to build their nests 255  
 And warble in its chambers. At a time  
 When Nature, destined to remain so long  
 Foremost in my affections, had fallen back  
 Into a second place, pleased to become  
 A handmaid to a nobler than herself, 260  
 When every day brought with it some new sense  
 Of exquisite regard for common things,  
 And all the earth was budding with these gifts  
 Of more refined humanity, thy breath,  
 Dear Sister ! was a kind of gentler spring 265  
 That went before my steps Thereafter came  
 One whom with thee friendship had early paired ,  
 She came, no more a phantom to adorn  
 A moment, but an inmate of the heart,  
 And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined 270  
 To penetrate the lofty and the low ,  
 Even as one essence of pervading light  
 Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand stars,  
 And, the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp  
 Couched in the dewy grass  
 With such a theme, 275  
 Coleridge ! with this my argument, of thee  
 Shall I be silent ? O capacious Soul !  
 Placed on this earth to love and understand,  
 And from thy presence shed the light of love,  
 Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of ? 280  
 Thy kindred influence to my heart of hearts  
 Did also find its way Thus fear relaxed  
 Her overweening grasp , thus thoughts and things  
 In the self-haunting spirit learned to take  
 More rational proportions , mystery, 285  
 The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,  
 Of life and death, time and eternity,  
 Admitted more habitually a mild

253-69 D stuck over D<sup>s</sup> as 1850 [282-95], but [284] helped for learned and  
 [285-6] unity The mighty unity for mystery The incumbent mystery.  
 [296-302] torn off

- Interposition, and closer gathering thoughts  
 Of man and his concerns, such as become [290]  
 A human Creature be he who he may !  
 260 Poet, or destined for a humbler name  
 And so the deep enthusiastic joy  
 The rapture of the Hallelujah sent  
 From all that breathes and is, was chasten'd, stemm'd  
 And balanced by a Reason which indeed [296]  
 265 Is reason, duty and pathetic truth,  
 And God and Man divided, as they ought,  
 Between them the great system of the world  
 Where Man is spher'd, and which God animates
- And now, O Friend ! this history is brought  
 270 To its appointed close the discipline  
 And consummation of the Poet's mind,  
 In everything that stood most prominent, [305]  
 Have faithfully been pictured, we have reach'd  
 The time (which was our object from the first)  
 275 When we may, not presumptuously, I hope,  
 Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and such  
 My knowledge, as to make me capable [310]  
 Of building up a work that should endure  
 Yet much hath been omitted, as need was,  
 280 Of Books how much ! and even of the other wealth  
 That is collected among woods and fields,  
 Far more for Nature's secondary grace, [315]  
 That outward illustration which is here,  
 Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,  
 285 The charm more superficial, and yet sweet  
 Which from her works finds way, contemplated  
 As they hold forth a genuine counterpart  
 And softening mirror of the moral world
- Yes, having track'd the main essential Power,  
 290 Imagination, up her way sublime,  
 In turn might Fancy also be pursued  
 Through all her transmigrations, till she too  
 Was purified, had learn'd to ply her craft  
 By judgment steadied Then might we return  
 295 And in the Rivers and the Groves behold  
 Another face, might hear them from all sides  
 Calling upon the more instructed mind  
 To link their images with subtle skill

Interposition—a serene delight  
 In closer gathering cares, such as become 290  
 A human creature, howsoever endowed,  
 Poet, or destined for a humbler name,  
 And so the deep enthusiastic joy,  
 The rapture of the hallelujah sent  
 From all that breathes and is, was chastened, stemmed 295  
 And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust  
 In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay  
 Of Providence, and in reverence for duty,  
 Here, if need be, struggling with storms, and there  
 Strewing in peace life's humblest ground with herbs, 300  
 At every season green, sweet at all hours

And now, O Friend! this history is brought  
 To its appointed close the discipline  
 And consummation of a Poet's mind,  
 In everything that stood most prominent, 305  
 Have faithfully been pictured, we have reached  
 The time (our guiding object from the first)  
 When we may, not presumptuously, I hope,  
 Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and such  
 My knowledge, as to make me capable 310  
 Of building up a Work that shall endure  
 Yet much hath been omitted, as need was,  
 Of books how much! and even of the other wealth  
 That is collected among woods and fields,  
 Far more. for Nature's secondary grace 315  
 Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,  
 The charm more superficial that attends  
 Her works, as they present to Fancy's choice  
 Apt illustrations of the moral world,  
 Caught at a glance, or traced with curious pains 320

259 A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> as 1850

266-8 And in the presence of his God Man stood  
 Bound by a chain of order to the part  
 Assigned him in the system where all flesh  
 Is spher'd and which God animates and rules B<sup>2</sup>

283 A *deletes*

285-7 and yet sweet etc ] that awaits  
 Upon her works contemplated or caught  
 As they hold forth etc A<sup>2</sup>

285-8 that attends  
 Her works contemplated as they hold forth  
 A softening mirror etc B<sup>2</sup> D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

289-308 A D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 [321-3]

- Sometimes, and by elaborate research  
 300 With forms and definite appearances  
 Of human life, presenting them sometimes  
 To the involuntary sympathy  
 Of our internal being, satisfied  
 And soothed with a conception of delight  
 305 Where meditation cannot come, which thought  
 Could never heighten Above all how much  
 Still nearer to ourselves we overlook  
 In human nature and that marvellous world  
 As studied first in my own heart, and then [324]  
 310 In life among the passions of mankind  
 And qualities commix'd and modified  
 By the infinite varieties and shades  
 Of individual character Therein  
 It was for me (this justice bids me say)  
 315 No useless preparation to have been  
 The pupil of a public School, and forced  
 In hardy independence, to stand up  
 Amid conflicting passions, and the shock  
 Of various tempers, to endure and note [335]  
 320 What was not understood though known to be ,  
 Among the mysteries of love and hate,  
 Honour and shame, looking to right and left,  
 Uncheck'd by innocence too delicate  
 And moral notions too intolerant, [340]  
 325 Sympathies too contracted Hence, when call'd  
 To take a station among Men, the step  
 Was easier, the transition more secure,  
 More profitable also , for the mind  
 Learns from such timely exercise to keep [345]  
 330 In wholesome separation the two natures,  
 The one that feels, the other that observes

- Yet one word more of personal circumstance,  
 Not needless, as it seems, be added here  
 Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,  
 335 The Story hath demanded less regard  
 To time and place , and where I lived, and how  
 Hath been no longer scrupulously mark'd  
 Three years, until a permanent abode  
 Receiv'd me with that Sister of my heart  
 340 Who ought by rights the dearest to have been  
 Conspicuous through this

Finally, and above all, O Friend ! (I speak  
 With due regret) how much is overlooked  
 In human nature and her subtle ways,  
 As studied first in our own hearts, and then  
 In life among the passions of mankind, 325  
 Varying their composition and their hue,  
 Where'er we move, under the diverse shapes  
 That individual character presents  
 To an attentive eye For progress meet,  
 Along this intricate and difficult path, 330  
 Whate'er was wanting, something had I gained,  
 As one of many schoolfellows compelled,  
 In hardy independence, to stand up  
 Amid conflicting interests, and the shock  
 Of various tempers , to endure and note 335  
 What was not understood, though known to be ;  
 Among the mysteries of love and hate,  
 Honour and shame, looking to right and left,  
 Unchecked by innocence too delicate,  
 And moral notions too intolerant, 340  
 Sympathies too contracted Hence, when called  
 To take a station among men, the step  
 Was easier, the transition more secure,  
 More profitable also , for, the mind  
 Learns from such timely exercise to keep 345  
 In wholesome separation the two natures,  
 The one that feels, the other that observes.

Yet one word more of personal concern—

---

311-15 Varying their composition and their hue  
 Under the infinite diversities  
 Of individual character For this That individual character presents  
 Whate'er of fitness nature had denied To an attentive eye , for this exer-  
 cise  
 Or art had failed to cultivate, I lack'd I had not lack'd preparatory aids B<sup>3</sup>  
 not So D ( . eye) D<sup>2</sup> as 1850  
 An early preparation, having been A<sup>3</sup>  
 316 and forced] compelled A<sup>3</sup> B<sup>2</sup>. 318 passions A D interests D<sup>2</sup>  
 332-4 circumstance France] concern  
 Be added here Since I withdrew from France A<sup>3</sup>  
 When with reluctance I withdrew from France Y  
 340 been] shone A<sup>3</sup>



Star seldom utterly conceal'd from view,  
 I led an undomestic Wanderer's life,  
 In London chiefly was my home, and thence  
 345 Excursively, as personal friendships, chance  
 Or inclination led, or slender means  
 Gave leave, I roam'd about from place to place  
 Tarrying in pleasant nooks, wherever found  
 Through England or through Wales A Youth (he bore  
 350 The name of Calvert, it shall live, if words [355]  
 Of mine can give it life,) without respect  
 To prejudice or custom, having hope  
 That I had some endowments by which good  
 Might be promoted, in his last decay  
 355 From his own Family withdrawing part  
 Of no redundant Patrimony, did  
 By a Bequest sufficient for my needs  
 Enable me to pause for choice, and walk [360]  
 At large and unrestrain'd, nor damp'd too soon  
 360 By mortal cares Himself no Poet, yet  
 Far less a common Spirit of the world,  
 He deem'd that my pursuits and labours lay  
 Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even [365]  
 Perhaps to necessary maintenance,  
 365 Without some hazard to the finer sense,  
 He clear'd a passage for me, and the stream  
 Flowed in the bent of Nature  

Having now

 Told what best merits mention, further pains [370]  
 Our present purpose seems not to require,  
 370 And I have other tasks Call back to mind  
 The mood in which this Poem was begun,  
 O Friend! the termination of my course  
 Is nearer now, much nearer, yet even then [375]  
 In that distraction and intense desire  
 375 I said unto the life which I had lived,  
 Where art thou? Hear I not a voice from thee  
 Which 'tis reproach to hear? Anon I rose  
 As if on wings, and saw beneath me stretch'd [380]  
 Vast prospect of the world which I had been

344-9 In London chiefly harboured, whence I roamed  
 Excursively, in many a pleasant spot  
 Tarrying mid cheerful England's populous haunts  
 Or Cambriansolitudes A<sup>3</sup> So B<sup>2</sup> D, but merly B<sup>2</sup>, rural D for cheerful  
 346-7 Or chance directed, or my slender means  
 Gave leave in pleasant nooks wherever found Y Y<sup>2</sup> as A  
 351 without respect] in firm belief (*deleting next line*) B<sup>2</sup> D. D<sup>2</sup> as 1850.

Since I withdrew unwillingly from France,  
 I led an undomestic wanderer's life, 350  
 In London chiefly harboured, whence I roamed,  
 Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spot  
 Of rural England's cultivated vales  
 Or Cambrian solitudes A youth—(he bore  
 The name of Calvert—it shall live, if words 355  
 Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief  
 That by endowments not from me withheld  
 Good might be furthered—in his last decay  
 By a bequest sufficient for my needs  
 Enabled me to pause for choice, and walk 360  
 At large and unrestrained, nor damped too soon  
 By mortal cares Himself no Poet, yet  
 Far less a common follower of the world,  
 He deemed that my pursuits and labours lay  
 Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even 365  
 A necessary maintenance insures,  
 Without some hazard to the finer sense,  
 He cleared a passage for me, and the stream  
 Flowed in the bent of Nature

Having now  
 Told what best merits mention, further pains 370  
 Our present purpose seems not to require,  
 And I have other tasks. Recall to mind  
 The mood in which this labour was begun,  
 O Friend! The termination of my course  
 Is nearer now, much nearer, yet even then, 375  
 In that distraction and intense desire,  
 I said unto the life which I had lived,  
 Where art thou? Hear I not a voice from thee  
 Which 'tis reproach to hear? Anon I rose  
 As if on wings, and saw beneath me stretched 380  
 Vast prospect of the world which I had been

---

355-6 Withdrawing, and from kindred whom he loved,  
 A part of no redundant patrimony B<sup>2</sup> D E *with* Enabled 358  
 (No MS authority for omission in 1850)

361 spirit A D follower D<sup>2</sup> 362 pursuits] delights Y

363-4 Apart from all that fosters wealth or leads A<sup>2</sup>  
 Distinct *for* Apart B<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup>

363-5 Among the lonely places of the earth  
 Far out of reach of all that leads to wealth  
 Or even to necessary maintenance  
 Without some (*injury*) danger to the finer sense  
 And since in this he did not falsely take  
 The measure of my soul Y (*but last two lines deleted*)

372 A D E<sup>2</sup> The termination of my earthly course D E

- 380 And was , and hence this Song, which like a lark  
 I have protracted, in the unwearied Heavens  
 Singing, and often with more plaintive voice  
 Attempted to the sorrows of the earth , [385]  
 Yet centring all in love, and in the end
- 385 All gratulant if rightly understood
- Whether to me shall be allotted life,  
 And with life power to accomplish aught of worth  
 Sufficient to excuse me in men's sight  
 For having given this Record of myself, [391]
- 390 Is all uncertain but, beloved Friend,  
 When, looking back thou seest in clearer view  
 Than any sweetest sight of yesterday  
 That summer when on Quantock's grassy Hills [395]  
 Far ranging, and among her sylvan Combs,
- 395 Thou in delicious words, with happy heart,  
 Didst speak the Vision of that Ancient Man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes [400]  
 Didst utter of the Lady Christabel ,
- And I, associate with such labour, walk'd
- 400 Murmuring of him who, joyous hap! was found,  
 After the perils of his moonlight ride [405]  
 Near the loud Waterfall , or her who sate  
 In misery near the miserable Thorn ,  
 When thou dost to that summer turn thy thoughts,
- 405 And hast before thee all which then we were,  
 To thee, in memory of that happiness [410]  
 It will be known, by thee at least, my Friend,  
 Felt, that the history of a Poet's mind  
 Is labour not unworthy of regard
- 410 To thee the work shall justify itself.
- The last and later portions of this Gift [415]  
 Which I for Thee design, have been prepared  
 In times which have from those wherein we first

383 A D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

388 A D D<sup>2</sup> E<sup>2</sup> as 1850 That may suffice to excuse me in men's  
 sight E 392 sweetest] liveliest A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup>

393-6 A D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850 That one blest summer whose indulgent sky  
 Supplied a progeny of golden days  
 To lead us forth, on Quantock's grassy ridge  
 Far ranging, or amid her sylvan combs  
 Embower'd beside the crystal springs, where thou  
 Didst in delicious words with happy heart  
 Rehearse the Vision etc. A<sup>2</sup> A<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

And was , and hence this Song, which like a lark  
 I have protracted, in the unwearied heavens  
 Singing, and often with more plaintive voice  
 To earth attempered and her deep-drawn sighs, 385  
 Yet centring all in love, and in the end  
 All gratulant, if rightly understood

Whether to me shall be allotted life,  
 And, with life, power to accomplish aught of worth,  
 That will be deemed no insufficient plea 390  
 For having given the story of myself,  
 Is all uncertain but, beloved Friend !  
 When, looking back, thou seest, in clearer view  
 Than any liveliest sight of yesterday,  
 That summer, under whose indulgent skies, 395  
 Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved  
 Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,  
 Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,  
 Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes 400  
 Didst utter of the Lady Christabel ,  
 And I, associate with such labour, steeped  
 In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,  
 Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was found,  
 After the perils of his moonlight ride, 405  
 Near the loud waterfall , or her who sate  
 In misery near the miserable Thorn ,  
 When thou dost to that summer turn thy thoughts,  
 And hast before thee all which then we were,  
 To thee, in memory of that happiness, 410  
 It will be known, by thee at least, my Friend !  
 Felt, that the history of a Poet's mind  
 Is labour not unworthy of regard  
 To thee the work shall justify itself

The last and later portions of this gift 415  
 Have been prepared, not with the buoyant spirits  
 That were our daily portion when we first

---

399 walk'd] A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>2</sup> as 1850 [402-3]

412-13 Destined for thee, have been prepared in times

From those, alas, far differing when we first A<sup>2</sup>

Have been prepared under enduring grief

In times from those far differing, when we first D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

Together wanton'd in wild Poesy,  
 415 Differ'd thus far, that they have been, my Friend  
 Times of much sorrow, of a private grief  
 Keen and enduring, which the frame of mind [420]  
 That in this meditative History  
 Hath been described, more deeply makes me feel,  
 420 Yet likewise hath enabled me to bear  
 More firmly, and a comfort now a hope,  
 One of the dearest which this life can give,  
 Is mine, that Thou art near, and wilt be soon [425]  
 Restored to us in renovated health,  
 425 When, after the first mingling of our tears,  
 'Mong other consolations we may find  
 Some pleasure from this Offering of my love

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life, [430]  
 And all will be complete, thy race be run,  
 430 Thy monument of glory will be raised  
 Then, though, too weak to tread the ways of truth,  
 Thus Age fall back to old idolatry,  
 Though men return to servitude as fast [435]  
 As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame  
 435 By Nations sink together, we shall still  
 Find solace in the knowledge which we have,  
 Bless'd with true happiness if we may be  
 United helpers forward of a day [440]  
 Of firmer trust, joint-labourers in a work  
 440 (Should Providence such grace to us vouchsafe)  
 Of their redemption, surely yet to come  
 Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak  
 A lasting inspiration, sanctified [445]  
 By reason and by truth, what we have loved,  
 445 Others will love, and we may teach them how,  
 Instruct them how the mind of man becomes  
 A thousand times more beautiful than the earth  
 On which he dwells, above this Frame of things [450]  
 (Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes  
 450 And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)  
 In beauty exalted, as it is itself  
 Of substance and of fabric more divine

---

421-3 now, a hope      Is mine] now is mine,      A hope A<sup>2</sup>

422 A and B delete

426 find R D draw D-

Together wantoned in wild Poesy,  
 But, under pressure of a private grief,  
 Keen and enduring, which the mind and heart, 420  
 That in this meditative history  
 Have been laid open, needs must make me feel  
 More deeply, yet enable me to bear  
 More firmly, and a comfort now hath risen  
 From hope that thou art near, and wilt be soon 425  
 Restored to us in renovated health,  
 When, after the first mingling of our tears,  
 'Mong other consolations, we may draw  
 Some pleasure from this offering of my love

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life, 430  
 And all will be complete, thy race be run,  
 Thy monument of glory will be raised,  
 Then, though (too weak to tread the ways of truth)  
 This age fall back to old idolatry,  
 Though men return to servitude as fast 435  
 As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame  
 By nations sink together, we shall still  
 Find solace—knowing what we have learnt to know,  
 Rich in true happiness if allowed to be  
 Faithful alike in forwarding a day 440  
 Of firmer trust, joint labourers in the work  
 (Should Providence such grace to us vouchsafe)  
 Of their deliverance, surely yet to come  
 Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak  
 A lasting inspiration, sanctified 445  
 By reason, blest by faith what we have loved,  
 Others will love, and we will teach them how,  
 Instruct them how the mind of man becomes  
 A thousand times more beautiful than the earth  
 On which he dwells, above this frame of things 450  
 (Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes  
 And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)  
 In beauty exalted, as it is itself  
 Of quality and fabric more divine

436 we have] is ours A<sup>2</sup> B<sup>3</sup>436-8 A D D<sup>2</sup> as 1850441 redemption A D deliverance D<sup>2</sup>444 and by truth] blest by truth B<sup>2</sup> D blest by faith D<sup>2</sup>452 substance and of A D quality and D<sup>2</sup>

2925

K k



## NOTES

*The Prelude* was published by Moxon on July 20, 1850, and the statement of accounts, sent to Wordsworth's executors on July 3, 1851, proves that by that date the whole edition of 2,000 copies was exhausted. They received in payment the sum of £414 15s 8d, two thirds of the profits. A second edition appeared in 1851.

The following 'Advertisement' was prefixed to the Poem

THE following Poem was commenced in the beginning of the year 1799, and completed in the summer of 1805

The design and occasion of the work are described by the Author in his Preface to the "EXCURSION," first published in 1814, where he thus speaks —

"Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such an employment

"As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them

"That work, addressed to a dear friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished, and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the "RECLUSE," as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement

"The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself, and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic Church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices"

Such was the Author's language in the year 1814

It will thence be seen, that the present Poem was intended to be introductory to the "RECLUSE," and that the "RECLUSE," if completed, would have consisted of Three Parts. Of these, the Second Part alone, viz the "EXCURSION," was finished, and given to the world by the Author

The First Book of the First Part of the "RECLUSE" still [1850] remains in manuscript, but the Third Part was only planned. The materials of which it would have been formed have, however, been incorporated, for the most part, in the Author's other Publications, written subsequently to the "EXCURSION"



The Friend, to whom the present Poem is addressed, was the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, who was resident in Malta, for the restoration of his health, when the greater part of it was composed

Mr Coleridge read a considerable portion of the Poem while he was abroad, and his feelings, on hearing it recited by the Author (after his return to his own country) are recorded in his Verses, addressed to Mr Wordsworth, which will be found in the "Sibylline Leaves," p 197, ed 1817, or "Poetical Works, by S T Coleridge," vol 1, p 206

RYDAL MOUNT,

July 13th, 1850

As will be gathered from the *Introduction* (pp 1xv-vi), this 'Advertisement' is not quite accurate. The 'review of the poet's mind' was conceived, and part of it written, in 1798, when Wordsworth was at Alfoxden, <sup>1</sup> e before he had 'retired to his native mountains'. Moreover the idea of writing it arose out of his determination to compose *The Recluse*, and not, as here suggested, *vice versa*

At the end of MS D is the note 'The composition of this poem was finished early in 1805—it having been begun about 1798'. To this E adds, 'The Life is brought up to the time of the Composition of the first Edition of the Lyrical Ballads'

## BOOK I

1-54 [1-45] The 'preamble', written in September 1795, on the way from Bristol to Racedown (v *Introduction*, p xxxi and Garrod, pp 186-90). Thus it was composed without any idea that it should form a part of *The Prelude*, which was not conceived till the early months of 1798

1. *Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze*. It is worth noting how often Wordsworth's imagination conceives of the coming of creative energy to the soul as a 'breeze'. Cf I 41-5 (and textual note), II 245, the lines quoted in note to I 577-93, VII 2, and *Excursion*, IV 600, 'The breeze of nature stirring in his soul'

1-10. D reads as A 1-4 and goes on

O random visitant whate'er to day  
Thy task or favorite office thou soft Breeze  
Art welcome as a Messenger or Friend  
The first step greeting of a glad escape  
From yon vast City where I long have pined  
A discontented Sojourner now free,  
Free as etc as 1850 D<sup>2</sup> reads  
O random Visitant whate'er thy task  
From whence-so'er thy passion, thou, soft breeze,  
Doth come to none more grateful than to me  
Escaped from yon vast City where I long  
Have pined a discontented Sojourner  
Delivered by a step as seems at once  
Free as etc. as 1850

(This note, and that on [71-7], belong properly to the *apparatus criticus*, but they were omitted by an oversight)

7. *from yon City's walls set free* i.e. London, where Wordsworth had resided from January to September 1795. The freedom came from the legacy of £900 left him by Raisley Calvert (t. XIII 349-67). Calvert died on January 13, but doubtless the law's delays were partly responsible for the months that elapsed before Wordsworth settled with his sister at Racedown. The 'City', however, that he had just 'left behind' him (98) is Bristol (v. note to 1-54).

15. *The earth is all before me* the first of the many Miltonic echoes in the poem. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, III 646 'The world was all before them, where to choose' (v. *Introduction*, p. xxx).

23-4. *That burthen, weary day*

Cf. *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*, 37-41

'that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened'

*Tintern Abbey* was written on June 13, 1798, and the lines quoted above must have owed something of their form to unconscious reminiscence of the 'preamble' which had lately been adopted for *The Prelude*. So the phrase 'undisturbed delight' (28) recalls *A night-piece*, composed Jan. 25, 1798, 'Not undisturbed by the delight it feels'. The phrase reappears in X. 839, 'Lord of himself in undisturbed delight'.

55-6. *not used to make A present joy the matter of my Song* 'I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity: the emotion is contemplated till by a species of reaction the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, similar to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins,' etc. Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800. Wordsworth, as Gairdner points out, calls special attention here to the fact that II 1-54 differed in this respect from his other poetry.

58-9. *Even in the very words which I have here Recorded* a statement modified in D and E, owing to the changes introduced in the previous lines. In the 'preamble' as written in 1795 there was nothing about 'punctual service high' or 'Matins and vespers'.

74. *'Twas Autumn*. This statement alone should have been enough to convince the early editors of Wordsworth that he is describing neither his departure from Goslar nor his journey to take up his abode at Grasmere. He left Goslar in February 1799, and settled at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, on December 20 of the same year.

[71-7.] D reads till fancy made

Choice of a Vale whither my steps should turn

I saw methought the very house and fields  
 What picture of mere memory ever looked  
 So fair and while I gazed a higher power D<sup>2</sup> as 1850

82. *one sweet Vale* Racedown, to which, as Garrod suggests, Wordsworth was now paying a visit of inspection. It was, therefore, not a 'known' vale [72] except by hearsay, as indeed the words 'No picture of mere memory' [75] and 'fancied scene' [76] indicate.

104 [96]. *Eolian visitations* thoughts that come and go with the breeze, as the Aeolian harp sounds when the wind passes over it. Cf. Coleridge, *The Eolian Harp*, 39-43.

Full many a thought uncalled and undetained,  
 And many idle fitting phantasies,  
 Traverse my indolent and passive brain,  
 As wild and various as the random gales  
 That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

[102-3]. *the mellowing sun, that shed Mild influence* an echo of Milton *Paradise Lost*, vii. 375, where the Pleiades dance before the sun 'Shedding sweet influence'.

114 [106]. *A pleasant lingering journey through two days* 'two' is altered to 'three' as late as the E text. The distance was fifty miles (v. *Letters*, 1 87). As Wordsworth only started towards evening he probably took two days more. But the alteration of text was hardly necessary, for 'through two days continued' might be taken to bear that meaning.

117. *The admiration and the love* to Wordsworth the true sustenance of the spiritual life. Cf. the passage from notebook Y quoted on p. 553.

122 [118] *the happiness entire* This is hardly a true picture of Wordsworth's frame of mind in the early days at Racedown, when he had 'given up moral questions in despair', but looking back over a space of more than two years he speaks rather of the total effect of his life there. And, indeed, he goes on, by a natural transition, to describe his feelings at the present, i.e. the early months of 1798.

143-4 [133-4] *present gifts Of humbler industry* The Alfoxden notebook (v *Introduction*, p. xxi) proves that in the early months of 1798 he was engaged on the character of the Wanderer (*Excursion* I), *The Cumberland Beggar*, and *The Discharged Soldier* (*Prelude* V). A little later he wrote the simpler poems to be included in the *Lyrical Ballads*, and *Peter Bell*.

151-2 [140-1]. *as the Mother Dove, Sits brooding* Cf. *Paradise Lost*, 1 21. Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss.

153-4 [142-3]. *goadings on That drive her as in trouble through the groves*. Cf. the portrait which Wordsworth has drawn of himself in *Stanzas written in my pocket copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence*, 1-36, especially the lines

Oft could we see him driving full in view . . .

*Among the Shepherds, with reposing knights*

Spenser *Faerie Queene*, Book VI Notice the manner in which Wordsworth develops this passage later, giving it a definite moral turn of which, when he wrote in 1798, he was quite innocent

[185]. *faithful loves* Spenser *Faerie Queene*, I i 1 'Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song'

186-95. *Mithridates* *Odin* *Sertorius* To these themes Wordsworth was attracted by his reading of Plutarch and Gibbon 'There were only two provinces of literature,' says De Quincey (*Works*, II 288 *ed* Masson) 'in which Wordsworth could be looked upon as decently well read—Poetry and Ancient History Nor do I believe that he would much have lamented, on his own account, if all books had perished, excepting the entire body of English Poetry, and, perhaps, Plutarch's *Lives* His business with Plutarch was not for purposes of research he was satisfied with his fine moral effects' This statement, like many of De Quincey's, is fantastically exaggerated, for Wordsworth was more widely read than is often supposed (*v* notes *passim*, and pp xxviii-xxx), but at least it points to two of his three favourite classes of reading. Of Mithridates (131-63 B C) he read in Plutarch's *Lives of Sulla and Pompey* After his defeat by Pompey in 66 B C Mithridates marched into Colchis and thence to the Cimmerian Bosphorus, where he planned to pass round the north and west coasts of the Euxine, through the tribes of Sarmatians and Getae, and invade Italy from the north The connexion of Odin with Mithridates was suggested, as Worsfold points out, by Gibbon (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch 1) 'It is supposed that Odin was the chief of a tribe of barbarians which dwelt on the banks of the lake Maeotis, till the fall of Mithridates and the arms of Pompey menaced the north with servitude, that Odin, yielding with indignant fury to a power which he was unable to resist, conducted his tribe from the frontiers of the Asiatic Sarmatia into Sweden, with the great design of forming, in that inaccessible retreat of freedom, a religion and a people which, in some remote age, might be subservient to his immortal revenge, when his invincible Goths, armed with martial fanaticism, should issue in numerous swarms from the neighbourhood of the Polar circle, to chastise the oppressors of mankind'



of Sweden, is known as 'the cradle of Swedish civil and religious liberty'. Here Gustavus arranged and matured his schemes for the liberation of his country, and the district is full of mementoes of his life there, when he had often to assume the guise of a peasant or mize to escape capture by the Danes

213 Wallace Knight and Worsfold refer to Dorothy Wordsworth, *Journal* for August 21, 1803. Passed two of Wallace's *caveot*, now is scarcely a noted glen in Scotland that has not a cave forroad from some other hero. But these lines were almost certainld then be 1798. In a MS version of *Excursion* I Wordsworth tells shore is flat exploits of Wallace were among the tales that Drummondce could be of the Wanderer, used to relate to him as a boy

220-4. Cf 134-5 and note

223-4 *immortal verse Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre*. Cf Milton *L'Allegro*, 137, and *Paradise Lost*, iii 17. So Coleridge, in his poem, *To a Gentleman, composed on the night after his recitation of a poem on the growth of an individual mind*, speaks of *The Prelude* as

An Orphic song indeed,

A song divine of high and passionate thoughts

To their own music chaunted'

277. *Derwent* the river that flows through Derwentwater and Basenthwaite, and joins the Cocker under the walls of Cockermouth Castle

278 my 'sweet birthplace' a quotation from Coleridge's *Frost at Midnight*, l 28. And in his *Sonnet to the River Otter*, Coleridge has told how

so deep imprest

Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes

I never shut amid the sunny ray

But straight with all their tints thy waters rise

Wordsworth by this quotation subtly associates the reminiscences of his own childhood with those of the friend for whom he writes

286-7. *the Towers Of Cockermouth*. 'At the end of the garden of my father's house at Cockermouth was a high terrace that commanded a fine view of the river Derwent and Cockermouth Castle. This was our favourite playground' (I F note to *The Sparrow's Nest*). In *Sonnet vii of Poems of 1833* (*Os* IV p 464) Wordsworth tells us that it was in the 'green courts' of the castle that as a boy he chased the butterfly. Cf *To a Butterfly*. 'Stay near me—do not take thy flight' etc

308. *that beloved Vale*. Fsthwaite, at the north-west end of which is Hawkshead, where Wordsworth spent his schooldays. The family account-books prove conclusively that, with his elder brother Richard, he entered the school at Whitsuntide 1779. Whitsuntide falls in the middle of the summer term, but apparently it was not an unusual time for boys to enter. Thus Mr Gordon Wordsworth finds the following corroborative note in Sir Daniel Fleming's accounts for June 4, 1683, 'Given to George, Michael Richard and Roger when they went to Hawkshead School 4s.' In the autumn following, therefore, Wordsworth

With me though rarely in my boyish days  
 They communed for as I have said there are  
 Teachers of different character who use *etc.*

Another version after 'miseries' (356) gives the line 'The medley of aversions and desires' and after 'believe' (362) 'That some are trained by milder discipline'

It is interesting to notice that when Wordsworth began to write *The Prelude* he still delighted to conceive of Nature not merely as the expression of one divine spirit, but as in its several parts animated by individual spirits who had, like human beings, an independent life and power of action. This was obviously his firm belief in the primitive paganism of his boyhood (*v* ll 329-50, 405-27), and long after he had given up definite belief in it, he cherished it as more than mere poetic fancy. The passages which illustrate this are chiefly found in the readings of MS V (cf *app crit* to I 351, 490, which represent work of the same period as *Nutting* with its concluding words 'there is a Spirit in the woods'), but it finds expression in the reading of A<sup>2</sup> for I 29-32, and is at least suggested in the A text of II 139. But though the 'Spirits of air' reappear in the D text of [XII 9-12], he would doubtless have regarded them, at that time, as merely 'a pretty piece of Paganism'.

376 *'Twas by the shores of Patterdale* The scene of this famous boating episode has always been supposed to be Esthwaite, and critics have vainly sought to identify the 'rocky Cave' and 'the craggy steep' upon its level banks, and to name the 'huge cliff' that rose above it, when it was viewed at some distance from the shore. Ullswater, now shown to be the lake referred to, is far more suited to the adventure.

Stybarrow crag, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the inn at Patterdale, well answers to the description of the 'craggy steep', and where the crag touches the water there are several little inlets, in which a boat might well be moored, answering to the description of 'rocky caves' The 'huge peak' which appears due west behind Stybarrow Crag on rowing out from shore is called Black Crag (2,000 ft) Mr Gordon Wordsworth, however, holds the view that the boat was taken from the spot, now occupied by the Patterdale Hall boat house, where the road from Patterdale first touches the lake The 'huge peak' would then be St Sunday's Crag The objection to his view is that the shore is flat at this spot, and there is nothing that by any poetic licence could be regarded as a 'rocky cave'

387-8 *Even like a Man, etc* an echo of *Paradise Lost*, xii 1-2 As one who on his journey bates at noon, Though bent on speed

399 [371] *for behind* As Mr Nowell Smith conjectured, 'far' in the 1850 text should be 'for' 'Far' is only found in E, where it is clearly a copyist's error

425-7 [398-400]. In *The Times Literary Supplement* for April 4, 1922, Mr Garrod suggested that these lines should be punctuated thus.

But huge and mighty forms that do not live,

Lake living men moved slowly through the mind *etc*

It will be noted that A B and C have no commas after 'forms,' 'live,' or 'men' This would support Mr Garrod's interpretation, for the natural pause at the end of the line would connect the word 'live' with what preceded rather than with what followed it V, however, has the commas but as they are in a blacker ink and were clearly added later, they do not necessarily represent Wordsworth's intention when he wrote the lines

428-89 [401-63]. *Wisdom and Spirit, etc* 'These lines have already been published in the Author's Poetical Works, vol 1, p 172, ed 1849—p 62 of the edition in one volume' (note in 1850) They were first published in *The Friend*, Dec 28, 1809, and were included in 1815 ed of *Poems*

468-9 [441-2]. *The leafless trees, and every icy crag Tinkled like iron* Soon after receiving from D W a letter containing this passage, Coleridge wrote to his wife (Jan 14, 1799), 'When very many are skating together the sounds and noises give an impulse to the icy trees, and the woods all round the lake tinkle' Much of this letter was afterwards adapted for an Essay in *The Friend*, December 1809

485-6 [459-60]. *as if the earth had rolled*

*With visible motion her diurnal round*

† Cf the second stanza of '*A slumber did my spirit seal*' which, like this passage, was written at Goslar in 1799

No motion has she now, no force,  
She neither hears nor sees,  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks and stones and trees.



520-4. *The kite high up storm*. Another draft of these lines is found in Wordsworth's hand at the end of MS V, intended for insertion at 532

Yet had ye  
Your own dear pastimes and your own delights  
The kite sent up among the driven clouds  
And breasting the strong wind then [ ? ]

549 [522]. *plebeian cards* Wordsworth, who had committed much of Pope to memory (*Memours*, II 470) could hardly fail, when he wrote this passage, to recall the famous game of cards in *The Rape of the Lock*. As Knight notes, he borrows the phrase from that poem (III 54)

Gained but one trump, and one plebeian card

563-4 [536-7]. *the frost with keen and silent tooth* Cf *As You Like It*, II VII 177

566-70 [539-43]. *the splitting ice, etc* Notice the change introduced into the text of this passage, due to a desire for greater scientific accuracy. Wordsworth's own experience of the noise occasioned by the splitting ice may have been reinforced by recollection of Coleridge's vivid description in the *Ancient Mariner*

It cracked and growled and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound

571 [544]. *Nor sedulous as I have been to trace How Nature* an echo of *Paradise Lost*, IX 27, 'Not sedulous by nature to indite'

577-93 [550-66] Knight (III 150) quotes from a copy of the *Poems* belonging to the poet's son a MS version of this passage

I tread the mazes of this argument, and paint  
How nature by collateral interest  
And by extrinsic passion peopled first  
My mind with beauteous objects may I well  
Forget what might demand a loftier song, 5  
For oft the Eternal Spirit, He that has  
His Life in unimaginable things,  
And he who painting what He is in all  
The visible imagery of all the World  
Is yet apparent chiefly as the Soul 10  
Of our first sympathies—O bounteous power  
In Childhood, in rememberable days  
How often did thy love renew for me  
Those naked feelings, which, when thou would'st form  
A living thing, thou sendest like a breeze 15  
Into its infant being ' Soul of things  
How often did thy love renew for me  
Those hallowed etc

The version goes on as the A text, but with 'which' for 'that' (582) 'youth' for 'earth' (586, but this is surely Knight's misreading of the MS) 'smooth expanse' for 'level plain' (592) and 'clouds of Heaven' for 'steady clouds' (593). The reading of ll. 2-4 of this passage suggests

that it was a version earlier than V or A. Their omission after V would be due to the use of 'collateral' in l 621 and to the recurrence of a similar idea and phraseology in II 51-2

when the beauteous forms

Of Nature were collaterally attached

So, too, ll 614-16 bear an obvious relation with ll-13 of the MS passage

There is much in the music and phrasing of this passage, and of ll 608-40, so strongly reminiscent of *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey* as to suggest its composition about the same time, i.e. summer 1798

631 [603]. *discipline of fear* for the part taken by fear in the natural education of the child cf. also the passage in MS Y (v p 554)

[613]. The confusion in the text of E, which led to an unmetrical line, was due to a misreading of D, in which 'I began' written below l [612] is taken to belong to l [613]. Intermediary between the readings recorded as D and D<sup>2</sup> is the reading 'not exempt, I fear, From some infirmity' etc

643 [615]. *birth of spring*. There is no MS authority for 'breath of spring' (ed 1850), which is therefore a printer's error

644 [616]. *Planting my snowdrops among winter snows*. The text of 1850 here follows D and not E, the copy sent to press. The explanation of this may be that owing to the error in E [613] the printer made a hash of the passage, and the editor, referring back to D, copied into the proof (either from mistake or choice) the reading of D in this line rather than that of D<sup>2</sup>

Botanically the metaphor is inaccurate, for it implies, at least, that snowdrops are normally 'planted' in the spring, and its meaning is obscure. Garrod (p 196) interprets it as referring to the time of year (winter) at which Wordsworth began the composition of *The Prelude*. But the poet seems to mean not 'I began my story early in the year'—a remark which would be pointless in this context, and would give to the word 'early' as applied to the second part of the sentence a meaning different from that which it bore in the first, but rather 'I started my story far back in the earliest period of my life, dealing with incidents of my babyhood of which, I admit, I have no distinct memories'. In the words 'ere the birth of spring planting' etc, he aims at expressing his misgivings at his attempt to go back to days 'disowned by memory'. In his last revision Wordsworth noticed the weakness of the metaphor, for he deleted it, and substituted in its place

fancying flowers where none,

Not even the sweetest, do or can survive

For him at least whose dawning day they cheered

There is no doubt that he wished this reading to stand in the final text, but unfortunately his editor did not accept the correction

## BOOK II

44-5. *that old Dame From whom the stone was named* The reading of A<sup>2</sup> in l 38 gives her name, but unfortunately, except for 'R', it is illegible

57. *To beat along the plain of Windermere* Knight compares *Excursion*, ix 485-88

When on thy bosom, spacious Windermere '  
A Youth, I practised this delightful art  
Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a crew  
Of joyous comrades

59-65. *an Island etc* In the fourth ed of Wordsworth's *Guide to the Lakes* is the following note on the Islands of Windermere 'This Lake has seventeen islands Among those that lie near the largest, formerly called "Great Holm", may be noticed "Lady Holm", so called from the Virgin who had formerly a Chapel or Oratory there On the road from Kendal to the Ferry Boat, might lately, and perhaps may still be seen, the ruins of the Holy Cross, a place where the pilgrims to this beautifully situated shrine must have been in the habit of offering up their devotions Two other of these islands are named from the Lily of the Valley, which grows there in profusion'

[90-1]. *or by a river side Or shady fountains* Hutchinson, and others following him, have read here 'by a river's side Or shady fountain's' But 'river's side' is a cacophony of which Wordsworth was never guilty (cf I [173], V 349, VI 452, *Peter Bell*, 446, in all of which Wordsworth writes 'river side'), and 'fountains' is not an error for 'fountain's' but for 'fountain', which in D is followed by a large comma, mistaken by E for an 's' Hence the reading of 1850

[98]. *courteous* So E, but 'courteous' is a copyist's error for 'cautious', the more appropriate epithet taken by D from l 108 of A.

[101]. *some famed temple where of yore The Druids worshipped*. probably Conishead Priory on the Cartmel Sands (Knight)

110 [103]. *that large Abbey* Furness Abbey Its distance from Hawkshead is twenty-one miles

139. *that still Spirit of the evening air* Note the textual alteration of this line, and cf. note to I 351-72

144 [137]. *We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand* The passage in Book X 567 where this incident is recalled proves that the sands referred to were those of 'Leven's ample estuary', that lie between Cartmel and Ulverston.

147. *an Inn*. The White Lion at Bowness. Part of the Bowling-green is still extant It was this bowling-green that the Jacobite and Whig, described in *Excursion*, VI 405-521, 'filled with harmless strife' (ib. 466)

152 [145]. *or ere* 'and ere' (1850) is a mistake made by the copyist of E

155 [148]. *its one bright fire* 'own' (1850) is a copyist's error for 'one'

174 [168]. *The Minstrel of our troop* 'Robert Greenwood, afterwards Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge' (*Memoirs*, 1 41)

181-3. In draft B(2) of this passage 'nor less pleased. . fair' is a correction of

'with pleased heart

To stand beneath the vacant sky, whose fair'

In B(3) 'loved to watch Their shifting colours' is a correction of 'with delight To watch their colours', 'hours' a correction of 'days' and 'And the dread labours of the Earth' a correction of 'Earth's first remote disturbances' 'Resteth', 'was', 'stay'd', and 'linger'd' were altered later to 'Resteth', 'is', 'stays', and 'lingers'

On the flysheets at the beginning of B there is another, probably the latest, draft of the passage It omits lines 2-5 of B(3) and then runs on, as B(3), to 'Insensibly', but omitting 'My native region's own peculiar boast', and for 'thoughts within the mind itself' reading 'thought within the human mind' After 'Insensibly' it goes on

Behold a fleecy Host

Voluminous, hurrying with the lofty wind

In squadrons hurrying out of sight while That

*etc*, as B(3), down to 'permanence serene', after which it reads

Nor was I unaccustomed with delight

As keen to stand *etc* as B(3)

The idea expressed in the lines 'To records listening. . permanence serene' seems to have been suggested to Wordsworth by reading Thomas Burnet's *The Theory of the Earth containing an account of the Original of the Earth and of all the general changes which it hath already undergone or is to undergo till the consummation of things* Latin ed. 1681, trs 1684-9 The ed of 1697 was in Wordsworth's library In chap 6 Burnet likens the antediluvian earth to an egg with a thick crust filled with water The flood, he says, was caused by the action of the sun upon the water, which had no room to expand After the flood the earth settled down into its present form, the broken shell forming dry land and the water the seas 'The earth is a hollow sphere with water in it which the heat of the Fire rarefies and burns into vapours and wind The Sun here is as the Fire, and the exterior Earth is as the Shell, and the Abysses as the water within it. Now when the heat of the Sun had pierced through the Shell and reached the Waters, it began to rarefy them and raise them into vapours, which rarefaction made them require more space . And finding themselves pressed in by the exterior earth they pressed with violence against that Arch to make it yield and give way to their dilatation and eruption. If the mouth be stoppt that gives the vent, the water rarefied will burst the vessel with its force . . . Thus the whole fabric brake.' Wordsworth quotes Burnet in a note to *Excursion* III, and Coleridge refers to him

in the *Biographia Literaria*. His book was much read and discussed in the eighteenth century, and he seems to have influenced the geological conceptions of the poet Thomson (v *Spring*, 309-16), *Liberty*, iv 461 ff

219 [214]. *succedaneum* The only other employment of this word in verse with which I am familiar is in Cowper's humorous *Lines to the Rev William Bull*

Oh for a succedaneum then  
To accelerate a creeping pen '

In Cowper's line the word is more suited to its context than it is here

220-4 [216-19]. *that false secondary power etc* In a MS notebook chiefly filled with an early version of *Peter Bell* is the following isolated piece of blank verse. Next after it in the notebook is a scrap of *The Ruined Cottage* and, a little further on, a few lines from *The Brothers* and a prose note on *Joanna*. As *The Brothers* was finished about February 1800, this passage is probably dated between that time and the summer of 1798, when *Peter Bell* was written. (The lines from *The Ruined Cottage* (*Excurs* 513 ff) could not have been written when Coleridge read the poem in March 1798, for *Peter Bell* was not then begun. But we know that W worked at *The Ruined Cottage* as late as December 1801.)

I knew not then

What fate was mine, nor that the day would come  
When after loathings, damps of discontent,  
Returning even like the obstinate pains  
Of an uneasy spirit, with a force  
Inexorable, would from hour to hour  
For ever summon my exhausted mind.

[ ]  
I seemed to learn [ ]  
That what we see of forms and images  
Which float along our minds, and what we feel  
Of active or recognizable thought,  
Prospectiveness, or intellect, or will,  
Not only is not worthy to be deemed  
Our being, to be prized as what we are,  
But is the very littleness of life  
Such consciousness I deem but accidents,  
Relapses from the one interior life  
That lives in all things, sacred from the touch  
Of that false secondary power by which  
In weakness we create distinctions, then  
Believe that all our puny boundaries are things  
Which we perceive and not which we have made;  
—In which all beings live with god, themselves  
Are god, Existing in the mighty whole,  
As indistinguishable as the cloudless East

At noon is from the cloudless west, when all  
The hemisphere is one cerulean blue

(punctuation added by Editor)

In 'the forms and images which float along our minds' and 'what we feel of active etc' Wordsworth is contrasting, like Coleridge in *Biographia Literaria*, chap v, the passive and active processes of the mind. The 'passive' are those based on the law of association ('the passive fancy and mechanical memory', *Biog Lit*, 173 ed Shawcross, and for the phrase 'float along the mind' cf Coleridge's note, written 1804, in *Anima Poetae*, p 65, on 'the streamy nature of the associative faculty'). The 'active' processes would correspond to Coleridge's understanding.

Wordsworth dismisses both as nugatory in comparison with a state of being deeper and more vital than thought. This state, which he knew in his own experience, he often tries to describe, but it baffles description. Its essential features are (1) the overwhelming consciousness of God (2) the sense that God in Nature is one with God in the soul, so that the soul seems to be God or be Nature (3) (a natural consequence of (2)) the sense of creative power in the soul. Cf V 16, III 172, 192, 540 and passage found in MS Y II 137-9 (v p 556). Hence sprang the 'fear and awe' which fell upon him when he looked into the Mind of Man (*Prospectus to Excursion* 38-40).

232 [228]. *Hard task*. So Raphael speaks of his difficulty in relating the 'invisible exploits of warring spirits' as 'sad task and hard'.  
P L v 564

246. *Even [in the first trial of its powers]*. This line must have been illegible in the MS from which A and B were taken. It is supplied from V and M. For note on 263-4 v *Addenda*, p 608 A.

285-6 [270-1]. *infant sensibility, Great birthright of our Being*. Cf the passage found in Y, following Book VIII, 158 (notes p 553) where Wordsworth shows how infant sensibility develops through the instincts of admiration and love.

314 [295] 'best society' *Paradise Lost*, ix 249

For solitude sometimes is best society

316 [297]. *By silent inobtrusive sympathies* another of those few cases (v I 613-16) where 1850 has followed, not E, but an earlier text.

It is probable that the reading of D<sup>s</sup> E, 'By inward concords, silent, inobtrusive' seemed to the editor unmetrical, and that in his distress he referred to an earlier MS. But metrically the alteration is an effective irregularity.

321-41. Two drafts of this passage are found in the Alfoxden note book, among other fragments of *The Excursion*, Book I. It was evidently written in the first place to form part of the description of the Wanderer. The second of them opens

he wandered there

In storm and tempest and beneath the beam

Of quiet moons he wandered there—and there  
 Would feel *etc* as in A text, but in l 326 'there would he'  
 for 'and I would', in l 330 'he' for 'I', in 337 'at' for 'to' The  
 first draft has ll 324-9 in contracted form, followed by

There would he stand  
 In the still covert of some ['?'] rock  
 Would gaze upon the moon until its light  
 Fell like a strain of music on his soul  
 And seem'd to sink into his very heart

This passage is thus among the first parts of *The Prelude* to be written.

338-9 [319-20]. *With growing faculties she doth aspire,*  
*With faculties still growing*

an imitation of one of the most characteristic features of Milton's poetic style, a studied repetition of words or phrases, the repetition both emphasizing the idea and giving a peculiar musical effect

349 [330] *hours of School* 'The daily work in Hawkshead School began—by Archbishop Sandys' ordinance—at 6 a.m. in summer, and 7 a.m. in winter' (Knight)

352 [333] *a Friend* the late Rev John Fleming, of Raynigg, Windermere (note in 1850) Knight suggests that the friend was Rev Charles Farish, author of *The Minstrels of Windermere* and *Black Agnes*, but he gives no authority for his suggestion

[341-2]. *or the vernal thrush*  
*Was audible, and sate among the woods*

There is no manuscript authority for the reading of 1850 The editor may have disliked the word 'reveillé', and reconstructed the line after reference to earlier texts

362 [343] *some jutting eminence* Knight has attempted to identify the eminence, but by the word 'some' Wordsworth implies that the same eminence was not chosen every morning Hence the attempt to identify it is futile

368-71 [349-52]. *I forgot That I had bodily eyes etc* Cf the I. F. note to the *Ode. Intimations etc* 'I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality At that time I was afraid of such processes In later periods of life I have deplored, as we all have reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines "Obstinate questionings etc" To that dreamlike vividness and splendour which invests objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony' Cf also *Lines composed above Tintern Abbey*, describing the 'serene and blessed mood' in which

the breath of this corporeal frame,  
 And even the motion of our human blood

Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul  
and II 132-4 *infra*, and VI 529-42

380-1 [361-2] *That by the regular action of the world  
My soul was unsubdu'd*

Wordsworth speaks in several places of the danger to the growing soul when the novelty and wonder of the world begins to wear off, and things are taken for granted Cf *Ode*, 130-2,

Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life'

and MS passage in Y (pp 553-6)

430. *I saw one life and felt that it was joy* Notice that the definitely Christian explanation of this 'joy' [412-14] is among the latest of the additions to the poem—in MS E

448-56 [432-40]. *if in these times of fear etc* Legouis was the first to point out that this passage was suggested to Wordsworth by a letter he received from Coleridge in the summer of 1799 (quoted *Mémoires*, I 159) 'I wish you would write a poem, in blank verse, addressed to those, who, in consequence of the complete failure of the French Revolution, have thrown up all hopes of the amelioration of mankind, and are sinking into an almost epicurean selfishness, disguising the same under the soft titles of domestic attachment and contempt for visionary *philosophes*' It would do great good, and might form a part of *The Recluse* At this time Wordsworth intended to make it so, for in the five books which formed the original scheme of *The Prelude* his relations with the French Revolution were not touched upon (v. *Introduction*, p. lxx)

466-7 [451-2]. *Thou wert rear'd In the great City* Wordsworth here recalls the lines written by Coleridge himself in his *Frost at Midnight*

I was reared  
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim

### BOOK III

44. *The Evangelist St John* Wordsworth entered St John's College in October 1787

[17]. *And at the Hoop alighted, famous Inn* 'This line,' says Matthew Arnold (*Lectures on translating Homer*), 'shews excellently how a poet may sink with his subject by resolving not to sink with it' Arnold prefaces the quotation with the statement 'When Wordsworth having to narrate a very plain matter tries not to sink with it, tries, in short, to be what is falsely called poetical, he does sink, although he sinks by being pompous, not by being low' This is doubtless a sound general criticism, especially applicable to Wordsworth's later style, but is surely inapplicable here It is obvious that in recounting a part of



his experience as an undergraduate he is in playful mood, as befits the theme, and he treats it in something of the mock heroic manner Cf e g II 33-43 But from this he can rise as occasion demands

[62-3]. *The marble under of a mind for ever*

*Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone*

These lines, only introduced into the poem as a correction of D, show that Wordsworth's poetic inspiration was not so shortlived as is sometimes supposed Legouis has suggested (p 79) that they owe something to Thomson's *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton*.

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down

To vast eternity's unbounded sea,

Where the green islands of the happy shine,

He stemmed alone

81 ff. *But, wherefore be cast down? etc.* It is significant that the almost defiant justification of his life at Cambridge, found in the A text and developed in the lines added to A (v app crit), is toned down to apology in D E The parenthesis in 1850 text [83-7], however admirable its sentiment, is wholly irrelevant to his feelings in 1787 In the A text he is interpreting his actual feelings as an undergraduate in 1850 he reflects upon them from the outlook of an elder brother of the Master of Trinity, just as, after l [110], he interpolates a gloss on 'earth and heaven' quite foreign to the spirit of the A text

In the last line but one of A's first recast of the passage the MS reads 'when would more fitly had been clad'—words which clearly represent a hesitation between 'who would more fitly have been clad' and 'when he more fitly had been clad'

85-8. *To apprehend all passions etc* Cf II 267-80, 378 ff

102-8. *this first absence etc.* One of Wordsworth's chief debts to Cambridge was that here first he realized that great source of his poetic inspiration—the 'spiritual presences of absent things'

[104-7]. *In youth . . . night of death* In place of these four lines the text of 1857 simply reads 'In youth, or to be changed in after years'. This text is followed without comment by Dowden and Hutchinson, but there can be no authority for it, and if there were one, it would have been as valid in 1850 as in 1857 It is probable that the change was made by Bishop Wordsworth on its being pointed out to him that the original reading of 1850 was grammatically obscure

113 [117]. *spread my thoughts* Cf II 253.

121 [127]. *A track pursuing not untrod before*. Note that in the A text a fresh paragraph begins here, and the comma after 'subdued' (123) connects lines 121-3 with what follows, and not, as in 1850, with what precedes. This was obviously Wordsworth's intention.

136-7 [140-1.] *To the sky's motion, in a kindred sense*

*Of passion was obedient etc.*

The punctuation of A is correct and that of 1850 obviously wrong In D the semicolon after 'motion' and in D' after 'influence' was

strengthened to a colon But E put commas after both 'influence' and 'passion', and the semicolon after 'passion' was a further mistake made by 1850

182. *This is, in truth, heroic argument* Wordsworth, like Milton, insists on the heroic nature of his theme Cf *Paradise Lost*, ix 13-29 argument

Not less but more Heroic than the wrauth  
Of stern Achilles  
Not sedulous by Nature to indite  
Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument  
Heroic deem'd

Cf also Wordsworth's *Prospectus to the Excursion*, 25-41 Both there and in this passage he infers that as Milton deemed his subject more 'heroic' (i.e. worthy of epic treatment) than Homer's or Virgil's, so his theme, 'the might of Souls' is more heroic than Milton's

[191]. *But is not each a memory to himself* The sense obviously requires a note of interrogation, which Knight supplies in his text

201. *Uphold my fainting steps* an echo of Milton *Samson Agonistes*, 666, 'And fainting spirits uphold' The change of 'Uphold' to 'Support', introduced in A, was due to the presence of 'told' in the next line

207. *Observanceless devout* The reading of M here, with its suggestion of the disturbing influence of a sceptical friend, is intriguing, but the friend cannot be identified

218. *than sodden clay On a sea River's bed at ebb of tide* a simile vividly recalling the sands of Leven and Duddon, known to Wordsworth from boyhood

259. *the opening act* rightly altered in D to 'second act' The first act of his new life had been more significant in his spiritual development, for then it was that he first became conscious of what he owed to the country he had left behind Cf *supra*, 102-8 and note

261-2. *print steps* Cf Milton, *Arcades*, 85, 'Where no print of step has been'

269. *nobler* the correct reading 'noble' is a copyists's error in E

276-81. The punctuation of A is obviously correct (v. *app crit* for its gradual deterioration) For the phrasing cf Milton, *L'Allegro*, 67-8,  
And every Shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale

Trumpington, nat fer fro Canterbrigge' was the scene of Chaucer's *Reve's Tale*

277, 281, 297. *Chaucer . . Spenser . . Milton* 'When I began to give myself up to the profession of a poet for life, I was impressed with a conviction, that there were four poets whom I must have continually before me as examples—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton These I must study, and equal if I could, and I need not think of the rest' *Memoirs*, ii 470 Spenser was at Pembroke Hall, Milton at Christ's

284-5. *who, in his later day, Stood almost single, uttering odious truth*

So Milton, depicting under the figure of Abdiel his own position at the Restoration, insists on the same point

Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
Though single P L v 898-900  
well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintained  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth P L vi 29-32

286 *Darkness before, and danger's vowe behind* Cf *Paradise Lost*, vii  
27 'In darkness, and with dangers compass round'

305. *Within my private thoughts* It is significant that Wordsworth does not impart to his companions, who would be in no mood to understand it, what was passing in his mind. The reading of A in the next line, too, is suggestive, and his various modifications of the A text (v *app crit*) a little amusing

326-8. *Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour*  
*In some of its unworthy vanities,*  
*Brother of many more*

the punctuation of neither A nor 1850 is correct. There should be a comma after 'hour', but not after 'vanities'

340-1. *A floating island of spongy texture* Cf *Guide to Lakes* (present editor's Reprint p 38) 'There occasionally appears above the surface of Derwent water, and always in the same place, a considerable tract of spongy ground covered with aquatic plants, which is called the Floating, but with more propriety, might be named the Buoyant, Island, and on one of the pools near the Lake of Esthwaite, may some times be seen a mossy Islet, with trees upon it, shifting about before the wind, a *lusus naturae* frequent on the great rivers of America, and not unknown in other parts of the world' Cf also D W's poem 'Harmonious Powers with Nature work' etc

400-1 [394-5]. *and to endure The passing Day* The punctuation of A, which had been conjectured by Professor Garrod as an emendation of 1850, is clearly correct. All MSS before E have the full stop after 'endure'. E had originally no stop after either 'endure' or 'day', and a later hand added the comma after 'day', which 1850 strengthened into a semicolon.

410-27 [404-21] It is interesting to notice that this attack upon compulsory attendance at College Chapel was toned down in later texts, in M (v *app crit*) it was far stronger than in A. It speaks eloquently of Wordsworth's independence of mind that in his most conventional days it was not altogether deleted.

442-54. *a Virgin grove etc* Professor Lane Cooper has called attention to the fact that this passage is a striking example of Wordsworth's debt to that literature of travel and adventure, which, next to poetry and ancient history, was his favourite reading.

'I ascended this beautiful river on whose fruitful banks the generous and true sons of liberty securely dwell, fifty miles above the white settlements. My progress was rendered delightful by the sylvan elegance of the groves, cheerful meadows, and high distant forests, which in grand order presented themselves to view. The winding banks of the rivers, and the high projecting promontories, unfolded fresh scenes of grandeur and sublimity. The deep forests and distant hills re-echoed the cheering social lowings of domestic herds. The air was filled with the loud and shrill hooping of the wary sharp sighted crane. Behold, on yon decayed, defoliated cypress tree, the solitary wood pelican, dejectedly perched upon its utmost elevated spire, he there, like an ancient venerable sage, sets himself up as a mark of derision, for the safety of his kindred tribes.' Bartram *Travels through North and South Carolina, etc* 1794, pp 47-8

486-7 [476-7]. *an obolus, a penny give To a poor scholar* The allusion is to Belisarius, the general of the Byzantine Empire, who according to the popular story (dismissed by Gibbon as an idle fable), after he had been disgraced and his eyes put out, begged in the streets of Constantinople, saying 'Date obolum Belisario'. Wordsworth owed his knowledge of the story to Coleridge, for in a letter to him, dated March 29, 1804, he writes 'I ought to have asked your permission for the scholars and their obolus etc'. Perhaps the 'etc' is meant to include the references to Bucci and Melancthon also, which are more in Coleridge's line of reading than Wordsworth's. Bucci (1491-1551) a German Greek scholar brought over to England on Cranmer's invitation. He taught theology at Cambridge, and died there. Erasmus came to England in 1497 and taught for some time at Oxford. Melancthon (1497-1560) Professor of Greek at Wittenburg, friend and associate of Martin Luther.

511-16 [500-5]. *Far more I griev'd etc* On these lines Mrs. Davy's report of a conversation with Wordsworth, June 5, 1846 (*quoted Grosart* III 456) provides an interesting commentary. 'Some talk concerning school led Mr. Wordsworth into a discourse, which, in relation to him self, I thought very interesting. on the dangers of emulation, as used in the way of help to school progress. Mr. Wordsworth thinks that envy is too likely to go along with this, and therefore would hold it to be unsafe. "In my own case," he said, "I never felt emulation with another man but once, and that was accompanied by envy. This once was in the study of Italian, which I entered on at College along with — I never engaged in the proper studies of the university, so that in these I had no temptation to envy anyone, but I remember with pain that I *had* envious feelings when my fellow student in Italian got before me. I was his superior in many departments of mind, but he was the better Italian scholar, and I envied him. The annoyance this gave me made me feel that emulation was dangerous for me, and it made me very thankful that as a boy I never experienced it. I felt very early the force of the words 'Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect,'

and as a teacher, or friend, or counsellor of youth, I would hold forth no other motive to exertion than this There must always be a danger of incurring the passion of vanity by emulation Oh ' one other time,' he added, smiling, " one other time in my life I felt envy It was when my brother was nearly certain of success in a foot race with me I tripped up his heels This *must* have been envy " ' "

So in his College days Wordsworth annoyed his uncle by declining to compete for the prize offered for elegiac stanzas on the late master of his College Cf II 533-6 *infra*

535. *dissolute pleasure* Cf Wordsworth's statement in a letter to De Quincey, written March 6, 1804, just after completing this book of *The Prelude*, that when he was at Cambridge ' the manners of the young men were very frantic and dissolute '

592-4. *Of colours, lurking, gleaming up and down  
Through that state arras woven with silk and gold ,  
This wily interchange of snaky hues*

A reminiscence of Spenser, *F Q* III xi 28

For, round about, the walls yclothed were  
With goodly arras of great majesty,  
Woven with gold and silke so close and nere  
That the rich metall lurked privly,  
As faining to be hid from envious eye ,  
Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares  
It shewd itselfe and shone unwillingly ,  
Like a discoloured snake, whose hidden snares  
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back declares

616 *goings on* a favourite word of both Coleridge and Wordsworth Cf VI 350, a fragment of *Michael* (Knight, viii 230) ' the goings-on Of earth and sky ' and *Gipsies* (1807), l 23, ' The silent Heavens have goings on ', of which W W wrote to Barron Field in October 1828. " Goings-on " is precisely the word wanted, but it makes a weak and apparently prosaic line so near the end of a poem ' So also in Preface 1802 Wordsworth speaks of the Poet as ' a man pleased with his own passions and volitions delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings on of the Universe ' etc Cf Coleridge *Frost at Midnight*, 11-12

Sea, and hill, and wood,

With all the numberless goings-on of life  
and *The Friend*, where he translates Bruno's ' ex visibilium aeterno immenso et innumerabili effectu ' as ' the perpetual immense and innumerable goings-on of the visible world ' The word is not found in the final text of any poem of Wordsworth's

636-7 [604-5]. *Gule, Murmuring Submission*. The punctuation of 1850 is obviously an improvement, but it is not likely that Wordsworth is responsible for it, for it only occurs in E, which is throughout careless in its punctuation

## BOOK IV

1-15 [1-26]. These lines describe the walk from Kendal, which Wordsworth reached by coach, over to the Ferry on Windermere, and after crossing the lake, up through Sawrey, past Esthwaite, to Hawkshead. The inapt allusion to 'the Charon of the flood' [14] does not occur before the D text.

11 [19]. *that sweet valley* Esthwaite (note in 1850)

17 [28]. *my old Dame* There was no boarding-house at Hawkshead School, boys living at a distance were housed with various cottagers in the village. The Wordsworth boys lodged in a cottage, still standing much as it was in his day, with Anne Tyson and her husband. The family account books record a payment for each boy of £10 per half year.

26 [37]. *more than eighty* Anne Tyson died on May 25, 1796, aged 83.

35-7 [46-8]. *the court, the garden were not left*

*Long unsaluted, and the spreading Pine*

*And broad stone Table*

Dr Chadock (quoted by Knight) calls attention to the reminiscence of *Peter Bell*, 155-6.

To the stone table in my garden

Loved haunt of many a summer hour

40 [51]. *The froward Brook* So all MSS before E 'Famous' for 'froward' is a copyist's error in E, which thus found its way into 1850. The brook, now as then, is 'boxed in' and covered with flagstones. It flows under the square and main street and appears again on the other side of the village, whence it takes its course through fields into Esthwaite.

73. *In my accustomed bed* The following lines, found in a volume containing *Peter Bell* and some fragments of verse belonging to 1798-1800, were obviously jotted down with a view to introduction into *The Prelude*, but were either forgotten or rejected. But they have their interest, as throwing additional light upon Wordsworth as a child.

when in my bed I lay

Alone in darkness, I have seen the gloom

Peopled with shapes arrayed in hues more bright

Than flowers or gems, or than the evening sky,

Processions, multitudes in wake or fair

Assembled, puppet shews with tru(m)pet, fife,

Wild beasts, and standards waving in the (field ?)

These mounting ever in a sloping line

Were foll(ow)ed by the tumult of the shew

Or horses [ ]

These vanishing, appeared another scene—

Hounds, and the uproar of the ch(ase ?), or steeds

That galloped like the wind through standing corn

Then came a throng of forms all [            ]  
 Then headless trunks and faces horrible,  
 Unutterably, horribly arranged  
 In parallel lines, in feature and in look  
 All different, yet marvellously akin,  
 Then files of soldiery with dazzling arms  
 Still mounting, mounting upwards, each to each  
 Of all these spectres every band and class ?)  
 Succeeding with fantastic difference  
 And instant, unimaginable change  
 [                 ] phantoms [                 ]

(punctuation supplied by editor)

75 [84]. *1egret*? all MSS read '1egret,' which is clearly wrong Knight suggests reading 'nor' for 'and' in l 69, which gives the required sense, but it is safer to alter a stop than a word

110-11 [119-20] *like a river murmuring And talking to itself* 'Though the accompaniment of a musical instrument be dispensed with, the true Poet does not therefore abandon his privilege distinct from that of the mere Proseman

He murmurs near the running brooks

A music sweeter than their own' (*Preface to Poems*, 1815)

140-1 *my soul Put off her veil* Cf Exod xxxiv 33-5, 2 Cor iii  
13-16

148 [157] *weariness* 'weakness' (M A B) is clearly a copyist's error, which at first escaped detection, but can never have been written by Wordsworth. I have therefore substituted 'weariness' in the text. Similarly 'rapt' in 153, which is copied 'wrapped' as late as the D text.

[198]. *Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude* In altering this line from its original form Wordsworth has made it hypermetric Cf *infra* [289], VI [261]

199 [208] *To deck some slighted Playmate's homely cheek* a curious  
echo of Milton *Lycidas* 65 'To tend the homely slighted shepherd's  
trade.'

[289]. *And damp those yearnings which had once been mine* As pointed out in the *app crit*, E reads 'daily yearnings', which makes the line hypermetric. Hence the editor of 1850 cut out 'daily'. On the same principle he ought to have cut out 'rural' in [198], but he did not.

296. *Th' authentic sight of reason* Cf *The Friend* (ed 1818, i 268) where Coleridge defines reason as 'the mind's eye', 'an organ bearing the same relation to spiritual objects . . . as the eye bears to material and contingent phenomena'

335 [327]. *Gram-tinctured, drench'd in empyrean light* a Miltonic line 'Gram-tinctured' is a reminiscence of Milton's 'sky-tinctured gram' (*P. L.* v 285) On its meaning cf. a long and interesting note

in Masson's edition (III 465-7) The word 'grain', now used as equivalent to 'texture' or 'fibre' as of wood or stone, (cf the phrase 'hard in grain') originally implied colour (cf *Il Penseroso*, 33 'All in a robe of darkest grain'), and not merely colour, but a particular colour, i.e. a clear red (*granum*, a seed or kernel, applied to the seed like bodies of insects of the *Coccus* genus, from which dark red dye was procured) The literary associations of the word, which would influence Wordsworth in his use of it, are with scarlet or crimson Cf Chaucer, *Sir Thopas*, 'His rode is lyk scarlet in grayn', and Spenser, *Epithalamion*, 226-8

How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,  
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne,  
Like crimson dyde in grayne

Thus in the word 'grain-tinctured' Wordsworth describes the mountains as drenched in the crimson of the sky at dawn

The phrase 'melody of birds' (338) is also found in Milton (*P L* viii, 528)

Many conjectures have been made as to the possible route of this memorable walk, for Wordsworth has given no clue as to the situation of the house from which he was coming If he had spent the evening at a farm in Yewdale, High Ainside, or in the region of Skelwith and Elterwater, he would strike across the high ground which lies between the Oxenfell and Barn Gates roads from Coniston to Ambleside The mountain panorama here is magnificent, but the views of the sea, which can be obtained in one or two places, are so slight and distant that they hardly can be said to form a real feature of the view Moreover the distance from Hawkshead of any house in these directions would be considerably greater than the two miles mentioned in the A text

If he was coming from High Wray, or the west bank of Windermere, he might cross Claife Heights, and at the top of Latterbarrow Crag obtain a really magnificent view of the sea in front, but rather to the left of him, but the mountains could hardly be described as 'near'

Robertson (*Wordsworthshire*, pp 142-3) suggests that the poet was walking from a farm at Grizedale, about three miles SSW from Hawkshead On the height known as Sans Keldin, to the right of the road thence, a fine view of the sea can be obtained The objections to this suggestion are that it would be distinctly off the route to ascend Sans Keldin, that the mountains are rather too distant, and that the sea would be behind him and not in front A final possibility is that he was coming from the head of Coniston Lake or from Atkinson Ground. The direct route would be through meadow and copse near the lake and up on to Hawkshead Moor His direction would be ENE and the track would naturally take him over a high point known as Lagging Shaw As he reached this point he would have a view of the sea in front, somewhat to his right The sea is rather more distant than in the last mentioned route, but the mountains are nearer, and the total length



of the walk would be little over two miles I incline to agree with Mr Gordon Wordsworth that this last route answers best to the description

345. After this line MS W goes on

Thus deep enjoyments did not fail me then  
Even deeper sometimes, as they found a mind  
Engross'd with other matters and estr(anged)  
Instructing it to value and to know  
What it [       '       ] though slighted and unused  
For surely at that time, a falling off  
Had taken place, no [       '       ] [       ]

On the next two pages W has rough jottings, in several places quite illegible, of a passage which bears obvious relation to XIII 101-5, but when written, it may have been intended to follow soon after the above, for *The Prelude* was at that time to be complete in five books

For he is one whose habits must have needs  
Been such as shall have fitted him no less  
For moral greatness, made him clear of sight  
Whatever be the object of his thoughts,  
A man not easily perplexed but [       ]  
[       -       ]  
To catch the partial qualities of things,  
By instinct to enjoy because he sees  
And see by reason that he can enjoy,  
Prompt watchful, [       ?       ] comprehensive, sure,  
By objects of the senses not enslaved,  
But strengthened, rous'd, and made by them more fit  
To hold communion with the universe  
The enduring and the transitory both  
Contribute to exalt him while he bends  
To general laws he [       '       ]  
That privilegd within him [       ?       ]  
The part [       ?       ]  
By which he adds or separates takes away  
Or multiplies doth to one form impart  
The portions of another [       '       ]  
And to [       '       ]  
A profitable servant of the truth

(no punctuation in MS except after 'greatness')

346 [339]. *Strange rendezvous my mind was at that time, .* There is no manuscript authority for the punctuation of 1850, which makes nonsense of the passage Wordsworth would hardly describe this greatest moment of his life, in which he received his poetic baptism, as 'a strange rendez vous' The meaning of the A text is clear enough The mistake arose through E's omission of the comma after 'time', whence 1850 finding the line unpunctuated, interpolated the note of exclamation

364-6 *A favourite pleasure etc* cf XII 145 ff 'I love a public road' etc

[354-65]. Wordsworth added this passage, doubtless, to explain the strange effect produced upon him by his meeting with the soldier. But it was unnecessary, and the rather elaborate style in which it is written contrasts awkwardly with the bare, telling simplicity of the narration that follows. The addition of ll [370-8], on the other hand, is valuable (1) because they enable us to locate the incident as having taken place on the road from Windermere to Hawkshead through Sawrey (the brook being Sawrey brook and the long ascent the rise between the two Sawreys), and (2) because they furnish another illustration of the fact that many of the most impressive moments of the life of Wordsworth, as of so many others, arose when they were least expected, in striking contrast with the triviality of the experiences which immediately preceded them. Just as his poetic dedication had come to him on his way back from a dance, so this impressive episode is all the more impressive from his having just

left a flower decked room  
(Whose indoor pastime, lighted up, survived  
To a late hour), and spirits overwrought  
Were making night do penance for a day  
Spent in a round of strenuous idleness

It is interesting to note that the phrase 'strenuous idleness' occurs also in the poem 'This Lawn, a carpet all alive', written in 1829. It is only introduced into *The Prelude* in D<sup>2</sup>, Book IV of D being written on paper with the watermark 1828, and the correction of the whole D text finished by 1839.

400-504. The story of the meeting with the discharged soldier was one of the first parts of *The Prelude* to be written—i.e. early in 1798 (v Introduction, p. xxxiii). Readers will notice in the style and phrasing a distinct similarity with parts of *The Cumberland Beggar* and *Old Man Travelling*, written at the same period (v especially 442-9, 474-8). It belongs, therefore, to the time when Wordsworth was still influenced by Godwin in his views of war.

468. *ghastly* E reads 'ghostly' which is a copyist's error. The 'o's' and 'a's' in D are often indistinguishable, and here E reads as an 'o' what was meant for an 'a'.

## BOOK V

1-10 MS E begins this book with the word *Hitherto* (10). In D the previous lines are written out at the end of the book after the 'Overflow' (v note to 291-349), other versions of the passage having been deleted. The copyist of E, taking them to be a part of the 'Overflow', failed to insert them in their proper place, and they were probably supplied to the printer on a loose sheet now lost.

16. *A soul divine which we participate* The later reading of this line

removes from it all trace of Wordsworth's early Pantheism Cf note to II 220-4

25 *Might almost 'weep to have' what he may lose* a quotation from Shakespeare, *Sonnet lxxiv*

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose

But weep to have that which it fears to lose

This sonnet is among those which Wordsworth singled out 'for their various merits of thought and language' (*Essay, supplementary to Preface*, 1815)

55-139. In his articles on Wordsworth in *Tait's Magazine* for January, February, and April 1839 (v *Collected Works*, ed Masson, II 268), De Quincey writes 'in a great philosophical poem of Wordsworth's, which is still in manuscript, there is, at the opening of one of the books, a dream, which reaches the very *ne plus ultra* of sublimity, in my opinion, expressly framed to illustrate the eternity, and the independence of all social modes or fashions of existence, conceded to those two hemispheres, as it were, that compose the total world of human power—mathematics on the one hand, poetry on the other' He proceeds to give, with quotations, 'though not refreshed by a sight of the poem for more than twenty years,' an interesting critical account of this passage—a striking proof of the impression it had made upon him

It will be noted that in all texts prior to the corrected D, i.e. 1839, Wordsworth gives this dream to his friend and not to himself This is more appropriate dramatically, for otherwise the friend has little reason for appearance in the poem at all, but it is far less probable Wordsworth is not likely to have had a friend, however 'studious', who would combine as Wordsworth did, a passion for the three threads of interest of which this dream is subtly interwoven—Cervantes, whom he read while still a schoolboy, tales of travel, and mathematics (For Wordsworth and mathematics v. VI. 135-87, X 902-5 and notes)

106. *undisturbed by space or time* of VI 155 and [XI 330-3]

164. *immortal Verse* from Milton, *L'Allegro*, 137

166-72 [166-73] Mr Nowell Smith has already called attention to the punctuation of 1850, which makes nonsense of the passage in A the meaning is quite clear The development of the text shows how the error arose A<sup>2</sup> C put a note of exclamation after 'thoughts' (168) and kept the comma after 'Infancy' (169) D<sup>2</sup>, in adding [169] naturally removed the stop at the end of the previous line, and has no stop after 'Infancy' [170] or 'even' [171], but a comma after 'unthanked' [169] and 'childhood' [171] No doubt a full stop was intended after 'unpraised', but, as often at the end of a line, it was omitted E puts in a comma after 'unpraised', and the erroneous semicolon after 'infancy' [170] was added later.

178-9. *some tale That did bewitch me then* The reading of Wordsworth's boyhood may be conjectured from his reference to Fortunatus, Jack the Giant-killer, and Robin Hood, and Sabra and St George in II 364-9, to the Arabian Nights (484), to Fairy Land and the Forests

of Romance (477), and from the following statement in his Autobiographical Memoranda (*Memoirs*, I 10) 'Of my earliest days at school I have little to say, but that they were very happy ones, chiefly because I was left at liberty, then and in the vacations, to read whatever books I liked. For example, I read all Fielding's works, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and any part of Swift that I liked, Gulliver's Travels and the Tale of a Tub, being both much to my taste'. From *Memoirs* (I 34) we learn 'that the poet's father set him very early to learn portions of the works of the best English poets by heart, so that at an early age he could repeat large portions of Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser.'

201. *Whether by native prose or numerous verse Paradise Lost,*  
v 150

205-6. *And that, more varied and elaborate,  
Those trumpet tones of harmony*

1 e Milton, of 'Scorn not the sonnet', II 11-14

209 *For Cottagers and spinners at the wheel* Cf the words of the Duke in *Twelfth Night* of the 'old and plain song' which

The spinsters and the sitters in the sun  
Do use to chant

219-22 *speak of them as Powers only less Than Nature's self*  
Cf XII 308-11, where Wordsworth expresses the hope  
that a work of mine,

Proceeding from the depth of untaught things,  
Enduring and creative, might become  
A power like one of Nature's

It was by this power, which Wordsworth always insisted was the distinctive mark of great literature, that he wished his own work to be judged. Crabb Robinson (ed E J Morley, p 53) records a conversation in which a friend of his 'estimated Wordsworth's poems chiefly for the purity of their morals. Wordsworth, on the other hand, valued them only according to the power of mind they presupposed in the writer, or excited in the hearer'. Cf *Essay suppl. to Pref* 1815 (Oxf W, p 952). The clearest statement of Wordsworth's position is found in De Quincey's *Essay on Pope*. 'There is', says De Quincey, 'first the literature of *knowledge*, and secondly the literature of *power*. The function of the first is to *teach*: of the second to *move*. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding, the second speaks ultimately to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* the affections of pleasure and sympathy. There is a rarer thing than truth, namely power or deep sympathy with truth. What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, what you owe is *power*, i.e. exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every step and each separate influx is a step upwards'. And elsewhere he writes 'The true antithesis to knowledge is not pleasure but power. All that is literature seeks to communicate power, all that is not literature, to communicate knowledge'. To this, De Quincey adds, in a note, 'For which

distinction, as for most of the sound criticism on poetry, or any subject connected with it that I have ever met with, I must acknowledge my obligations to many years conversation with Mr Wordsworth' (*De Q Works*, ed Masson, xi 55, x 48)

In the earlier scheme of *The Prelude*, which was to consist of five books only, the last book was to be devoted in part to illustrating this 'power' as gained from Nature and Books, and to showing by examples the kinship of the emotion aroused by both of them (*v* pp 600-5)

[222]. *Or his pure Word by miracle revealed* a characteristic addition which only occurred to Wordsworth, in its first form, after C had been copied, i.e. about 1820

226 ff *I was reared Safe from an evil* Much has been written on the influence of Rousseau on Wordsworth's theories of education, but though he had certainly read *Emile*, and as a young man was surrounded by warm advocates of Rousseau, he based his views solely on his own experience, and only seems to refer to Rousseau when he differs from him. Like Rousseau he held that Nature was fundamentally good and her creatures pure until they had been perverted by society, that education, therefore, must be directed to the development rather than the repression of natural instinct, and that much harm was done by premature appeals to the reason, but whilst Rousseau, not trusting Nature to do her work unaided, advocates the close guidance of the child in the path of Nature, Wordsworth is content to stand aside, and leave Nature and the child to themselves. The praise he accords his mother in this respect (ll 270-85) is an implicit criticism of Rousseau's 'tutor', with his artificial manipulation of Nature's lessons. In contrast, too, to Rousseau's attack on books, and especially on tales of wonder and magic, as the bane of childhood, Wordsworth insists on their value as the firmest ally of Nature in educating the child, stimulating his imagination, saving him from vanity and self-consciousness (354-69), keeping alive his sense of wonder when it tends to lose its hold upon him (*v* p 555, ll 80-98), and softening the effects of Nature's sterner lessons (ll 473-81 *infra*). Moreover, Wordsworth raises no protest against the school tasks which fell to his lot at an age long before Rousseau would admit any formal instruction, and instead of advocating a childhood free from contamination with his fellows, pays special tribute to his debt to the rough and tumble of public school life (XIII 314-31)

His chief protests, however, are not against Rousseau, but against those who, stimulated by the enthusiasm for education kindled by Rousseau, but without his genius, devoted their lives to 'child study', substituted for the old-time classics of the nursery, such as *Robin Hood* and the *Arabian Nights* etc., edifying tales designed to inculcate scientific information or moral truth, and invented systems which, under a show of developing the latent powers of the child, fettered that development at every turn, and produced not the child of Nature, but the self-conscious prig. It is interesting to note D.W.'s account of the training that she and her brother gave to little Basil Montague, of whom they

had charge in 1796-7. You ask to be informed of our system respecting Basil. It is a very simple one, so simple that, in this age of systems, you will hardly be likely to follow it. We teach him nothing at present, but what he learns he learns from the evidence of his senses. He has an insatiable curiosity, which we are always careful to satisfy to the best of our ability. He is directed to everything he sees, the sky, the fields, trees, shrubs, corn, the making of tools, carts, etc. He knows his letters, but we have not attempted any further step in the path of *book learning*' (*Letters*, i 104.)

235. *bye-spots* a word not found in *The Oxford Dictionary*, but recorded in Wright's *Dialect Dictionary* as peculiar to Cumberland (=lonely spots). It is interesting to find Wordsworth using, and then deleting, a dialect word.

236-7. These two lines were added to A soon after it was copied. The one line which originally stood in their place has been carefully scratched out as well as the last word of the previous line, and the two new lines inscribed in a smaller writing. The earlier reading was probably that of M. The B text was only begun when eight books of A were already copied, hence it shows no sign here of a correction.

256-7. *Early died My honour'd Mother* i.e. in March 1778, at Penrith, her former home.

268. *shaping novelties from those to come*. The reading 'from', which persists through M, A, B, and C, was probably a scribal error for 'for', due to the 'from' in the line above.

290-1. *My draft hath scarcely, I fear, been obvious*. It is strange that though the poem underwent such continued revision, Wordsworth did not improve this prosaic and unnecessary statement.

291-349. Wordsworth evidently spent some pains on this passage, for though in the first place he must have written it rapidly (only a few days elapsed between his rejection of his scheme for a *Prelude* complete in five books and his sending of this Book in the form it takes in the A text to Coleridge, v *Introduction*, p xxxvii), he recurred to it afterwards with some misgivings. Against ll 299-328 he wrote in B 'this is heavy and must be shortened', but though in the revision, A<sup>2</sup>, he cut down ll 306-31 to fourteen lines, and dropped three more of these in C, he added others further on, so that the whole passage in C was only reduced by twelve lines and in A by nine. The revision for D and E reduced the passage to forty-seven lines, but evidently this reduction went against the grain, for he preserved twelve of the rejected lines in the MSS of D and E at the end of the Book, heading them 'Overflow'. They run there as follows:

For this preposterous growth the Trainer blame  
Pity the tree a wonder not unlike<sup>1</sup>  
To one of China's vegetable dwarfs

<sup>1</sup> Now let us ask for this preposterous growth  
Who shall be blamed? The Trainer, let the tree  
Be pitied rather, wonder not unlike etc. *alternative* in D.

Where Nature stands subjected to such freaks  
 Of human care unceasingly perverse,  
*Here* to advance the growth and *there* retard,  
 That the proportions of the full grown oak  
 Its roots, its boughs and leafy spray appear  
 All in a living miniature produced  
 The oak beneath whose umbrage, freely spread  
 Within its native fields, whole herds repose ' D  
 What need of more in him we strive to paint  
 The Child is lost, but see for recompense  
 The noon tide shadow of a man complete  
 Say rather a fond marvel, not unlike  
 To one of China's vegetable dwarfs  
 Whose trunk, whose branches ye(a) whose very leaves  
 Are here perversely checked and there advanced  
 Till the proportions of the forest oak  
 Are in one miniature produced, the Oak  
 Beneath whose full grown majesty of shade  
 Stretched o'er its native plain whole herds repose  
 For this unnatural growth the tamer blame  
 Pity the tree, poor human vanity  
 Were that extinguished nothing would be left D<sup>2</sup>

303 [305]. *The wandering Beggars propagate his name* Legouis points out (p. 62) that here Wordsworth is in agreement with Rousseau, who protested in *Emile* (Book II) against Locke's opinion that the child should be incited to liberality

315-8 [307-9]. *fear itself . touches him not* To Wordsworth 'the discipline of fear' was among the most educative of Nature's agencies Cf I 329-441 and passage found in Y (v. note to VIII 159-72)

384-6 *in the unreasoning better eye than theirs* These lines were first published as a quotation in the *Postscript to the Poems* of 1835, where Wordsworth gives them a significance and a moral of which he was quite innocent when he wrote them in 1804

389-422 [364-97]. *There was a boy etc* written in Germany, October-December 1798, and sent to Coleridge, who acknowledged it in a letter dated December 10, 1798 'The blank lines gave me as much direct pleasure as was possible in the general bustle of pleasure with which I received and read your letter. I observed, I remember, that the 'fingers interwoven' etc only puzzled me, and though I liked the twelve or fourteen first lines very well, yet I liked the remainder much better. Well, now I have read them again, they are very beautiful, and leave an affecting impression. That

Uncertain heaven received

Into the bosom of the steady lake

I should have recognized anywhere, and had I met these lines running wild in the deserts of Arabia, I should instantly have screamed out

'Wordsworth' Dykes (Campbell has suggested that l 396, which is not found in an early manuscript, was added later 'in deference to S T C's expression of puzzlement')

The lines were first published in the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800, and afterwards included in the *Poems in Two Volumes* (1815) At different times slight changes were introduced into the text Thus, ed. 1800 reads 'a wild scene' for 'concourse wild' (403), omits ll. 414-15, and at l 422, reads .

Mute—for he died when he was ten years old.

Ed. 1827 reads in ll 416-17

Pre-eminent in beauty is that Vale

Where he was born and bled The churchyard hangs

and ed. 1836 reads in ll 404-5

and when there came a pause

Of silence such as baffled his best skill

In 1815 'There was a boy' stands first among the *Poems of the Imagination* and is referred to in the Preface in the following passage (omitted in 1845)

'I dismiss this subject with observing—that in the series of Poems placed under the head of Imagination, I have begun with one of the earliest processes of Nature in the development of this faculty Guided by one of my own primary consciousnesses, I have represented a commutation and transfer of internal feelings, co operating with external accidents to plant, for immortality, images of sound and sight, in the celestial soil of the Imagination The Boy, there introduced, is listening, with something of a feverish and restless anxiety, for the recurrence of the riotous sounds which he had previously excited, and, at the moment when the intenseness of his mind is beginning to remit, he is surprized into a perception of the solemn and tranquillizing images which the Poem describes'

397-8 [372-3]. *he, as through an instrument, Blew mimic hootings*  
'This practice of making an instrument of their own fingers is known to most boys, though some are more skilful at it than others William Raincock of Rayrigg, a fine spirited lad, took the lead of all my school-fellows in this art' (I F note) Robertson (*Wordsworthshire*, pp 67-8) after consultation of the village burial records, identified the 'boy' of the poem with either George Giham Gibson, died June 26, 1779, or John Vickers, died July 28, 1782 It could hardly be the former as Wordsworth only came to school after Whitsuntide 1779

450-81 [426-59]. *Well do I call to mind etc.* . probably written in Germany in the winter of 1798-9 (*v Introduction*, p xxxiv) On the date when Wordsworth went to school *v* I 308 note

465-6 [441-2]. *a fish up leaping, snapp'd The breathless stillness of Fidelity* (written 1805) .

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer



513 [488]. *a sudden bound of smart reproach* It is characteristic of Wordsworth and the hold that Nature had upon him, that he reproaches himself on what most boys would regard as a matter of congratulation

532-3 [508-9]. *Our simple childhood sits upon a throne  
That hath more power than all the elements*

Cf. *Personal Talk*, 23-5

Children are blest, and powerful, their world lies  
More justly balanced, partly at their feet,  
And part far from them

552 [528]. *Who make our wish our power, our thought a deed* The punctuation of A is obviously right and that of 1850 wrong D reads our wish our power, our thought, our deed E omits all stops, and 1850 has no authority but that of the printer or editor

554 [530] *Ind seasons serve, all Faculties, to whom* Again A's punctuation is correct, and its significance is still further emphasized by D, who reads 'all Faculties,—' But E again omits all stops, and 1850, while restoring the semicolon after 'serve', omits the equally important one after 'Faculties'

556. *Northern lights* Cf. note to *The Complaint etc* (Oxf W, p 113)

575-6 [552-3]. *Thirteen years Or haply less* More probably correct than the reading of 1850 'Less than twice five years' would mean on his entrance to Hawkshead school

583-4 [561]. *with that dear friend  
The same whom I have mentioned heretofore*

The reading of 1850 'with a dear friend' has left room for speculation as to who the friend was Text A makes this clear (v. II 352 and note)

[595-6] *Visionary power*

*Attends the motions of the viewless winds*

Cf II 326-9 'Viewless winds' is a reminiscence of the great speech of Claudio in *Measure for Measure*, III 1.

To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence about  
The pendant world

630-7. There is no manuscript authority for the omission of these lines in 1850 They are found un erased in both D and E The lines might justly be omitted on poetic grounds, but they are valuable biographically, as probably written a few days after Wordsworth had given up the idea of completing the poem in five books, i.e. after March 5, when the opening of XIV was headed 'Fifth Book', and before the 'nearly three weeks idleness' which ended on March 29. The reading of M points to a section of *The Prelude* on the influence of bad books, which unfortunately was never written, though doubtless some of the ground it would have covered is dealt with in Book X, where he covertly alludes to the influence of Godwin's *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*

## BOOK VI

*Among the notes on this Book will be found, marked 'S T C', the annotations made by Coleridge in MS. B (v Introduction, p xvi)*

[11]. *Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern* a magnificent line of which there is no trace in A It is interesting to follow its evolution from the reading of A<sup>2</sup> C, through D, to D<sup>2</sup>

26-8 [23-4]. *many books devour'd, Tasted or skimm'd, or studiously perus'd* Because Wordsworth himself lays stress on the less studious side of his life at Cambridge, and speaking of himself as 'an idler among academic bowers' (VIII 648) and of reading with 'no settled plan', accepts in later years that apologetic attitude to his undergraduate days common enough to mature graduates, the extent of his reading has often been absurdly minimized and its whole character misconceived As a matter of fact he read more widely and with better result than many students who win unqualified approval from their tutors As to mathematics he himself explains (*Memoirs*, i. 14) that he did so much at school that 'I had a full twelve months' start of the freshmen of my year, and accordingly got into rather an idle way' 'William' wrote Dorothy, June 26, 1791, 'lost the chance (indeed the certainty) of a fellowship, by not combating his inclinations He gave way to his natural dislike to studies so dry as many parts of Mathematics, consequently could not succeed at Cambridge He reads Italian, Spanish, French, Greek, Latin, and English, but never opens a mathematical book . . . He has a great attachment to poetry, which is not the most likely thing to produce his advancement in the world His pleasures are chiefly of the imagination He is never so happy as in a beautiful country Do not think in what I have said that he reads not at all, for he does read a great deal, and not only poetry, and other languages he is acquainted with, but history *etc. etc.*' It is true that he writes himself to Mathews (Nov 1791) that he knows 'little of Latin and scarce anything of Greek, a pretty confession for a young gentleman whose whole life ought to have been devoted to study', but though he was not in any technical sense a scholar he 'read classic authors according to my fancy' and he knew enough, at least, of the classics to be able to appreciate Virgil, Horace, and Theocritus (cf VIII 311-23, X 1015-28)

43 [31]. *more* The reading of 1830, 'now', has no manuscript authority and is obviously a misprint

55 [42] *The Poet's soul was with me at that time* It was in his first long vacation that he was dedicated a poet Cf IV 340-5

61 [48]. *Four years and thirty told this very week* i.e. the first or second week in April 1804

63-4 [51-2]. Another example of a fine late correction, only reaching perfection after E had been copied, i.e. about 1839

66 [54]. *lightly* so all MSS and 1850 'slightly', the reading of Hutchinson, Nowell Smith and Moore Smith, has no authority

77-9 *I lov'd and I enjoy'd etc.* Cf the description of the poet in *A Poet's Epitaph*, II 53-6.

[65] *achieve* a misprint in 1850 MSS D and E both read 'admire' though in E it might carelessly be misread 'achieve'. Hence the error To 'achieve' was just what, at this time, Wordsworth did *not* do.

90 [76]. *A single tree* In August 1808 Dorothy Wordsworth, then on a visit to Cambridge, wrote to Lady Beaumont 'We walked in groves all the morning and visited the Colleges I sought out a favourite ash tree which my brother speaks of in his poem on his own life—a tree covered with ivy' It was, perhaps, of this tree that Wordsworth was thinking in the *Ode Intimations etc.*, 51-3

But there's a tree, of many, one,

A single field that I have looked upon,

Both of them speak of something that is gone

He may, however, be there referring to another tree, also an ash, which particularly impressed his imagination as he watched it from his bed at Anne Tyson's cottage in Hawkshead Cf IV 79-83

124-34 [106-14] An interesting passage which should be read in connexion with the *Appendix* 'on what is usually called Poetic Diction' (1802), and with XII 253-74 It is evident that Wordsworth's later views on the subject of poetic style were a strong reaction from the taste of his undergraduate days For if, as he says in II 117-18, the books which he 'then lov'd the most' are dearest to him now, as he writes *The Prelude* in 1804, (i.e. Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton), his outward taste (I 116) was for the most artificial and elaborate of the eighteenth century poets, for it was they whom he strove to imitate and overgo in *An Evening Walk* (written at Cambridge) On the style of his early poems, v the acute criticism in Legouis trs., pp 127-57. Wordsworth was doubtless attracted to this style of writing, as he himself suggests in the *Appendix*, by its 'influence in impressing a notion of the peculiarity and exaltation of the Poet's character, and in flattering the Reader's self-love by bringing him nearer to a sympathy with that character' As a child, poetry had appealed to him, as to most children, from a love of fine language and rhythm for their own sakes (V 566-80)

On the 'delusion to young scholars incident', cf the remarks of Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, ch 1

135-87 For Wordsworth's interest in mathematics v note to II 26-8, V 71-139, and X 902 ff

192. *A melancholy from humours of the blood* It is worth noting that in the A text Wordsworth definitely connects this melancholy with his physical health (cf X 870 and note) Both here and in Book X the text is altered

194. *piping winds*. Cf *Il Penseroso*, 126, 'While rocking winds are piping loud'

195 [175]. *Autumn than Spring* His sister Dorothy shared this youthful taste Cf her letter to Jane Pollard, August 1793 'I grant

that the sensations autumn excites are not so cheerful as those excited by the burst of Nature's beauties in the spring months, yet they are more congenial to my taste. The melancholy pleasure of walking in a grove or wood, while the yellow leaves are showering around me, is grateful to my mind beyond even the exhilarating charms of the budding trees'

200-2 [180-2] *the Bard who sang etc* James Thomson in *The Castle of Indolence*, I xv

Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease.

Good natured lounging, sauntering up and down

[188-9] *the fault, This I repeat, was mine* Note the self reproach of these late added lines, and contrast them with the A text III 81-120

208 [190]. *in summer* i.e. the long vacation of 1789. The 'works of art', i.e. of architecture, were not sought in Dovedale or his 'own native region', but in Yorkshire, e.g. Bolton and Fountains Abbeys.

[193]. *spiry rocks* a phrase found in Dyer's *Fleece*, I 658 used by W. W. in a note to *Descriptive Sketches* (v note to ll [483-4]). Cf also p 194, l 33

212-3 [197-8]. *that seemed another morn Risen on mid noon* the words used by Adam to describe the 'presence' of Raphael—*Paradise Lost*, v 310-11

214 [199]. *she* The 'hei' of 1850 is a correction not found in any of the MSS.

216-7. *Now, after separation desolate Restor'd to me* Knight and others have wished to refer these words to the reunion of Wordsworth with his sister after their long separation from January 1791 to 1794. But they can only refer to the reunion now', i.e. in the long vacation of 1789 (But *vide* supplementary note on p 608 A.) They had been together for a day in the previous December, when Dorothy visited Cambridge on her way to Farncott, but otherwise there is no likelihood that they had seen one another since the previous long vacation, and then, as Wordsworth spent the bulk of his time at Hawkshead, he could not have been much with her. Indeed, since the death of their mother and Dorothy's departure for Halifax in 1778, they had been together little, so that in 1794 Dorothy wrote 'such have been the circumstances of my life that I may be said to have enjoyed his company only for a very few months'. But from childhood it had been their dream to live together, and after their reunion at Racedown in September 1793 they were never parted for more than a few weeks at a time until Wordsworth's death. Those passages in which Wordsworth refers to his companionship with Dorothy and what he owed to it, are among the most deeply moving in all his poetry. Cf X 908-30, XIII 211-46, *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*, 114-59, *The Sparrow's Nest, To a Butterfly*, 'On nature's invitation do I come' (Oxf. W., p 621) and *Poems on the Naming of Places*, III. 14-16, in which Dorothy is spoken of as

She who dwells with me, whom I have loved  
 With such communion that no place on earth  
 Can ever be a solitude to me

220 [205]. *that monastic castle* Brougham Castle, a mile and a half east of Penrith, at the junction of the rivers Lowther and Emont

223 [208] *Sidney* The evidence that Sir Philip Sidney ever visited Brougham Castle is hardly trustworthy, and it will be noticed that the text of 1850 is less confident on the point than the A text Mr W G Collingwood points out to me that Wordsworth probably got the idea from Clarke, *Survey of the Lakes* (2nd ed 1789), p 10, where, speaking of 'the great Countess of Pembroke' Clarke says 'Sir Philip Sidney, whose intelligence was very great, resided with her at Brougham Castle during the time he wrote part of his *Arcadia*' 'He didn't', adds Mr Collingwood, 'for Sidney died in 1586 and the Countess was only born about 1594, and came to live at Brougham Castle as lady of the place in 1649 She might have had visits from her cousin Sir Philip Musgrave, and that might have started the legend But her father George, third Earl of Cumberland (1570-1605) lived at Brougham Castle and Sidney might have visited him There was a tradition that he came to Conistone Hall,' and this, though unauthenticated, strengthens the evidence of his connexion with the district Wordsworth was attracted to the story, and doubtless introduced it here, because, like so much of his own best work, the *Arcadia* was 'by fraternal love inspired'

As Hutchinson has pointed out (ed of *Poems of 1807*, I, p xii) there are many traces in the poems written in the first few years following Wordsworth's settling at Grasmere, of a careful study of the Elizabethans, and the poems themselves contain two quotations from Sidney and one from Lord Brooke's *Life of Sidney*

231-2. *Lay listening to the wild flowers and the grass,  
 As they gave out their whispers to the wind*  
 two lines which in their delicate simplicity are far more beautiful than the three which were substituted for them later

233 [224] *Another maid there was* Mary Hutchinson Cf XI 316-18 (A<sup>2</sup>) [XIV 266-75] and notes

242 [233] *the Border Beacon* a little north east of Penrith, the scene of the episode described XI 280-323 The two visits are definitely associated by the repetition, at XI 323, of l 245 'A spirit of pleasure and youth's golden gleam'

[261]. *For whom it registers the birth, and marks the growth* The development of the text explains how this line comes to be hypermetric It was doubtless an oversight which Wordsworth would have corrected.

276 [266] *a lweried School-boy* i.e. at Christ's Hospital, situated till a few years ago in the heart of the City The boys still wear a distinctive costume of long dark blue coat reaching below the knee, yellow stockings, and no hat (cf II 466-7 and note) Coleridge entered the

'Blue coat School' in 1782, and almost certainly did not see his Devonshire birthplace again till 1789—hence Christ's Hospital is here spoken of as his 'home and school' He went to Cambridge in October 1791, Wordsworth having left in the previous January (ll 286-8)

281. *to shut thine eyes etc* an allusion to Coleridge's 'Sonnet to the River Otter' (*publ* 1797) so deep impres't

Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes

I never shut amid the sunny day

But straight with all their tints thy waters rise

291-2 [281-2]. *What a stormy course Then followed* Coleridge's college career began well, and in his first year he gained the Browne Gold Medal for a Sapphic Ode, and was chosen by Porson as one of four to compete for the Craven Scholarship But his politics became too revolutionary to please the authorities, he was in debt and crossed in love, and in December 1793 he enlisted in the King's Regiment of Light Dragoons under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberbach He returned to Cambridge the following April, but left in December without taking a degree In the intervening summer he had visited Oxford, met Southey and with him evolved his schemes for Pantisocracy, and for emigration to the banks of the Susquehanna A precarious life in London and at Bristol followed, spent in journalism and in lecturing, but always in financial straits It was probably in September 1795, at Bristol, that he met Wordsworth for the first time

308-16 [294-305]. *Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse etc* Cf. the words of Lamb in his essay *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago* 'How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity boy*!'

339. *A fellow student*. Robert Jones, to whom Wordsworth dedicated *Descriptive Sketches*, a poem written in 1792 to commemorate the tour Wordsworth visited him at his home at Plas-yn-Ilan, Denbighshire in the summer of 1791, expected to be joined by him at Blois in May 1792, and was with him again sometime in the autumn of 1793 He was a guest at Dove Cottage in September 1800 He remained throughout life one of the poet's most intimate and valued friends Jones took orders, and had a curacy in Wales, and in later life he had a living in Oxfordshire (cf. *Sonnet*, 'A genial hearth, a hospitable board' and I F note), but continued spending much of his time in Wales, where Wordsworth visited him in 1824, noting that his 'pumpness, ruddy cheeks and smiling countenance' seemed to those who met him 'little suited to a hermit living in the Vale of Meditation' This picture of him, and that of Dorothy when he came to Rydal Mount in 1832, 'fat

and roundabout and rosy, and puffing and panting while he climbs the little hill from the road to our house' suggest some of the charm that drew him to his austerer friend

342 [326] *ff* *An open slight etc* 'to me were obscure, and now appear rather awkwardly expressed I should wish to trace the classical use of the word "concern" These are the passages, which it is so difficult and fretsome to correct, because, if once amiss, no after genial moment can be pressed into the dull service of emending them Yet I venture to propose, thinking dilatation better than awkwardness,

A disregard

Of College objects was our scheme, say rather,  
A mere slight of the studies and the cares  
Expected from us, we too (? two) being then  
Just at the close of our novitiate  
Not was it formed by me without some fears,  
And some uneasy forethought of the pain,  
The censures, and ill-omening of those,  
To whom my worldly interests were dear—' (S T C)

Notice that in the B text, in which the above note is written, Wordsworth has accepted several of Coleridge's suggestions, and that he retains some of them in the last version

350 *goings-on* v note to III 616

353 [340]. *France standing on the top of golden hours* a reminiscence of Shakespeare, *Sonnet xviii* 'Now stand you on the top of happy hours' The substitution of 'golden' for 'happy' makes the passage no less Shakespearian, for 'golden' is one of Shakespeare's favourite epithets Cf 'golden time' in *Sonnet iii* Wordsworth uses the phrase 'golden days' in l 655.

355-7 [344-6]. *it was our lot*

*To land at Calais on the very eve*

*Of that great federal day*

16 July 13, 1790. 'I set off for the Continent, in companionship with Robert Jones We went staff in hand, without knapsacks, and carrying each his needments tied up in a pocket handkerchief, with about twenty pounds apiece in our pockets We crossed from Dover and landed at Calais on the eve of the day when the king was to swear fidelity to the new constitution an event which was solemnized with due pomp at Calais On the afternoon of that day we started, and slept at Ardres' (*Memors*, i, 14-5) For details of their itinerary, v Harper, i 90-5 Knight, *Poems*, i 332-3, and Wordsworth's letter to Dorothy, September 6, 1790 (*Letters*, i 11-19)

This tour was the subject of *Descriptive Sketches*, which Wordsworth wrote during his second stay in France (1791-2) But the melancholy of *Descriptive Sketches* is far less true to his actual feeling during the tour than this record of it written in 1804, nearly ten years later, for *The Prelude* Of this the evidence is his letter to Dorothy above

referred to, in which he writes 'I am in excellent health and spirits and have had no reason to complain of the contrary during our whole tour My spirits have been kept in a perpetual hurry of delight' Indeed, the only source of any uneasiness 'during this delightful tour' was the fear that Dorothy might be feeling some anxiety as to his safety The poet's tender melancholy and fond conceit of sadness (377-8) was never at this time potent enough to be depressing

359-60 [348-9] *How bright a face is worn when joy of one*

*Is joy of tens of millions*

We crossed at the time when the whole nation was mad with joy in consequence of the revolution It was a most interesting period to be in France, and we had many delightful scenes, where the interest of the picture was owing solely to this cause' (letter quoted above) Cf also *Sonnet*, 'Jones' as from Calais' etc

378. *to the noise* so A C If the reading is correct 'to' must mean to the accompaniment of' But perhaps 'to' is a mistake of the copyist not noted before D, where 'with the sound' is substituted for to the noise'

382 [372] *dances in the open air* The late addition of ll [373-4] records a protest at which Wordsworth felt no concern either in 1790 or 1804

386 [378]. *we cut* 'May "we cut" be used neutrally in pure language' if so, the "right of the best", if not "we flow" or "we rush'd"' (S T C) Note that in deference to Coleridge's criticism, Wordsworth added [379], which makes 'cut' transitive

396-7. *Spousals newly solemniz'd At their chief City* Cf note to IX 41-51

422 [418]. *Convent of Chantreuse* Wordsworth reached the Chantreuse on August 4 Cf note to VIII. 409

[420-87]. In an unpublished poem entitled *A tuft of Primroses*, and dated by internal evidence 1808 (i.e. soon after Wordsworth's return from Coleorton) occurs another draft of this passage, related closely to B III, and probably intermediary between B III and A<sup>2</sup>

It seems likely, therefore, that the whole account of Wordsworth's impressions at the Chantreuse had its inception at Coleorton, and arose out of a conversation with Coleridge after reading this book to him on his visit there (Dec 1806-Feb 1807) The version runs as follows -

And is thy doom

Pronounc'd (I said, a stripling at that time  
Who with a Fellow-pilgrim had been driven  
Though madding France before a joyous gale  
And to the solemn haven of Chantreuse  
Repair'd for timely rest) and are we twain  
The last, perchance, the very last, of men  
Who shall be welcom'd here, whose limbs shall find  
Repos within these modest cells, whose hearts



Receive a comfort from these awful spires ?  
 Alas for what I see the flash of arms,  
 O sorrow and yon military glare  
 And hark, those Voices ' let us hide in gloom  
 Profoundest of St Bruno's wood these sighs  
 These whispers that pursue or meet me, whence  
 [                    ] are they but a common [                    ]  
 From the two sister streams of Life and Death,  
 Or are they by the parting genius sent  
 Unheard till now and to be heard no more  
 Yes I was moved and to this hour am moved  
 What man would bring to nothing, if he might,  
 A natural power or element ? and who  
 If the ability were his would dare  
 To kill a species of insensate life  
 Or to the bird of meanest wing would say  
 Thou, and thy kind, must perish Even so  
 So consecrated, almost, might be deem(ed)  
 That power that organ, that transcendent frame  
 Of social being Stay your impious hand,

The version goes on as A 24-32, but omitting 'this transcendent Being', and then

I heard, or seemed to hear, and thus the voice  
 Proceeded Honour etc

as A 48 . 75 ('consoled'), but reading 'life' for 'pride' (49), 'All hail ye' for 'Hail to the' (50), and in place of 63-9, 'Of faith . . . inhabitants'

Of Heaven-descended truth and humbler claim  
 Of these majestic floods, my noblest boast,  
 These shining cliffs pure as their home the sky

The text of A<sup>2</sup>, except in ll 1, 4, 7, 23, 39, 57, 75, is unpunctuated. In l 3 'region's' is a correction of 'monstrous'

[425-6] *riotous men commissioned to expel The blameless inmates*  
 In this, as Legouis had pointed out, Wordsworth was mistaken The armed occupation of the Chartreuse did not take place till May 1792—the soldiers were at this time paying no more than a domiciliary visit, followed perhaps by confiscation In *Descriptive Sketches*, 53 ff, with which this passage should be compared, he expresses himself in stronger language

[439]. *sister streams of Life and Death* Cf *Descriptive Sketches*, 73, 'mystic streams of Life and Death', and Wordsworth's note 'Names of rivers at the Chartreuse' The two streams are the *Guers vif* and the *Guers mort*, torrents which unite to form the river Guers in the valley below the Grande Chartreuse

[448-50]. *Past and future . knowledge* These lines were first printed in the *Essay, Supplementary to Preface*, 1815

[480]. *Vallombre* 'Name of one of the valleys of the Chartreuse  
Wordsworth's note in *Descriptive Sketches*

[483-4]. *The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if  
Hands of angelic powers had fixed it there*  
Cf *Descriptive Sketches*, 70-1

The cross with hideous laughter Demons mock  
By angels planted on the aerial rock  
And Wordsworth's note 'Alluding to crosses seen on the tops of the  
spury rocks of the Chartreuse which have every appearance of being  
inaccessible'.

[509-10]. *compassed round With danger* Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vii 27

448. *My heart leap'd up when first I did look down* 'leap'd up',  
'look'd down', 'leap'd high', or rather 'O' my heart leap'd when  
first' etc (S T C) In deference to S T C, A<sup>2</sup> C reads 'How leap'd  
my heart' etc The lyric 'My heart leaps up' etc was written in 1802

467 [539] *Descending from the mountain to make sport* This line  
I would omit, as it clearly carries on the metaphor of the Lion, and  
yet is contradictory to the idea of a "tamed" Lion "to make sport"  
etc is here at once the proof of his having been "tamed" and the  
object of his "descending from the mountains", which appear in  
compatible' (S T C) Wordsworth altered the text in A<sup>2</sup> C in  
deference to Coleridge, but in D reverted to the previous reading, save  
that he changed 'tamed' to 'well tamed'

489 [558]. *something of stern mood* Cf X 872, XIII 217-32

525-48 [592-616] *Imagination etc* No passage illustrates better  
than this at once Wordsworth's relation with the sensationist, empirical  
philosophy of the eighteenth century and the manner in which he  
transcends and spiritualizes it All intellectual and spiritual growth  
comes from the reaction of the senses, chiefly of eye and ear, to the  
external world, which is 'exquisitely fitted to the mind', but the  
highest vision is superinduced upon this in a state of ecstasy, in which  
the light of sense goes out and the soul feels its kinship with that which  
is beyond sense. Cf *Lines composed above Tintern Abbey*, 35-49  
And this great spiritual experience comes generally not immediately  
after the sense experience which has inspired it, but perhaps years later,  
when the original emotion, recollected in tranquillity, is rekindled

Wordsworth made many efforts to give a satisfactory philosophic  
account of the imagination, but it is hardly surprising that he failed,  
for it is a faculty that essentially defies exact definition It was easier  
to him to say what it was not than what it was It was a higher quality  
than fancy, it had nothing to do with the processes of the analytic  
reason, but rather seemed to have some relation with the affections  
and the moral nature. But his inability to understand or to define it  
did not affect his faith in its reality. It was to him 'the vision and the  
faculty divine', for it was a vital part of his mystical experience,  
by reason of which, to put it baldly, the poet is a poet

526. *the eye and progress of my Song* this use of the so called 'doublet' is suggested by Shakespeare *Ci King John*, II 1 208 'Before the eye and prospect of your town' Wordsworth uses it again at VII 724 'The measure and the prospect of the soul'

537 [603] *There harbours whether we be young or old.* there is no manuscript authority for the punctuation of the 1850 text 'harbours, old,' which is due to E's unfortunate habit of omitting the fullstop at the end of a line

544-5. *ought thoughts 'ought thoughts' was a hitch to my ear* ? seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils

That may attest' etc (S T C)

Wordsworth accepts the correction

548 [616] *Which hides it like the overflowing Nile* 'Was it by mere caprice or a beginning of an impulse to alter, from having looked over the latter half of this Book for the purpose of correction, which I employed myself on for the deadening of a too strong feeling, which the personal Passages, so exquisitely beautiful, had excited—that I wished this faultless line to stand "Spread o'er it, like the fertilizing Nile" ? For fear it should be so, I will leave off 'Υστερον ἄδωκ' ῥέσω' (S T C) Notice that in D, E, Wordsworth adopts the idea of the 'fertilizing Nile'. It is significant that this book, written just after Coleridge had left for Malta, and most full of tender affection for him, is the one to which Coleridge turns in his mood of depression

553-72 [621-40]. *brook and road etc* 'See *Poetical Works*, II 99-p 143 of the Edition in One Volume' (note in 1850), i.e. II 99 of the 1849 edition of the *Poems*, and p 143 of the 1845 edition The lines were first published in 1845, with ll 554 and 556 as A, and l 559 as 1850. In both editions the passage is dated 1799

566 [634]. *The unfetter'd clouds, and region of the Heavens* a curiously Shakespearian line Shakespeare in several places uses 'region', with the meaning of 'sky' or 'upper air' Cf 'the region clouds' (*Sonnet xxiii*), 'Her eyes in heaven Would through the airy region stream so bright', *Romeo and Juliet*, II II 21

579 [647]. *innocent Sleep Macbeth*, II II 36

587 [655]. *Locarno's Lake* i.e. Maggiore On the whole description given here Wordsworth's letter to Dorothy, September 1790, affords an interesting commentary 'After passing two days in the environs of Chamouny, we returned to Martigny, and pursued our mount up the Valais, along the Rhine, to Brig At Brig we quitted the Valais, and passed the Alps at the Simplon, in order to visit part of Italy The impressions of three hours of our walk among these Alps will never be effaced From Duomo d'Ossola, a town of Italy which lay in our route, we proceeded to the Lake of Locarno, to visit the Borromean Islands, and thence to Como A more charming path was scarcely ever travelled over The banks of many of the Italian and Swiss lakes are so steep and rocky, as not to admit of roads, that of Como is partly of this character A small foot path is all the communication by land between

one village and another, on the side along which we passed, for upwards of thirty miles. We entered upon this path about noon, and owing to the steepness of the banks, were soon unmolested by the sun, which illuminated the woods, rocks, and villages of the opposite shore. The lake is narrow, and the shadows of the mountains were early thrown across it. It was beautiful to watch them travelling up the side of the hills,—for several hours to remark one half of a village covered with shade, and the other bright with the strongest sunshine.

'The shores of the lake consist of steep, covered with large sweeping woods of chestnut, spotted with villages, some clinging from the summits of the advancing rocks, and others hiding themselves within their recesses. Nor was the surface of the lake less interesting than its shores, half of it glowing with the richest green and gold, the reflection of the illuminated wood and path, shaded with a soft blue tint. It was impossible not to contrast that repose, that complacency of spirit, produced by these lovely scenes, with the sensations I had experienced two or three days before, in passing the Alps. At the lake of Como, my mind ran through a thousand dreams of happiness, which might be enjoyed upon its banks, if heightened by conversation and the exercise of the social affections. Among the more awful scenes of the Alps, I had not a thought of man, or a single created being, my whole soul was turned to him who produced the terrible majesty before me.'

604-5 [674-5]. *Where tones of learned Art and Nature mix'd*

*May frame enduring language*

For this contrast between the verse of his 'undisciplined youth' and of his maturity when he had realized the part that 'Art' must play in all great poetry, *v. Introduction*, p. xliii.

667 [737]. *a mean pensioner*. The 'mere' in 1850 is probably due to an undetected error of the copyist of D.

691 [764]. *We crossed the Brabant armies on the fret*. The 'États belgiques unis' had been declared in January 1790, and had aroused great enthusiasm in Paris, where, e.g., Camille Desmoulins wrote proudly of 'les révolutions de France et de Brabant'. But this new Republic was soon rent by dissension, and after the death of Joseph II his successor Leopold saw an opportunity for enforcing his authority. Through his ambassador in London he pointed out that 'the general interest of the whole of Europe demands a restitution of the old constitution', and he gained the sympathy of England, Prussia, and Holland. Early in October he collected his forces to march on Belgium, but under the guarantee of the three powers he promised the Belgians to maintain the charters of the provinces, and proclaiming an amnesty, invited the submission of his rebellious subjects before the end of the following month. The Three Powers advised the Belgians to accept, but they refused, though their internal quarrels made them powerless to offer any effective resistance. 'The Brabant armies on the fret,' witnessed by Wordsworth in this October, must have been the republican troops preparing to oppose Leopold.

## BOOK VII

3. *issuing from the City's walls* 'The city of Goslar in South Saxony' (note in 1850) But this is clearly wrong (v pp xxxii, 500-1)

12-13. *a little space Before last primrose time* This is more accurate than the later reading

16. *At thy departure to a foreign land* Coleridge did not actually leave for Malta till April 9, but by the end of the previous November he had already decided to go abroad, and early in January he paid his farewell visit to Dove Cottage, after which Wordsworth, 'to beguile his heavy thoughts' at his friend's departure, and doubtless urged on by Coleridge's entreaties, had restarted on *The Prelude*

35-6 [29-30]. *ye and I will be Brethren* In 1808 the *Simpliciad* laughed at Wordsworth for his habit of expressing fraternity and equality with the humbler creatures, and, in particular, in the couplet

With brother lark or brother Robin fly

And flutter with half-brother butterfly,

had held up to scorn the lines in *The Redbreast and the Butterfly* (1802, publ 1807)

'All men who know thee call thee Brother' (the robin)

'A brother he seems of thine own' (the butterfly)

This last line Wordsworth omitted in 1815, and doubtless he altered 'Brethren' here to 'Associates' in recollection of the same criticism. Indeed, he seems to have become nervous about using the word brother, for he removes it from the text of VI 478 and XIII 89, in both cases with a loss of strength to the line. But in III 328, where it might well have been altered, for its use confuses the sense, he retains it

50 [44]. *my favourite grove* known in the Wordsworth family as 'Brother John's Grove', situated below White Moss Common, in Ladywood Cf *Poems on the naming of Places*, VI 'When to the attractions of the busy world', etc

57 [52]. *Return'd from that excursion etc* i.e. his foreign tour with Robert Jones, described in the previous Book. He returned to Cambridge early in November, spent a six-weeks Christmas vacation at Fornsett, Norfolk, in the company of Dorothy, and was at Cambridge again to take his degree on January 21, 1791

68-72. With what he says here as to his character, cf III 531-6

73-4. *when I first beheld That mighty place* There is no other record of this early visit to London except the allusion to it in VIII 688-709. It must have been on one of his journeys to or from Cambridge in 1788

81-88 [77-84]. *There was a time etc* - a passage written in the Miltonic style and with reminiscence, partly of *Paradise Lost*, partly of Purchas, *His Pilgrimes*. Cf *Paradise Lost*, i 717-9

Not Babilon

Nor great Alcairo such magnificence

Equal'd in all thir glories

[118]. *not knowing each the other's name* There is no manuscript authority for reading 'not', 'nor' is found in both D and E

123 *Vauxhall and Ranelagh* Fashionable resorts of pleasure in the eighteenth century, v Walpole's *Letters*, passim, and Fanny Burney's  *Evelina*  Letters xlv and xii, and *Cecilia*, ch xii Cf also Austin Dobson, *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*

131. *the Grants of Guildhall* Gog and Magog Cf Horace Walpole's *Letter to Montague*, Sept 24, 1761, where he likens Lord Errol to 'one of the Giants in Guildhall, new gilt'

132 *Bedlam* The famous hospital for lunatics, situated in Moor fields, and one of the sights of eighteenth century London It was pulled down in 1814

137. *in season due* a Miltonic phrase Cf *Lycidas*, 7

176-80 [160-4] The punctuation of 1850 is obviously incorrect, and to elucidate the passage it has been suggested that ll 178 and 179 are in the wrong order But Mr Nowell Smith has already anticipated the true solution, which is found in the punctuation of the A text

186 *sequester'd nook* Cf *Comus*, 500

200 *May then entangle us awhile* The incompleteness of this line is explained by the X text, where the words 'at length' are deleted, and nothing substituted for them The mistake was not rectified till the revision of D.

209 [193]. *Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls* 'The railing adjacent to the gate (1 c Cumberland Gate, now the Marble Arch) was at that period (about 1812) permitted to be strung with rows of printed old fashioned ballads, such as *Cruel Barbara Allen*, etc' Mrs Cowden Clarke, *My Long Life*, quoted by Nowell Smith

228. *distinguishable shapes* *Paradise Lost*, ii 667-8, 'that shape had none Distinguishable'

267 [250]. *shading colours* The 'shading' colours (altered to 'blended' in D) is probably an unconscious echo of *Paradise Lost*, iii 509 'By *Model*, or by *shading* Pencil drawn'

275 [255]. *\*Of Tivoli etc* In copying the A text Dorothy wrote thus  
Of Tivoli

And high upon the steep that mouldering Fane

The Temple of the Sybil

Obviously she had the X text before her, but with the words 'and dim Frascati's (*sic*) bowers' deleted from them (deleted because Wordsworth realized that as the lines stood they would give the impression that 'Frascati's bowers' were on the same steep as the Temple of the Sybil) Wordsworth filled in the blank left by Dorothy with the words 'and high upon that steep', deleting Dorothy's next line He omitted, however, to insert the change in B, where it was made later

288 [267] *Half-rural Sadler's Wells* situated at Islington, then a suburb of London In the seventeenth and early eighteenth century it consisted of a Tea Garden with a Music House attached, and was

a popular resort of entertainment, for rope dancers and tumblers could be seen there. When, in 1765, a Theatre was erected on the site of the Music House, it retained its 'popular' character, and in 1783 Horace Walpole refers to it as 'a place of low buffoonery'.

306 [284]. A quotation from Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 87-9  
as the Moon,

When she deserts the night,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave

[288]. 'forms and pressures of the time' *Hamlet*, III ii 28

321 [297] *the Maid of Buttermere* John Hatfield, a vulgar adventurer, came to Keswick in 1802, and giving himself out to be Alexander Augustus Hope, M.P. for Linlithgowshire, and brother to the Earl of Hopetown, imposed upon all the tradesmen of the district. He married Mary, daughter of the innkeeper of the Fish, Buttermere, at Lorton Church on October 2, but before the end of the month his frauds were detected, and he fled the country, leaving behind him papers which proved that he had another wife living, and several children. He was caught soon afterwards, and tried for forgery at the Carlisle Assizes on the prosecution of the Post Office, for franking letters under the name of Hope. He was hanged at Carlisle on Sept. 3, 1803. Wordsworth and Coleridge were much interested in the incident, and Coleridge contributed three papers upon it to the *Morning Post* of October 11, October 22, and November 5, 1802, under the titles of *Romantic Marriage* and *The Fraudulent Marriage* (They were afterwards collected in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850). A further paper on the subject, not from Coleridge's hand, appeared in the *Morning Post* of November 6. The case caused a considerable stir in the country and was made the subject of a successful melodrama. De Quincey, in his article on Coleridge in *Tait's Magazine* of October 1834, gave a detailed account of the whole story (*Works*, II 177-84, ed. Masson), and in 1841 a novel *James Hatfield and the Beauty of Buttermere, a Story of Modern Times*, was published by Henry Colburn. This book was in the library of Rydal Mount, bearing witness to Wordsworth's continued interest in the story. (For supplementary note v p. 608 B.)

322. 'a bold bad Man' a quotation from Spenser *Faerie Queene*, I. i 37

341-2. *For we were nursed, as almost might be said,  
On the same mountains, Children at one time*

a reminiscence of Milton, *Lycidas*, 23, 'For we were nursed upon the self-same hill'. Mary of Buttermere was born in 1772, and was thus only two years younger than Wordsworth. the Coker (345) flows from Buttermere through Crummock Water to Cockermouth.

412 [382]. *little more than three short years* i.e. on his first journey to Cambridge, in October 1787.

[406]. *By Siddons trod*. It is curious that in the early version of this book there is no allusion to Mrs Siddons or the more serious theatre.

460 [428]. *Prate somewhat loudly of the whereabouts Macbeth*, II 1 58  
 471 [439]. *a litten when at play etc The Kitten and the Falling*  
*Leaves* was written in the same year (1804) as this passage

486-7. *when on our beds we lie etc Cf IV 72-8*

506 [476] *the suburbs of the mind Shakespeare Julius Caesar*,  
 II 1 285-6 'Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure?'

526-8 [496-8]. *Familiarly a household term, like those*  
*The Bedfords, Glocesters, Salisburys of old,*  
*Which the fifth Harry talks of*

*Cf Henry V*, IV III 51-5 Then shall our names

Familiar in his mouth as household words

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd

In 1850 'Salisburys' was printed 'Salsburys', but noted in a *corrigendum*

538. *He winds away his never-ending horn* an echo of Milton.  
*Lycidas*, 28 'What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn'

[512-43]. This passage, which does not occur in C, and was therefore not written before 1820, records an impression of Burke which certainly would not have been true of Wordsworth's earlier attitude to politics. It is interesting also to notice, as a sign of the growing conservatism of Wordsworth's later years, that the allusion to Fox was removed from the text somewhere between 1828 and 1832. Ll [544-50], on the higher triumphs of the pulpit and the impression made by its 'awful truths', are also a characteristic late addition to the text

548-65 [551-72]. *There have I seen a comely bachelor etc Cf the*  
*attack on the 'theatrical clerical coxcomb' made by Cowper in The*  
*Task*, II, 114-62.

559. *The Death of Abel* Gessner's *Tod Abels* was written in 1758 and translated into English soon afterwards. It ran through many editions. Its great popularity was due to its 'sussliche und weinerliche ton' which appealed to the sentimentality of the time. Young's *Night Thoughts* (1742-5) appealed to the more morbid and gloomy aspects of the same sentimental tendency. For Wordsworth's views on Macpherson's *Ossian*, v *Essay supplementary to Preface* (1815) and *Lines written in a blank leaf of Macpherson's Ossian* (1824)

649-51 *the Fair Holden where Martyrs suffer'd etc*. St Bartholomew's Fair was held on St Bartholomew's Day at Smithfield, the scene of many of the executions of Protestants under Queen Mary. It was held for the last time in 1855

698 ff In J, and therefore written before May 1802, are the following lines, obviously related to this passage.

Shall he who gives his days to low pursuits

Amid the indistinguishable world

Of cities mid the same eternal flow



Of the same objects melted and reduced  
 To one identity, by differences  
 That have no law no meaning and no end  
 Shall he feel yearning to those lifeless forms  
 And shall we think that Nature is less kind  
 To them who all day long through a long life  
 Have walk'd within her sight—it cannot be

Knight quotes the lines (inaccurately) in *Poems*, III 269, and states that they 'were dictated to' D W or 'copied by her' But they are in Wordsworth's own hand (v note on J, p xxii)

713 [737] *This, of all acquisitions first, awaits* The punctuation of A, not that of 1850, is obviously correct

716-28 [740-61]. *Attention comes etc* in the *Alfoxden notebook* (v *Introduction*, p xi), in a draft of the character of the Wanderer, occur lines which are obviously the first suggestion of this passage

There is a holy indolence  
 Compared to which our best activity  
 Is oftimes deadly bane  
     They rest upon their oars  
 Float down the mighty stream of tendency  
 In the calm mood of holy indolence  
 A most wise passiveness in which the heart  
 Lies open and is well content to feel  
 As nature feels and to receive her shapes  
 As she has made them  
 The mountain's outlines and its steady forms  
 Gave simple grandeur to his mind, nor less  
 The changeful language of its countenance  
 Gave movement to his thoughts and multitude  
 With order and relation

A little further on in the *Alfoxden notebook* are the lines  
 Of untamed nature he had skill to draw  
 A better and less transitory power  
 And influence (*more permanent*) less transient  
     To his mind  
 The mountain's outline and its steady form  
 Gave simple grandeur and its presence shaped  
 The measure and the prospect of his soul  
 To majesty, such virtue had these forms  
 (*Perennial*) Of mountains and the aged hills nor less  
*etc* as above, but 'their' for 'its'.

724. *The measure and the prospect of the soul*. cf. VI 526 note

## BOOK VIII

1-61. It is evident from Y that these lines describing Helvellyn fair were an after thought, and that in their place Wordsworth originally wrote that passage which he afterwards adapted for the opening of *Excursion* II. For Y has a page on which, after an illegible line, ending, as *Exc* II 1, with 'far'd', we have ll 2-5 as *Exc* II 2-5, 1 6 'And now a' (*rest illegible*), ll 7-8 as *Exc* II 10-11, followed by .

Withal from robbers and from dangers safe  
By melody and by the charm of verse  
And with his harp still pendent at his side  
Familiarly and (*sic* as ?) now our Labourer(s) wear  
Their Satchels when they plod to distant fields  
Yet such a man so favour'd could not draw  
By his glad faculties more earnest bliss  
From that (*his vagrant*) eventful and way-faring life  
Than I unknown uncountenanc'd and obscure  
Accoutred with a knapsack and a staff

This is followed by an almost illegible passage which can be identified with *Prelude*, VIII 74-86, whence the manuscript runs on as A

In a letter dated 1805 Wordsworth sent ll 1-61 to Sir George Beaumont, in a form which, as quoted by Knight, tallies almost entirely with that of the A text

10 [11]. *It is a summer festival, a Fair* Cf D W's *Journal* for Sept 2, 1800 'The fair day There seemed very few people and very few stalls, yet I believe there were many cakes and much beer sold . It was a lovely moonlight night We talked much about a house on Helvellyn. The moonlight shone only upon the village It did not eclipse the village lights, and the sound of dancing and merriment came along the still air.'

[42]. *half pleased with half ashamed* an example of the bad punctuation of 1850

[48-52]. 'These lines are from a descriptive poem—"Malvern Hills"—by one of Mr Wordsworth's oldest friends, Mr Joseph Cottle' (note in 1850) 'The *Malvern Hills*', wrote Wordsworth to Cottle in 1829, 'was always a favourite of mine Some passages, and especially one, closing "To him who slept at noon and wakes at eve"—I thought super-excellent.' It is interesting to note that ll [45-52], which are clearly a tribute to the poet's wife, find their way into the text as a correction of E, 1 e in 1839.

Joseph Cottle (1770-1853) was a bookseller in Bristol from 1791 to 1799, he first met Southey and Coleridge in 1794, and Wordsworth probably, in the following year. He was the joint publisher, with Messrs Robinson of London, of Coleridge's *Poems on various subjects*, 1796, for which he had paid thirty guineas in advance, and of the *Poems Second Edition*, To which are added *Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd*,

1797 He also printed and bore the expense of Coleridge's *Watchman*. In 1798 he published *The Lyrical Ballads*, as well as his own poem, *Malvern Hills*. His *Early Recollections chiefly relating to the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge during his long residence in Bristol* appeared in 1837 (2nd ed 1847) it is a book full of inaccuracies, ill-conceived and in the worst taste, and Garnett (D N B) speaks of Cottle with justice as a 'typical example of the moral and religious Philistine', but there is no question that he was a good friend to Coleridge in his early days at Bristol.

64-73. What is evidently a first draft of these lines, but expressed generally and not as a personal experience, is found in Y, where, after eleven lines illegible from the effects of damp, we read

must read the inner heart  
(His pleasures ?) are more dear than this, above all  
If he already shall have learned to love  
His fellow beings to such habits trained  
By nature in the woods and fields [       ]  
Dad there first find a teacher to enlarge  
His thoughts and carry his affection forth  
Beyond the bosom of his family

86. After this line Y has 'Like those that have been recently described' It is hard to see what Wordsworth had in mind unless he is thinking of the lines in W (*notes*, p 601) describing the storm on Coniston. These were already written, and he may have thought of introducing them before this passage

116-19 of [470, 474-5]

119-45 [74-99]. This passage, in which Wordsworth describes the beauty of 'the Paradise where I was reared', is strongly reminiscent in style, construction and phrasing of *Paradise Lost*, iv 208-47, and other lines in which Milton calls to memory various scenes famed in history or fiction, only to dismiss them as unworthy of comparison with Eden

in this pleasant soile

His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind

Cf also especially 'boon Nature' (128) with 'Nature boon' (*Paradise Lost*, iv 242) and 129 ff, with       sweet interchange

Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,

Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Forrest crownd,

Rocks, Dens, and Caves,       (*Paradise Lost*, ix 115-18)

For the comparison with Gehol's matchless Gardens Wordsworth draws on Lord Macartney's description, quoted by John Barrow (*Travels in China*, 1804, pp. 127-33). 'The Emperor was pleased to give directions to his first minister to shew us his park or garden at Gehol. It is called in Chinese Van-shoo-yuen, or the Paradise of ten thousand trees. We rode about three miles through a very beautiful park kept in the highest order. . the grounds gently undulated and chequered with various groups of well-contrasted trees in the offskip. . . An extensive lake

appeared before us, the extremities of which seemed to lose themselves in distance and obscurity. The shores of the lake have all the varieties of shape which the fancy of a painter can delineate. Nor are islands wanting, but they are situated only where they should be, each in its own proper place and having its proper character: one marked by a pagoda or other building, one quite destitute of ornaments, some smooth and level, some steep and uneven, and others frowning with wood or smiling with culture. In the course of our journey we stopped at forty or fifty different palaces or pavilions. The western garden

forms a strong contrast with the other, and exhibits all the sublimer beauties of nature in as high a degree as the part which we saw before possesses the attractions of softness and amenity. It is one of the finest forest scenes in the world, wild, woody, mountainous and rocky. In many places immense woods grow on almost perpendicular steepes. There at proper distances you find palaces, banqueting houses, and monasteries, adapted to the situation and peculiar uses of the place, sometimes with a rivulet on one hand, gently stealing through the glade, at others with a cataract tumbling from above raging with foam, and rebounding with a thousand echoes from below, or silently engulfed in a gloomy pool or yawning chasm. On a mound so elevated as perfectly to command the whole surrounding country I saw everything before me as on an illuminated map—palaces, pagodas, towns, villages, plains, vallies watered by innumerable streams, hills waving with woods, meadows covered with cattle of the most beautiful marks and colours. The 'Domes of Pleasure' (130-1) recall Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*.

159-72. Instead of these lines Y has the following passage, illegible in places, partly through rapid and careless writing, partly through the effects of damp. It was never corrected or incorporated into the text of *The Prelude*, and exhibits the loose and uneven texture of a rough draft. But its drift is perfectly clear, and it is deeply interesting, as a variation, with unique autobiographical detail, upon the main theme of *The Prelude*, the growth of the poet's soul under the interacting influences of Nature and Man.

The preceding lines (1-158) pay tribute to the happy union of man with Nature in Wordsworth's native country side, ll 159-72 tell briefly how the human associations of Nature fasten imperceptibly upon the child's mind, and the alternative passage found in Y sets this thought in an extended perspective. Wordsworth goes back again to the beginning, making as it were a parenthetical introduction, from a new point of view, to the argument of Book VIII—*Love of Nature leading to Love of Man*. Of this tendency to retrace his steps, to 'turn and return with intricate delay', he was himself thoroughly aware (Cf the opening to Book IX, where he compares the 'motions retrograde' of his course to that of a river that 'turns far back, Towards the very regions which he cross'd In his first outset'.)

The new point of view is stated in the opening lines 'We live by admiration and by love' etc In the *Letter to the Editor of the Friend* (1809) Wordsworth lays stress on love and admiration as motive forces in the education of youth In the lines before us these feelings are shown to be the source and feeding streams of our spiritual life, and the soul's growth is traced from infancy to manhood Love and admiration for Nature prepare the way for love and admiration of Man The babe, first at the instance of its elders, and then of its own accord, feels wonder and delight at the simplest objects in Nature (6-16), the child proceeds to admire things of 'Nature's rarer workmanship' (21-36), and then his mind is awakened to 'thoughtful wonder' by the inexplicable appearances that meet him everywhere in the works of Nature and Man (37-51) Fear mingles sometimes with his wonder (51-4) But by degrees his mind is lulled into acquiescence in the divine miracle, and in the 'name of God', the oft-repeated answer to his questions, he finds a satisfying solution (55-62) His perpetual challenge to other existences unlike his own gives place to a passive acceptance of their differing and independent life (63-79) The instinct of wonder, now unsatisfied by an outer world which he has come to take for granted, finds new food in the world of fable and romance (80-98), and of travellers' tales (99-109) But romance has its dangers, it tends to pervert the child's simple wonder and joy in Nature into a taste for the strange and the bizarre (110-19) Minds untutored by Nature advance no farther in after life they will always need gross stimulants to awaken thought and feeling (119-24) But the more favoured child, creature of sense though he is, apparently careless of the world about him, intent on his own pursuits, and regarding himself as the centre of things—though to the casual observer a mere vulgar animal—is yet haunted by the memory of what has impressed his earlier years (124-37) He undergoes a change which is like a 'second birth' Nature has early entered into his soul now her power begins to quicken his mind into a new and more active communion with the universe He realizes the boundless field for thought offered to him by Nature, and he enters with a fuller understanding into that experience, familiar to him from childhood, in which sense merges with spirit 'Bodily eye and spiritual need' seem now to have become 'one great faculty' (138-58) His earliest memories redound upon him The pure vigour of his wonder and love are revived, accompanied by a new reliance on the strength and independence of his developing mind (159-94) At this stage Nature becomes all-absorbing, and he shrinks from man with his sordid and transitory occupations (194-213) But this 'slight' of Man is only superficial his deeper sympathies have intertwined from the first the forms of Nature with the human affections, 'Habits of ear and eye' with their inevitable human associations are really preparing him for a fuller communion with his fellows The distinction between Man and Nature he finds to be unreal, for they are

indissolubly bound together, without Man Nature has no significance, even to its Maker (214-40) The passage is as follows

- Two feelings have we also from the first,  
 [ ? ] of grandeur and of tenderness,  
 We live by admiration and by love  
 And even as these are well and wisely fixed  
 5 In dignity of being we ascend  
 There doth our life begin, how long it is,  
 To pass things nearer by, ere the delight  
 Abate or with less eagerness return  
 Which flashes from the eyes of babes in arms  
 10 When they have caught, held up for that intent,  
 A prospect of the moon, or that with which  
 When, born(e) about on [ ] days, they greet  
 Unheeded objects of their own accord,  
 Discoveries of their own—a little rill  
 15 Of water sparkling down a rocky slope  
 By the way side, a beast, a bird, a flower  
 When these few works of earliest [ ? ],  
 Gifts and enchanting toys by [ ? ]  
 Thus [ ? ]  
 20 Become familiar, agitate us less,  
 Then doth an after transport, to the first  
 Succeeding lawfully, nor less intense,  
 Attend the Child when he can stir about,  
 Brac'd, startled into notice, lifted up  
 25 As if on plumes, with sudden gift of [ ? ],  
 By things of Nature's rarer workmanship,  
 Her scatter'd accidents of sight and sound—  
 The peacock's fan with all its [ ] eyes  
 Unfurled, the rainbow, or the Cuckoo's shout,  
 30 An echo, or the glow-worm's faery lamp,  
 Or some amazement and surprize of sense,  
 When it hath pass'd away, returns again  
 In later days,—the fluid element

3-5 Cf *Excursion*, IV 763-5 This passage is unpunctuated except in ll 16, 42, 43, 51, 62, 63, 65, 71, 85, 87, 89, 98, 100, 103, 105, 109, 137, 139, 144, 152, 173, 194, 199, 203

6 This line is deleted, in its place are written 4 lines, only partly legible

[ ] times of tender love are slow

[ ] motions scarcely visible

[ ] admiration that is near

To [ ] and spreads fast how long it is

9-11 Cf Coleridge *The Nightingale*, 96-105

13-14 All uninvited of their own accord

Some unregarded sight (deleted)

29-30 The echo, rainbow, cuckoo, and glowworm all haunt Wordsworth's poetry as they haunted his mind from childhood

- That yields [not ?] when we touch it, lake or pool,  
 35 [       ?       ] transparent as the liquid deep  
 And safe with all its dangers underfoot  
 Then everyday appearances, which now  
 The spirit of thoughtful wonder first pervades,  
 Crowd in and give the mind its needful food,  
 40 Nature's unfathomable works, or Man's  
 Mysterious as her own,—a ship that sails  
 The seas, the lifeless arch of stones in air  
 Suspended, the cerulean firmament  
 And what it is, the River that flows on  
 45 Perpetually, whence comes it, whither tends,  
 Going and never gone, the fish that moves  
 And lives as in an element of death;  
 Or aught of more refin'd astonishment,  
 Such as the Skylark breeds, singing aloft  
 50 As if the Bird were native to the heavens,  
 There planted like a star with these combine  
 Objects of fear, yet not without their own  
 Enjoyment,—lightning and the thunder's roar,  
 Snow, rain and hail, and storm implacable.  
 55 In turn these also slacken in their hold,  
 And the world's native produce, as it meets  
 The sense with less habitual stretch of mind,  
 Is ponder'd as a miracle, and words  
 By frequent repetition take the place  
 60 Of theories, repeated till faith grows  
 Through acquiescence, and the name of God  
 Stands fixed a keystone of the mighty arch.  
 Meantime, while we have been advancing thus  
 Through hesitations that do evermore  
 65 Revive; and when the impersonating power,  
 The faculty that gives sense, motion, will,  
 [       ?       ] is at length  
 Beaten of [       ?       ] betwixt the depth  
 Of our existence, and admits, though loth,  
 70 Divided sway, things, qualities that are  
 And not as we are; when the Child hath long  
 Ceased to enquire of his own thoughts whence Day  
 Whence Night, and whither they betake themselves,  
 Or, told of something pleasant to be done  
 75 When summer comes, no more within himself

42 the lifeless arch - of *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, III xlviii. 9-10.

50-1 Cf. *A Morning Exercise*, 26-30.

55 A correction of two lines of which is legible 'Brings somewhat'  
 (deleted) 'Becoming somewhat like a [?] The faith in turn less passionate'.

- Marvels what summer is, and when in fine  
 That great Magician, the unresting year,  
 Hath play'd his changes off, till less and less  
 They excite in us a passionate regard,  
 80 'Then attestations new of growing life,  
 Distinct impressions and unbounded thought,  
 'To appease the absolute neccssities  
 That struggle in us, opportunely come  
 From the universe of fable and [romance ?]—  
 85 Trees that bear gems for fruit, rocks spouting milk,  
 And diamond palaces, and birds that sing  
 With human voices, formidable hills,  
 Or magnets which, leagues off, can witch away  
 Iron, disjoining in a moment's space  
 90 The unhappy ship that comes within their reach,  
 Enchanted armour, talismanic rings,  
 Dwarfs, giants, genii, creatures that can shape  
 Themselves and be or not be at their will,  
 Others, the slaves and instruments of these,  
 95 That neither are beast, bird, insect or worm,  
 But shapes of all, and powers intemperately  
 Upon each other heap'd, or parcell'd out  
 In boundless interchange. Nor less esteem  
 Wear at this season the more sober tales  
 100 Of travellers through foreign climes, that shew  
 A face as if it were another earth,  
 As if another Nature flourished there,—  
 Bananas, palm-trees, citrons, orange groves  
 And jasmine bowers, or desert wastes of sand  
 105 Helpless and hopeless, or in desert woods  
 The enormous Snake that is a tree in size,  
 The burning mountain, the huge Cataract,  
 Or lands that see the sun through half a year  
 And lie as long in night, beneath the stars.  
 110 Meantime the Spirits are in dance if aught  
 At home of glaring spectacle or new  
 Be interwoven with the common sights

78-9 Y<sup>a</sup> Hath in our presence play'd his changes off  
 Till they excite less passionate regard Y.

84 *fable and romance* cf. V 365-89, 477-82 It is interesting to notice how fully Wordsworth draws his illustrations of the 'universe of fable' from the *Arabian Nights*. 'Trees that bear gems for fruit' and 'diamond palaces' are found in 'Aladdin', the bird with the human voice in 'The Story of the Three Sisters', the unhappy disjointed ship in 'The History of the Third Calender' I have not traced the story in which 'rocks spout milk'

86 Y<sup>a</sup> And palaces of diamond birds that sing Y.

99-100 *tales Of travellers* cf pp xxix, 602-5



- Which Earth presents, and contrasts strong and harsh  
And fanciful devices, temples, grotts,  
115 Statue and terrace sward and trim cascade,—  
In short whatever object savours least  
Of man's right understanding and [     ],  
Is least in nature, seems to please us most,  
Affects us with most vehement delight
- 120 Untutor'd minds stop here, and after life  
Leads them no further, vivid images  
To them and strong sensations must be given  
They cannot make these [     ?     ] without harm  
In the eye of nature     Just on simplest themes
- 125 The child, by constitution of his frame,  
And circumstances favour'd from the first,  
Grows in the common [     ], an animal  
Like others only, and [     ]  
Within him burns, he irradiates all without,  
130 Vulgar impostor seems and unrefin'd,  
Careless of Nature's presence, and unaw'd  
[     ]  
And his own person, senses, faculties,  
Centre and soul of all,—yet haunted oft  
135 By what has been his life at every turn,  
Unfolding a proud length of [     ]  
Why need we track the process? Then will come  
Another soul, spring, centre of his being,  
And that is Nature     As his powers advance,  
140 He is not like a man who sees in the heavens  
A blue vault merely and a glittering cloud,  
One old familiar likeness over all,  
A superficial pageant, known too well  
To be regarded, he looks nearer, calls  
145 The stars out of their shy retreats, and part(s)  
The milky stream into its separate forms,

118-19 Cf VIII 510-62

129 Within him burns Y<sup>2</sup>     Burning within Y

137-9 Cf I 513 *infra*, where Imagination is described as 'an Element of Nature's inner self'. Cf also II 341-8

141 cloud] written 'crowd'

145 Cf. *Recluse (Home at Grasmere)*, I i 122-3

Clustered like stars some few, but single most

And lurking dimly in their shy retreats

-Cf also Wordsworth's *Letter to the Editor of the Friend* (1809) 'Hitherto the youth has been content to look at his own mind, after the manner in which he ranges along the stars in the firmament with naked unaided sight let him now apply the telescope of art, to call the invisible stars out of their hiding-places, and let him endeavour to look through his whole being, with the organ of reason, summoned to penetrate, as far as it has power, in discovery of the impelling forces and the governing laws'

Loses and finds again, when baffled most  
 Not least delighted, finally he takes  
 The optic tube of thought that patient men  
 150 Have furnished with the toil [        ],  
 Without the glass of Galileo sees  
 What Galileo saw, and as it were  
 Resolving into one great faculty  
 Of being bodily eye and spiritual need,  
 155 The converse which he holds is limitless,  
 Not only with the firmament of thought,  
 But nearer home he looks with the same eye  
 Through the entire abyss of things And now  
 The first and earliest motions of his life,  
 160 I mean of his rememberable time,  
 Redound upon him with a stronger flood,  
 In speculation he is like a child,  
 With this advantage, that he now can rest  
 Upon himself, authority is none  
 165 To cheat him of his boldness, or hoodwink  
 His intuitions, or to lay asleep  
 The unquiet stir of his perplexities;  
 And in this season of his second birth,  
 [        ] a submission to a slavish world  
 170 [        ] making a redemption of himself,  
 He feels that, be his mind however great  
 In aspiration, the universe in which  
 He lives is equal to his mind, that each  
 Is worthy of the other, if the one  
 175 Be insatiate, the other is inexhaustible  
 Whatever dignity then he [        ]  
 Within himself, from which he gathers hope,  
 There doth he feel its counterpart the same  
 In kind before him outwardly express'd,  
 180 With difference that makes the likeness clear,  
 Sublimities, grave beauty, excellence,  
 Not taken upon trust, but self display'd  
 Before his proper senses, 'tis not here  
 Record of what hath been, is now no more,  
 185 No secondary work of mimic skill,

149 *optic tube* *Paradise Lost*, iii 590 The reference to Galileo is, of course, a Miltonic reminiscence (*P L* i 288)

185-9 Y<sup>a</sup> And imitations are not here that mock  
 Their archetypes no single residue  
 Of a departed glory [        ] a world  
 Living and to live Y

The lines in the text above are found on another page, but are obviously meant to come in here, though it is not clear how many of the lines in Y they are meant to replace.

- Transcripts that do but mock their archetypes,  
 But primary and independent life,  
 No glimmering residue of splendour past,  
 Things in decline or faded [        ]  
 190 What hidden greater far than what is seen,  
 No false subordination, fickleness,  
 On thwarted virtue, but (an) inward power  
 Directed to best ends, and all things good  
 Pure and consistent If upon mankind  
 195 He looks, and on the human maladies  
 Before his eyes, what finds he there to this  
 Fram'd answerably? what but sordid men,  
 And transient occupations, and desires  
 Ignoble and depriv'd? Therefore he cleaves  
 200 Exclusively to Nature as in her  
 Finding his image, what he has, what lacks,  
 His rest and his perfection From mankind,  
 Like earlier monk or priest, as if by birth  
 He is sequester'd, to her altar's laws  
 205 Bound by an irrefutable decree,  
 No fellow labourer of the brotherhood,  
 Single he is in state, monarch and king,  
 Or like an Indian, when, in solitude  
 And individual glory, he looks out  
 210 From some high eminence upon a tract  
 Boundless of unappropriated earth,  
 So doth he measure the vast universe,  
 His own by right of spiritual sovereignty  
  
 Yet who can tell while he thus [ ? ] path  
 215 Hath been ascending, in apparent slight  
 Of man and all the mild humanities  
 That overspread the surface of the heart,  
 What subtle virtues from the first have been  
 In midst of this, and in despite of [ ? ]

---

208-13 Cf *Excursion*, III 928-40, with Wordsworth's note on the passage  
 But contemplations, worthier, nobler far  
 Than her destructive energies, attend  
 His independence, when along the side  
 Of Mississippi, or that Northern stream  
 Which spreads into successive seas, he walks;  
 Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,  
 And his innate capacities of soul,  
 There imaged or, when having gained the top  
 Of some commanding Eminence, which yet  
 Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys  
 Regions of wood and wide Savannah, vast  
 Expanse of unappropriated earth,  
 With mind that sheds a light on what he sees

- 220 At every moment finding out their way  
 Insensibly to nourish in the heart  
 Its tender sympathies, to keep alive  
 Those yearnings, and to strengthen them and shape,  
 Which from the mother's breast were first receiv'd ?
- 225 The commonest images of nature—all,  
 No doubt, are with this office charg'd,—a path,  
 A taper burning through the gloom of night,  
 Smoke breathing up by day from cottage trees,  
 A beauteous sunbeam in a sunny shed,
- 230 A garden with its walks and banks of flowers,  
 A churchyard, and the bell that tolls to church,  
 The roaring ocean and waste wildeiness,  
 Familiar things and awful, the minute  
 And grand, are destined here to meet, are all
- 235 Subservient to one end, near or remote ,  
 One serv(ice ?) have in which they all (partake ?),—  
 Namely, to make those gracious charities  
 Habits of ear and eye and every sense,—  
 Endearing union, without which the earth
- 240 Is valueless, even in its Maker's eye

191-203 [144-56]. *Nor such as Spenser fabled etc* cf *Shepherd's  
 Calender* May 9-14, 19-24, 27-34

Yougthes folke now flocken in euery where,  
 To gather may buskets and smelling brere  
 And home they hasten the postes to dight,  
 And all the Kirk pillours eare day light,  
 With Hawthorne buds, and swete eglantine,  
 And gurlonds of roses and Sopps in wine

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,  
 I sawe a shole of shepheardes outgoe,  
 With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere  
 Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,  
 That to the many a Horne pype playd,

227 *A taper etc* Cf Wordsworth's *Letter to the Editor of the Friend* (quoted *supra*), where he describes the feelings of the schoolboy as he watches the 'sullen light which had survived the extinguished flame' of his candle 'This is nature teaching seriously and sweetly through the affections, melting the heart, and, through that instinct of tenderness, developing the understanding'

231 'tolls' written 'tholls', as though Wordsworth had started to write 'chimes' and written 't' over the 'c', omitting to delete the 'h'

236 The second word is clearly 'servant', probably a scribal error due to presence of word 'subservient' in the previous line. The last word of the line seems to begin 'part', but there is no 'k' in the latter half. Wordsworth may have hesitated between 'partake' and 'pertain', intending if he decided on 'pertain' to alter 'in which' to 'to which'

Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd,  
 Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,  
 To fetchen home May with their musicall  
 And home they bringen in a royall throne,  
 Crowned as king and his Queene attone  
 Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend  
 A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend  
 Of Louely Nymphes (O that I were there,  
 To helpen the Ladyes their Maybush beare)

Cf also *Epithalamion*, 207-8

And all the postes adorne as doth behove,  
 And all the pillours deck with girlonds trim

220. *my Household Dame* i.e. Anne Tyson Cf IV 17, 55, 208-21

221-310 This story, not in D or E, is shown by J to have been originally written as an incident in the life of Michael and Luke, and therefore must be the work of October-December 1800, when Wordsworth was occupied with *Michael*. It was first printed, with some errors, in Knight's edition of the *Poems* (VIII 224-30)

235-6. *that cloud loving hill Seat Sandal etc* Wordsworth used these lines more than thirty years later in *Musings near Aquapendente*, April 1837.

Transported over that cloud-wooling hill,  
 Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,

240. *Russet Cove* (printed by Knight 'Sheepcot' Cove) There is no Russet Cove in the neighbourhood of Helvellyn. Mr Gordon Wordsworth points out to me that the spot referred to is Ruthwaite (pronounced 'Ruthet') Cove, about a mile north of Grisedale Tarn and north-east of Dollywaggon Pike. Wordsworth's mistake is pardonable if we remember that he had settled at Grasmere less than a year before he wrote the line.

311-23 [173-85]. A passage which bears witness to a knowledge and love of Latin poetry with which Wordsworth is not always credited. Galaesus is a river in Calabria, flowing into the bay of Tarentum, celebrated by Virgil and Horace for the sheep that fed upon its banks, cf *Georgics*, iv 126 and Horace, *Odes* ii vi 10

Unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae .  
 Dulce pelletis ovibus Galaesi  
 Flumen . . petam.

Chitumnus was a river in Calabria whose waters were so pure that it whitened the coats of the herds that fed upon its banks and made them fit for sacrifice. cf. *Georgics*, ii 146-8

Hinc albi, Chitumne, greges et maxima taurus  
 Victimae, saepe tuo porfusi flumine sacro,  
 Romanos ad templa deum duxere triumphos;

Lucretius (now Monte Gennaro), a hill overlooking Horace's Sabine farm. Cf *Odes*, i. xvii.

Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem  
Mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam  
Defendit aetatem capellis

Usque meis pluviosque ventos,

Horace identifies Faunus with Pan, the pipe-player, cf ll 10-12 (utcumque dulci fistula . levia personuere saxa) 'Horace', said Wordsworth in his later life, 'is my great favourite I love him dearly'

338. *His flute resounding* cf Sonnet 'The fairest brightest' etc 3-4 O Friend 'thy flute has breathed a harmony

Softly resounded through this rocky glade

348 [211]. *Goslar, once Imperial* 'In this town the German emperors of the Franconian line were accustomed to keep their court, and it retains vestiges of its ancient splendour . I walked daily on the ramparts, or on a sort of public ground or garden' (I F note to *Lanes written in Germany*)

352. *Hercynian forest* The Hercynia silva in the time of Julius Caesar stretched over a vast mountainous tract of South and East Germany The name Hartz is derived from it

[241-2]. Cf IX 301-3

400 [266] *In size a giant, stalking through the fog* cf Thomson, *Autumn*, 727-30, where the poet describes how, when 'sits the general fog Unbounded o'er the world', 'o'er the waste the shepherd stalks gigantic'

409 [275] *Chartreuse* cf VI [482-8], and D W's letter to Crabb Robinson, Dec 21, 1832, 'My Br is very sorry that you should have missed the Chartreuse I do not think that any one spot which he visited during his youthful travels with Robert Jones made so great an impression on his mind in my young days he used to talk so much of it to me'.

419, 421 [285, 287]. *Corin, Phyllis* typical names from the classical and Elizabethan pastoral, cf *As You Like It*, and *L'Allegro*

427 [293], 448 [314]. Two hypermetric lines The MSS suggest no explanation in either case

441 [307]. *whencesoever* The reading of 1850 'wheresoever' is clearly a mistake in copying, first found in D, and from D copied into E

482 [349]. The change from 'three' (A) to 'two' (D) 'and twenty' puts the date right Wordsworth was born in April 1770 The time when 'two and twenty summers had been told' must, therefore, be after the summer of 1791 and before the summer of 1792 Garrod (p 58) holds that two and twenty summers necessarily points to the autumn of 1791, and adds 'it means that the interest in Man was not first acquired in France, as is commonly supposed, and under the influence of Beaupuy, but that it was this interest, which, acquired in England, took him to France for the second time in 1792' Against this view it can be argued

(1) When Wordsworth went to France for the second time (it was in November 1791, not as Garrod states in 1792) his chief reason, as he says in the A text, was to learn the language.

(11) His own account in *The Prelude* makes it clear that Nature was still first with him in the London period (VIII 860-9) and that the winter of 1791-2 witnessed a shifting of his love from Nature to Man. Even in Paris, though he 'visited each spot of recent fame' (IX 41-2), he 'affected more emotion than he felt' (*ib* 71) it was only after he reached the Loire that

my heart was all

Given to the people, and my love was theirs (*ib*. 124-5)

If my interpretation is correct, this shifting of interest from Nature to Man would coincide with his plunge into humanitarian politics and the dawning of his love for Annette (Dec-Jan, 1791-2)

490 [357]. Cf *Paradise Lost*, IV 264-6

The Birds thir quire apply, aires, vernal aires,

Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune

The trembling leaves

The 'minute obeisances of tenderness' (492-3) Wordsworth owed to the influence of Dorothy at Racedown (*v* XIII 226-36)

496. After this line Y has a deleted passage, parts of which were afterwards utilized in *Excursion*, IV 404-12 and IX. 437-48 But the vivid touch of personal detail, with which this version closes, gives it an autobiographical and poetic value absent from the lines as they appear in the *Excursion*

Whether the whistling kite wheel'd in the storm

Maze intricate, above me or below,

As if in mockery or in proud display

Of his own gifts compar'd with feeble Man;

Or facing some huge breast of rock I heard,

As I have sometimes done, a solemn blast

Sent forth as if it were the mountain's voice,

As if the visible [mountain made the cry]

(Here follow three illegible deleted lines.)

And hark again!

No other, and the region all about

Is silent, empty of all shapes of life,

It is a lamb left somewhere to itself,

The plaintive spirit of the solitude.

In those same endless rambles of my youth,

Once coming to a bridge that overlook'd

A mountain torrent, where it was becalm'd

By a flat meadow, at a glance I saw

A twofold image; on the grassy bank

A snow-white ram, and in the peaceful flood

Another and the same, most beautiful

The breathing creature; nor less beautiful,

Beneath him, was his shadowy counterpart,

Each had his [glowing] mountains, each his sky,

[And each seem'd centre of his own] fair world  
 A stray temptation seiz'd me to dissolve  
 The vision,—but I could not, and the stone,  
 Caught up for that intent, dropp'd from my hand  
 Why need I mention Tillers of the Soil? *etc*

The words enclosed in brackets, which are illegible in the MS, have been supplied from the corresponding lines in the *Excursion*. In the MS. the passage is entirely without punctuation

497-509. These lines were perhaps omitted in later texts because they interrupt the train of thought, but they are well worthy of preservation. They give a vivid picture of the occupations of the men and women among whom the poet grew up, and who were unconsciously leading him from love of nature to love of man. And the picture of Echo and her sister Silence, added to A, has a touch of suggestive beauty that recalls *Comus*

558 [406] *ff* *There was a Copse etc* The scene cannot be identified. Knight, finding no suitable spot at Hawkshead, suggests that the cottage referred to is Dove Cottage. But (1) if Wordsworth sat by the hearth in any of the rooms at Dove Cottage he could not have seen out of the door, as apparently he did, (2) he is obviously recounting an experience of his romantic and sentimental youth, and not of his maturity

583-4 [421-3]. *wilful fancy* *imagination* for the relation of fancy to imagination, and the distinction between them of XIII 282-306, and *Preface* to 1815 ed of *Poems*

604-6 [433-4]. Cf II 466-7 and *note*

[458-75.] This passage is founded on one of the experiences of boyhood which Wordsworth originally intended to incorporate in Book II. In MSS V and U they follow II 144, as follows:

There was a row of ancient trees, since fallen  
 That on the margin of a jutting land  
 Stood near the lake of Coniston and made  
 With its long boughs above the water stretch'd  
 A gloom through which a boat might sail along  
 As in a cloister. An old Hall was near  
 Grotesque and beautiful, its gavel end  
 And huge round chimneys to the top o'ergrown  
 With fields of ivy. Thither we repair'd,  
 'Twas even a custom with us, to the shore  
 And to that cool piazza. They who dwelt  
 In the neglected mansion house supplied  
 Fresh butter, tea kettle, and earthenware,  
 And chafing dish with smoking coals, and so  
 Beneath the trees we sate in our small boat  
 And in the covert eat our delicate meal  
 Upon the calm smooth lake. It was a joy  
 Worthy the heart of one who is full grown



To rest beneath those horizontal boughs  
 And mark the radiance of the setting sun  
 Himself unseen, reposing on the top  
 Of the high eastern hills And there I said,  
 That beauteous sight before me, there I said,  
 (Then first beginning in my thoughts to mark  
 That sense of dim similitude which links  
 Our mortal feelings with external forms)  
 That in whatever region I should close  
 My mortal life I would remember you  
 Fair scenes ' that dying I would think on you '  
 My soul would send a longing look to you .  
 Even as that setting sun while all the vale  
 Could nowhere catch one faint memorial gleam  
 Yet with the last remains of his last light  
 Still linger'd and a farewell lustre threw  
 On the clear mountain tops where first he rose

'Twas then my fourteenth summer and these wor's  
 Were utter'd in a casual access  
 Of sentiment, a momentary trance  
 That far outran the habit of my mind

Thurston mere is an old name for Coniston Lake

[471] See *Poetical Works*, i 1 (note in 1850), 1 e *Extract from the conclusion of a poem, composed in anticipation of leaving school (1786)*.

Dear native regions, I foretell,  
 From what I feel at this farewell,  
 That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,  
 And whensoe'er my course shall end,  
 If in that hour a single tie  
 Survive of local sympathy,  
 My soul will cast the backward view,  
 The longing look alone on you

Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest  
 Far in the regions of the west,  
 Though to the vale no parting beam  
 Be given, not one memorial gleam,  
 A lingering light he fondly throws  
 On the dear hills where first he rose

On these lines the I. F. note runs 'The beautiful image with which this poem concludes suggested itself to me while I was resting in a boat along with my companions under the shade of a magnificent row of sycamores, which then extended their branches from the shore of the promontory upon which stands the ancient and at that time the more picturesque Hall of Coniston, the Seat of the Le Flemings from very early times. The Poem of which it is the conclusion was of many

hundred lines, and contained thoughts and images most of which have been dispersed through my other writings'

It is characteristic of Wordsworth that this experience of his fourteenth year, when he could not have thought of leaving school, was turned into poetry two years later, and again, when he came to write *The Prelude*, in 1799

633 [487]. *As of all visible natures crown* Notice the theological limitation to man's glory added to the 1850 text

645 [500]. *eclips'd* eclipse (D, E, 1850) is probably an uncorrected copyist's error

679-80 [533-4]. An unconscious echo of Milton, *Lycidas*, 104-6

His *manile* hairy and his bonnet sedge,  
Inurought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower

688-92 [540-3]. 1e in 1788 Cf VII 73

688-709. Probably the worst written lines in the poem They are improved in the later texts, but remain very weak

710 [560]. *ff* Another passage in the Miltonic style ('sees or thinks he sees' is reminiscent of *Paradise Lost*, I 783-4, 'sees, or dreams he sees')

712 [562]. *Antiparos* a small island among the Cyclades

713 [564] *Yordas* near Ingleton, Yorkshire, and visited by Wordsworth with his brother John in May 1800 (v *Letters*, I 127)

734. *pressure* used in Shakespearean sense, cf VII [288]

741-50 [590-6]. Originally written to form part of Book VII (v *Introduction*, p xxxviii)

762 [610]. *punctual* 1e confined to one spot, a Miltonic use of the word Cf *Paradise Lost*, viii 23 'this punctual spot'

770. *Greece and Rome* For Wordsworth's interest in ancient history cf. I 190 (note)

774. *Stript of their harmonising soul* 'their' refers, of course, to 'events' (771) When 771-2 were omitted from the text 'their' should have been altered to 'its' As it stands in the 1850 text 'their' is ungrammatical

822 [664]. From Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xi 204 (note in 1850) But the quotation is of more than one line

why in the East

Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Mooring light  
More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws  
O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,  
And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught.

[680]. 'busy hum' of Milton, *L'Allegro*, 117-18

Towred Cities please us then,  
And the busie humm of men

## BOOK IX

12-17. The reading of A, and still more that of A<sup>2</sup> C, suggests that at the back of Wordsworth's mind was the opening of *Paradise Lost*, ix, where Milton turns from the delineation of sinless Paradise to describe  
foul distrust, and breach

Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
And disobedience, on the part of Heav'n  
Now alienated, distance and distaste.  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n

24 *Looking as from a distance* possibly omitted from D<sup>2</sup> E because it repeats the statement made in VI 695-6 of his feeling towards the Revolution in the previous year. But the A text of this passage (23-30) gives as a whole a more discerning account of what London had contributed to the growth of his mind than the versions in D and E.

31 [28]. *A year thus spent* 'Scarcely a year' E. The time was really much shorter. Wordsworth went to London in February, and from a letter of his sister's, dated May 23, we learn that he was then already in Wales, and though he was probably in London again in October, on November 23 he was at Brighton, en route for France.

34-9. A<sup>2</sup> reads

To lure the valiant saunterer from his Track)  
I quitted, and betook myself once more  
To that attractive land which I had crossed  
Erewhile in eager pilgrimage, but now  
Relinquishing the well-tried staff and scap  
I went prepared to take up my abode  
And be a Dweller in a pleasant town  
Washed by the waters of the stately Loire.

36-7. The reading of A disposes of the view advanced by some critics that Wordsworth was chiefly drawn to France by a newly awakened interest in man, and hence a sympathy with the Revolution. Cf. also ll. 74-9, 85-107, and note on VIII 482.

39 [41]. *A city on the borders of the Loire* i.e. Orleans, which Wordsworth reached at the end of November, at some date in the early months of the next year, 1792, he removed to Blois. As Professor Harper has pointed out, Wordsworth does not distinguish in *The Prelude* between his experiences at Orleans and at Blois. He dated a letter to his brother Richard on December 19 from Orleans, and on May 17 following wrote that he was 'overwhelmed by a sense of shame' for leaving so long unanswered a letter from Matthews which had reached him just as he 'was busy preparing to quit Orleans', since when 'day after day, and week after week, have stolen insensibly over my head with unconceivable rapidity'. At the lowest computation this would take us back to March, and Harper adduces good evidence (*Life*, i. 155)

that he was already at Blois in February. The 'knot of military Officers' (126) were certainly stationed there, for Blois, and not Orleans, was at the time a garrison city. Wordsworth was still at Blois when the king was *suspendu* on August 10 (*Memoirs*, i 15), and on September 3, when he dates a letter from there, but at Orleans in the next day or two during the September massacres, and also in the following month (v *Descriptive Sketches*, 1793 ed., 760-3). At the end of October he was again in Paris, where he remained till the end of the year, or possibly till early in January 1793.

41-51. *visited In haste each spot of old and recent fame etc.* All those 'spots' mentioned here by Wordsworth were 'of recent fame'. The *field of Mars* (43), in the west of Paris, was the scene of the Federation fête held on July 14, 1790, to commemorate the fall of the Bastille. The Federated States were invited to send delegates, and great preparations were made for the festivities. A huge *arc de triomphe* was erected, and in the middle was placed the *autel de la Patrie*. Fifteen thousand workmen were not enough to complete the work, so that the whole population was invited to volunteer. At the altar a solemn oath was administered to the deputies and to the newly formed National Guards, and here Louis XVI swore fidelity to the new constitution. But in the July following (1791), after the king's flight, a petition asking for the deposition of the monarch was exposed on the altar, to receive signatures. The National Guard under Lafayette was called out to check riotous meetings, and blood flowed even up to the steps of the altar.

44. *The suburbs of St Antony*. The Faubourg St Antoine, in the east of the city, and abutting on the Bastille, was the workmen's quarter, where much of the revolutionary violence was fomented.

45. *Mont Martyr* i.e. Montmartre, in the north of Paris, where revolutionary meetings were held, possibly in two convents evacuated by the order of the Government in the preceding year.

45-6. *the Dome of Geneviève* i.e. the Panthéon, in the south of Paris, was a church built to the classic designs of the architect Soufflot on the site of the old Abbey of Ste Geneviève. It was in course of erection at the outbreak of the Revolution. On the death of Mirabeau (April 1791) the Assembly wished for a place of burial, like Westminster Abbey, in which to deposit the remains of those who had deserved well of their country. Soufflot's building seemed well suited for the purpose, and *dans un transport civique* it was baptised, and 'henceforth received a soul and a meaning' (Quinet). It was still called Ste Geneviève, however, as the separation of Church and State had not yet taken place, and at Mirabeau's funeral the clergy officiated. Voltaire's remains were brought there in July of the same year, and when, a few days later, a petition was submitted that the body of Rousseau should be placed there also, the name Panthéon was suggested.

47. *The National Synod*. The National Assembly at this time met

in the *salle du Munige* or Riding Hall at the east corner of the Rue de Rivoli. The Hall was demolished in 1810.

*the Jacobins*: The Jacobin Club met in the library of the convent of the Dominicans, near the Rue Saint Honoré. The Dominicans were known as Jacobins because their earliest convent in Paris (A.D. 1218) was a hospice bearing the title of St. Jacques, and the name was transferred to the revolutionaries who met there.

52-3. *The Arcades in the Palace huge Of Orleans*: i.e. in the Palais Royal. On three sides of the courtyard arcades of shops had been built (51-2), and this was the chief centre in Paris both for business and for idle lounging (53-4). 'The beauty of the buildings and magnificence of the shops did not impress us', writes a visitor in 1787, 'so much as the crowds of people who flocked there at mid-day. It is the rendez-vous of strangers, of the idle Parisians, and charming women.' (J. Letacon-noux: *La Vie Parisienne au xviiième siècle*, p. 55.) Cf. also X. 83-4.

56. *hubbub wild*: cf. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 951-2:

At length an universal hubbub wild,

Of stunning sounds and voices all confused.

68. *incumbencies*: i.e. spiritual broodings or visitations. Cf. III. 115.

77. *Magdalene of le Brun*: Charles le Brun (1616-90), court painter to Louis XIV, painted this picture for the Carmelite convent in the Rue d'Enfer. 'It was regarded as one of the "sights" of the day. Religious music was played for the benefit of those who came to view it' (Legouis, *tr.*, p. 104). It is now in Notre Dame. Wordsworth never acquired any sound taste in pictorial art, and was able later to express a genuine admiration for the canvasses of his friends Haydon and Sir George Beaumont.

96. *the master Pamphlets of the day*: Among the many pamphlets issued at this time Aulard (*Hist. pol. rev.*) mentions those of the royalist Peltier, the *constituant* Drouet (*Voilà ce qu'il faut faire*), and the extremists Marat and Robespierre (on universal suffrage); also the anonymous *Grande visite de Mademoiselle République*, and *Deux Brutus au peuple français*. At the sale of W. W.'s library in 1859 'Lot 405' was 'Pamphlets and Ephemera—French; a bundle'.

107-10. *At that time, . . . Lock'd up in quiet*:

On September 30, 1791, the Constituent Assembly had dispersed and on the following day the Legislative Assembly heard from the throne the statement that 'le terme de la Révolution est arrivé. Que la nation reprenne son heureux caractère'. This internal peace was not disturbed till after November 29, when the strong measures taken against those priests who were not loyal to the new constitution began to embitter good Catholics. Abroad, the *émigrés* (v. note to l. 185 *infra*) had as yet achieved no dangerous success with foreign powers, and the king and queen rather feared their zeal than favoured their intrigues. Wordsworth's description of the state of things on his arrival in France is therefore quite accurate.

124. *patriot* Wordsworth could not be a 'patriot' of France in the ordinary acceptance of the term. But Camille Desmoulins in his *Révolutions de France et de Brabant* had given the word the special political meaning of 'republican'. Both here and in ll 295, 552, W W uses it in this technical sense.

126. *A knot of military officers* Wordsworth's first associates were all anti-revolutionary in their sympathies. Cf the letter to his brother Richard, December 19 'I had imagined there were some people of wealth and circumstance favourers of the Revolution, but here is no one to be found'. He had not yet met Beaupuy.

178. *Carra, Gorsas* journalist deputies of Girondist sympathy, who sat at the National Convention. Gorsas was the first Girondist to be guillotined (Oct 7, 1793). In 1840 Wordsworth told Carlyle that he was present at the execution. If this was so, and Carlyle is hardly likely to have misunderstood Wordsworth on a matter which would interest him so deeply, Wordsworth must have paid a flying visit to France at that time.

185. *To augment the band of Emigrants* The first *émigrés* were the extreme reactionaries who, exasperated by the king's early concessions to the National Assembly, left France with the avowed object of returning to reconquer the country for the *ancien régime*. On the general attack upon the châteaux throughout France they were joined, for reasons of personal safety, by many more of the nobility and gentry, and, after the flight of the king to Varennes (April 1791), by the majority of the army officers. They made their head-quarters at Coblenz, and formed later the nucleus of the Royalist armies ranged against France.

293. *Among that band of Officers was one* Michel Armand Beaupuy (wrongly spelt in l 424 Beaupuis), born at Mussidan, Périgord, in 1755, and thus fifteen years older than Wordsworth. He was of noble family, and descended on the female side from Montaigne, but his sympathy, and that of his mother and four brothers, was entirely with the revolutionary cause, and he was, moreover, a student, and widely read in the philosophy of the eighteenth century. For a full account of his life and character *vide* Legouis, *Early Life of Wordsworth*, and Bussière and Legouis, *Le Général Michel Beaupuy*. It is clear from M Legouis's researches that Beaupuy was well worthy of Wordsworth's enthusiastic but discerning praise of him, and that his influence on the poet's mind was only equalled by that exercised later by Coleridge. Before his intimacy with Beaupuy Wordsworth's interest in the Revolution was largely sentimental (of ll 63-79, 200-16) it now became practical, and reasoned, if a little doctrinaire. Harper is surely right in his suggestion that when Wordsworth drew his portrait of *The Happy Warrior* (less than two years after this sketch of Beaupuy was written) his French friend was at the back of his mind.

339. *Than afterwards* i.e. in 1793-5, the period with which he deals in Book X [X-XI]

368-9. *As just etc* the meaning here is not clear and the construction awkward Wordsworth probably means 'making the life of society as a whole as pure and as well regulated, as is the life of the individual wise and good man' Cf the remark made by Dicey (*Statesmanship of Wordsworth*, p 32) 'Beaupuy and Wordsworth were in 1792 democrats who hoped to obtain every kind of socialistic reform by means which would have met with the approval of zealous individualists'

413-22 [408-17]. *Such conversation Did Dion hold with Plato etc.* Wordsworth owed his knowledge of this story to Plutarch (v note to I 186-95), and the poem which he wrote later (1816) upon Dion is full of reminiscences of Plutarch's *Life of Dion* Dion was the brother-in-law of Dionysius the elder, tyrant of Syracuse On Plato's first visit to Sicily Dion became his disciple, and after the accession of Dionysius the younger (367 B C), a weak and dissolute tyrant, he induced Plato to return in the hope of influencing his nephew But his plans for the young man's reformation, though for a time successful, were undermined by flatterers and proved abortive, he was himself banished and retired to Athens, where once more he associated with Plato and other philosophers Plato paid a third visit to Syracuse in the hope of effecting the recall of Dion, but Dionysius refused, confiscated Dion's property and married his wife, Arete, to another husband. 'These things went to *Dions* heart, so that shortly after he shewed himself an open enemy unto *Dionysius*, but specially when he heard how he handled his wife . . . *Dion* from thenceforth disposed himself altogether unto war, against *Platoes* counsel and advise, . . . Howbeit, on the other side, *Speusippus* and his other friends did provoke him unto it, and perswade him to deliver *Sicile* from the slavery and bondage of the tyrant, the which held up her hands unto him, and would receive him with great love and goodwill . . . The philosophers do set forward *Dions* warres; many citizens dealing in the affaires of the commonwealth, did aide him, and divers of them also that only gave their minds to the studie of Philosophie. and among them *Endemus Cyprian* . . . *Timonides Leucadian*, went with him. The place where they appointed to meete was the *Ile* of *Zacynth* where they leaved all their souldiers . . . So *Dions* souldiers were embarked into two great ships of burden' (Plutarch. *Dion*: North's *trans*). Dion succeeded in deposing Dionysius (357 B C.) but was himself assassinated in 353 B C.

429 [424]. *He perish'd fighting* In this statement Wordsworth was mistaken. Beaupuy was dangerously wounded in Vendée, but recovered, and served the republican cause with distinction and unswerving loyalty till 1796, when he fell at the battle of the Elz, on November 19 (v. Legouis, p 214).

440 [435]. *High woods and over-arch'd etc.* Cf *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1106-7:  
a Pillard shade

High overarch't, and echoing Walks between.

452 [451]. *Angelica*: the heroine of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*

- (v Canto I 13) La donna il palafreno addietro volta,  
e per la selva a tutta briglia il caccia;  
nè per la rara piu che per la folta,  
la più sicura e miglior via procaccia,  
ma pallida, tremando, e di sè tolta,  
lascia cura al destrier che la via faccia.
- 454 [453]. *Erminia*. the heroine of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*  
(2 Canto VII 1) In tanto Erminia in fra l'ombrese piante  
d'antica selva dal cavallo è scórta  
nè più governa il fren la man tremante,  
e mezza quasi par tra viva a morta  
Per tante strade sì raggira e tante  
il corridor che in sua balia la porta,  
ch' al fin da gli occhi altrui pur sì delegua,  
ed è soverchio omai ch' altri la segua.

Wordsworth studied Italian at Cambridge under Isola, who had formerly been Gray's teacher

460 [459]. *Satyrs in some viewless glade etc* Cf Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I vi 13, where Una is rescued from Sansloy by the satyrs who lead her forth, about her dauncing round,

Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme,  
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,  
Do worship her as Queene, with olive gurlond croud

Cf also the picture of Hellenore among the Satyrs (*F Q* III x 43-4)

Now when among the thickest woodes they were,  
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,  
And shrieking Hububs them approaching nere,  
Which all the forest did with horror fill,

The jolly Satyres full of fresh delight,  
Came dauncing foith, and with them numbly ledd  
Faire Hellenore, with gurlonds all bespredd

The hermits (446) are possibly suggested by Archimago (*F Q*, I i 34).

474 [473]. *I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh etc* Cf. his feelings at the Chartreuse, described in VI [420-87]

481-91. *Romorentin Edifice of Blois Chambord Romorantin* (not Romorentin), a small château, twenty-five miles from Blois, beloved by Louise de Savoie, the mother of Francis I. Francis spent much time there as a boy with his sister. It was here that Louise saw the comet in the sky which was supposed to presage the first military success of her son at Marignano. *The imperial Edifice of Blois* was reconstructed by Louis XII, here the Emperor Charles V visited Francis in 1539. *Chambord* is on the plain of Sologne, nine miles south-east of Blois, and one of the finest examples of Renaissance architecture. Originally an old *maison de chasse*, Francis began its transformation in 1519, and on his return from captivity in Madrid the building and



decoration were his delight, and he lived there at least three years (1526-30). The episode referred to by Wordsworth must belong to this time. In 1526 his mother, hoping to dissociate him from Françoise de Chateaubriant, produced from her suite a young maid of honour, Anne de Pisseleu d'Heilly, who forthwith became his mistress, and was 'in constant company with the king in his daily examination of the progress at Chambord'. Of the three châteaux within a radius of ten miles from Chambord, and on the heights, Chaverney was not built till 1640, and Chaumont, which is on a hill and commands a long view of the Loire, was occupied after 1561 by Diane, and she did not come on the scene till 1537, when Francis's interest in Chambord had waned. The third, Beauregard, was a hunting lodge built by Francis, 4½ miles from Blois, and on one of the roads to Chambord. This seems therefore the most likely to have been the 'rural Castle' (483) whose name Wordsworth had forgotten, and Anne the lady to whom the king signalled. There seems no trustworthy source for the suggestion (taken by Nowell Smith from Hachette's *Guide*) that Thoury was the castle and the Comtesse of Thoury the lady—still less for Knight's statement that the lady was Claude, daughter of Louis XII.

536. *mandate without law* i.e. *lettre de cachet*, or letter expressing the personal will of the sovereign or his government, not a legal decision, and sent *cachetée* to the officer charged with the execution of the order contained in it.

539. *not*. So all MSS, but the sense clearly requires 'but'.

[547]. *repeat a tale* the tale of *Vaudracour and Julia* (note in 1850). *Vaudracour and Julia* was first published in 1820.

552-3. *related by my patriot Friend, And others*

In the 1850 version Wordsworth speaks of the tale simply as 'told by my patriot friend'. In the I. F. note to *Vaudracour and Julia* he stated that it was 'faithfully narrated, though with the omission of many pathetic circumstances, from the mouth of a French lady, who had been an eye and ear witness of all that was done and said. Many long years after, I was told that Duplignè was then a monk in the Convent of La Trappe'. This incompatibility has more than once been commented on, and M. Legouis has suggested that its object was 'to avert suspicion rather than to give information to the public' (*William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon*, 1922). But it is difficult to see why the mouth of a French lady would awaken less suspicion than the mouth of his patriot friend. The reading of A perhaps explains the discrepancy. If, as Wordsworth said in 1820 (and his statements of fact can be trusted), 'the facts are true; no invention as to these has been exercised, as none was needed', the events would naturally be much talked of at the time of their occurrence, and it is not unlikely that Wordsworth would hear the story not only from Beaupuy, but from others; among them, with much detail in which Beaupuy would not be interested, from the French lady referred to in the I. F. note. The statement, also made in 1820,

that 'the following tale was written as an episode in a work from which its length may perhaps exclude it', does not imply that its length was the only reason of its exclusion. Doubtless he omitted it in part to avert suspicion, just as he included it, in spite of its length, when he wrote *The Prelude*, that he might not leave without allusion an important episode of his own life in France—i.e. his love for Annette. He has been accused of a reticence amounting to insincerity in tracing 'the growth of the poet's mind' without any reference to an event which must have borne some part in that growth. The explanation is twofold. (1) Quite apart from his own feelings in the matter, it was impossible for him to relate the facts without causing pain to those who had every claim upon his consideration—not only his own wife and family, but also Annette and Caroline. On the other hand, he could hardly pass over the matter without some allusion to it. Consequently he adopts the compromise of telling the story in veiled language through the tale of Vaudracour and Julia. The fates of these two lovers were sufficiently like and sufficiently unlike those of Wordsworth and Annette to tell Coleridge (for whom, it must be remembered, *The Prelude* was specially written) the state of his own feelings at the time. Few students of Wordsworth, realizing how much his genius was dependent for all its greatest manifestations upon actual personal experience, will doubt that in the great passages of *Vaudracour and Julia*, which stand out all the more clearly from the inferiority of the poem as a whole,—the account of the ecstasy of young love (580-93), the exciting passion of stolen interviews (625-32) (ed. 1820, 94-101), and the distracted state of mind of the separated lovers (744-51)—Wordsworth is drawing on his own experience. Certainly Coleridge would so understand it. (2) This passion for Annette, overwhelming as it was at the time, could not have left him the same man as he was before. Yet in retrospect it seemed to him to have been transient rather than permanent in its effects upon him, and perhaps to have arrested rather than developed the natural growth of his poetic mind. It had, for example, none of that formative and continually stimulating effect upon his imagination which he recognized in the experiences of his childhood. Consequently, however vital a part of his biography as a man, it seemed less vital in the history of his mind. That it had more influence upon his mind and art than he believed it to have is probable, it can hardly be doubted, for example, that he owed to it that sympathetic penetration into the heart of the deserted woman, and the relations of mother and child, which is a marked feature of his poetry from 1795 to 1805. But it is one thing to differ from Wordsworth as to the importance of the episode in the development of his mind, and another to accuse him of wilfully misrepresenting that development.

It is evident from the amount of revision that *Vaudracour and Julia* underwent before its publication in 1820 that Wordsworth was deeply affected by it, equally evident that as a whole it is among the weakest

of his attempts in narrative verse. Its most radical fault lies in that part which was probably true to fact, but farthest removed from his own experience, i.e. the character of the hero, with whose meek resignation it is as impossible to sympathize as with the patience of a Griselda. But whereas Chaucer has the dramatic and narrative power to awaken, for the time at least, enough poetic faith to make us accept his story, Wordsworth completely fails in presenting a character so unlike his own, and the matter of fact detail which he supplies, often so effective and moving in his narratives, only makes *Vaudracour and Julia* more ludicrous, till in ll 905-6 it reaches a climax of absurdity difficult to parallel in our literature.

574 [24-9]. The image added to A<sup>2</sup> of two birds parted and reunited in the storm he had already used in *The Recluse*, I, written in 1800, of his winter walk with Dorothy to take up their abode at Grasmere

Like two birds, companions in mid air

Parted and reunited by the blast

582 *Arabian fiction*. For Wordsworth's fondness for the *Arabian Nights* cf. V 484-99 and MS Y (p 555)

594-5. *whether through effect Of some delirious hour* the obvious psychological explanation, which is ill replaced by the shocked morality of the 1820 version

910. Altered, doubtless, in later texts to escape odious comparison with *Othello*, v. ii. 303, 'From this time forth I never will speak word.'

932-3. This is an unwitting departure from fact, but it was only years after that Wordsworth learnt that Dupligné (i.e. Vaudracour) was a monk at La Trappe (v. I F. note, quoted p. 572)

## BOOK X

9-37. *The king had fallen etc.* On July 25, 1792, the Duke of Brunswick signed a manifesto inspired by Marie Antoinette, to the effect that if the least violence or outrage were done upon the king the allies would avenge it by a military execution in Paris. Two days later the Princes issued a declaration that not only Paris should suffer the extremity of martial law, but every town to which the king might be removed. These manifestoes, intended to terrorize Paris, only strengthened the hands of the more violent section, as a counterstroke, the Revolutionists led by Danton decided to depose the king and hold him as a hostage. On the night of August 9 the Tuileries was stormed by the mob and on the following day the king was deposed and confined in prison 'for his own security'. On August 19 the allied forces entered France and took Longwy (Aug 24) and Verdun (Sept 1). In retaliation the committee of the Commune, of whom Marat, Danton, and Robespierre were chief, organized the September massacres (Sept 2, 3, and 4), in which over 3,000 Royalist suspects were taken from prison and slaughtered. After the poor resistance of the Republican troops at Longwy and Verdun, the allied forces anticipated no difficulty in reaching Paris; but the French troops under Dumouriez made an

unexpected stand at Valmy on September 20, and early in the following month the allies had completely evacuated French territory. The Republic was decreed on the day of the victory of Valmy and was proclaimed on September 22. In the new assembly, which had just been elected, Paris was represented by Jacobin extremists, but the September massacres had not appealed to the country as a whole, and there was a large majority of moderates who were prepared to follow the Girondists,—if the Girondists would lead. Hence Wordsworth's optimism in ll 34-7.

The changes which Wordsworth introduced into the text of this passage are noteworthy, as showing his increased horror of the Revolution in his later life. The statement that 'in a spirit of thanks' to the victors of Valmy she 'assumed with joy' the name of a Republic is replaced by the assertion that it was an act of defiance and resentment, and prompted by the desire 'to taunt the baffled League'. Similarly he tones down the expression of his own enthusiasm at the time from 'enflamed with hope' to 'cheered with this hope'.

17. *punctual spot* a Miltonic phrase, *Paradise Lost*, viii 23 (of *The Prelude*, VIII 762). It is worth noting that, whilst this phrase goes out in later versions, the simile of the 'eastern hunters' is elaborated in the Miltonic manner, with a definite debt to *Paradise Lost*, xi 391, 'Agra and Lahor of great Mogul', and i 776, 'the signal given' (of the narrowing of the giants into pigmies).

19-20 [26-7] *fled in terror*. a somewhat exaggerated description of the retreat of the allied army from France.

29. *assumed with joy* 'Wordsworth was probably present on September 21 at the civic feast given at Orleans to celebrate the suppression of monarchy, during which deputy Manuel made a speech before the assembly. As a symbol of the fall of royalty, fire was set to a big wood-pile. "Le feu est solennellement mis à l'énorme bûcher, composé de fagots élevés en une haute pyramide couronnée d'un bouquet d'artifice qui bientôt tombe en mille flammèches étincelantes, et les citoyens se livrent à la joie qu'ils ressentent de l'établissement de la République française dans leur enthousiasme, avec les élans qui n'appartiennent qu'à des hommes vraiment dignes de la liberté, les cris de "Vive la République! Vive la nation française!" éclatent de toutes parts"' Legouis, *William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon*, p. 24 (quoted from *Histoire de la ville d'Orléans* by Bimbenet).

42 [51]. *The Prison where the unhappy monarch lay* the 'Temple', in north-east Paris, built in the second half of the twelfth century for the Order of Templars. When they were suppressed in the fourteenth century, it became the seat of the Grand Priory of France. The tower of the 'Temple' was a thick-walled building, square, and flanked with turrets at the four corners. It was demolished in 1811.

44 [53]. *the Palace lately storm'd*. the Tuileries, situated between the Louvre and the Champs Élysées.

47 [56]. *The Square of the Carrousel* a vast square in front of the Tuileries and only separated from it by an iron paling. It was so called because in 1662 Louis XIV gave here a magnificent tourney or 'carrousel'. On August 10, 1792, a mob composed chiefly of the Marseillaise and of workmen from the Faubourg St Antoine attacked the Tuileries, they were fired on by the Swiss guards, and many of them fell in the Place du Carrousel before entry was gained into the Palace.

50-69. A loose sheet containing these lines is extant. It represents a text intermediary between A and C, for it has throughout the readings of C, and 'dread' (66) is so written that it might easily be mistaken for 'dream', with the last stroke of the 'm' curled up.

70. *The horse is taught his manage*. Cf *As You Like It*, I. 1. 13 'His horses are bred better . . . they are taught their manage'.

76-7. *A voice that cried, 'Sleep no more'* *Macbeth*, II. 11. 35

83. *Betimes next morning*. From this passage it is natural to suppose that Wordsworth arrived in Paris on the very day, October 29, on which Louvet made his accusation, which would be hawked about the streets on the next morning. Louvet accused Robespierre of having 'perverted the Jacobin Club and exercised a despotism of opinion. These bloody men', he said, and he mentioned Marat also by name, 'wished to satiate their cruel eyes with the spectacle of 28,000 bodies sacrificed to their fury. I accuse you of having dispersed and persecuted the Legislative Assembly, of having exhibited yourself as an object of idolatry, of having aimed at supreme power, and in this accusation your own conduct will speak more strongly than words' (Report in *Morning Chronicle*, Nov. 3-6). Robespierre was given a week in which to prepare his answer to Louvet, and in the meantime popular feeling ran strong against him, and 'there was a marvellous clamour for the heads of Robespierre, Marat and Danton', who were burnt in effigy on November 4. But in his speech on Monday, November 5, he succeeded in turning the tide back in his favour. He denied any hand in the September massacres. 'They were', he said, 'the act of men raised to defend their country after the Verdun disaster. If people will lament, let them lament the patriots massacred by despotism. I am always suspicious of that sensibility which is exclusively excited by the fate of the enemies of the State' (*St James's Chronicle*, Nov. 8-10). It is easy to imagine Wordsworth's feelings as he saw 'with my own proper eyes' that Robespierre now 'ruled the capital City' (111), and that 'Liberty and Life and Death' in the whole land would soon be in his 'arbitrement' (110).

100-3. The readings of A<sup>2</sup> A<sup>3</sup>, given in the *app. crit.* are preserved, on reverse side of page containing ll. 69-92.

107-17. The Girondists were idealists whose speeches were full of references to ancient Greece and Rome, but they had no definite policy, and used all their efforts in a vain attempt to discredit the

Jacobins Hence, though they could command a majority they could make no use of it, and the power remained in the hands of the extremist minority Cf Coleridge, *Conciones ad Populum* (1795) 'The Girondists were men of enlarged views and great literary attainments, but they seem to have been deficient in that vigour and daring activity, which circumstances made necessary Men of genius are rarely either prompt in action or consistent in general conduct their early habits have been those of contemplative indolence, and the day dreams with which they have been accustomed to amuse their solitude, adapt them for splendid speculation, not temperate and practical counsels Brissot, the leader of the Gironde party, is entitled to the character of a virtuous man and an eloquent speaker, and his excellences equally with his faults rendered him unfit for the helm in the stormy hour of Revolution Robespierre, who displaced him, possessed a glowing ardour that still remembered the end, and a cool ferocity that never either overlooked or scrupled the means'

119-20 [136-7] *patient exercise of reason made Worthy of liberty* an echo of Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 1287 ff

But patience is more oft the exercise  
Of saints, the trial of thine fortitude.  
Making them each his own Deliverer  
And Victor over all  
That tyrannie or fortune can inflict

166-7 *Harmodius And his compeer Aristogiton* two noble Athenians who raised a conspiracy against the tyranny of the Pisistratae, 514 B C They lost their lives, but gained from the later generations of Athenians the character of patriots and deliverers

179. *Creed which ten shameful years have not annulled* Such was Wordsworth's faith in 1804, but evidently he had lost it before 1820, for the line does not appear in C

180. *one paramount mind* v note to ll 107-17

191-2. *Compell'd by nothing less than absolute want  
Of funds for my support*

Both Harper (1 178) and Garrick (p 57) have raised doubts whether the 'chain of harsh necessity' [222] was really an empty purse But the reading of A proves that interpretation to be correct

196. *some who perished* Brissot and his Girondist followers vainly fought against the growing Jacobin strength, but in the following June they were put under arrest in their own houses, imprisoned in July, and guillotined in October 1793

202. *To thee unknown* Wordsworth did not meet Coleridge till nearly three years later, i e in the autumn of 1795

203. *After a whole year's absence* Wordsworth was in France from November 1791 to December 1792 or early January 1793 The reading of A is, therefore, more accurate than the more decorative version of 1850 On his return he went to London, where he stayed till the summer

206 [249] *Against the Traffickers in Negro blood* The Society for the suppression of the Slave Trade was founded by Clarkson and Wilberforce in 1787 In the following year Wilberforce brought a bill for abolition before Parliament, but without success, 'in 1792 a bill passed the Commons but was thrown out by the Lords The Act was finally passed in March 1807 Cf Wordsworth's *Sonnet*, 'Clarkson' it was an obstinate hill to climb'

230-1. *Britain In league with the confederated Host* France declared war on England and Holland, Feb 1, 1793, England declared war in return, February 11

234-42 An important passage It is too often forgotten that it was not the Revolution, but the definite siding of England *against* the Revolution, that caused the first great moral shock to Wordsworth The Revolution had seemed to him

nothing out of nature's certain course

A gift that rather was come late than soon IX 252-3 (cf Garrod pp 59-61) And the shock was not less because, as he tells us in the A text, he had anticipated it from the hostility of English politicians But he had never realized what the effect would be upon his own nature

262 [286] *When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown* The English troops had some slight success at first, and the Duke of York besieged Dunkirk, but in September he was defeated in the Battle of Hondshoote, and obliged to retreat

269-70 [293-4]. *bending all To their great Father* a reminiscence of *The Ancient Mariner*, 607 'While each to his great Father bends'

280 [304]. *worst losses*. Wordsworth is thinking of the loss of the American colonies Cf note to 298, *infra*

*wean* Despite Worsfold's eloquent defence of the reading 'wean', it has no MS. authority But the 'r' in E might easily be mistaken for an 'n', hence the error in 1850

293. *The unhappy counsel of a few weak men* Note the omission in later texts of this attack upon the English government

298 [321]. *In that delightful Island* 'During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all calculation. This conviction was pressed upon me by having been a witness, during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country,' *Advertisement to Guilt and Sorrow*, 1842. Wordsworth's companion in the Isle of Wight was William Calvert, brother of Rais

310-11 *Tyrants, strong before In devilish pleas* Cf Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IV 394-5

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,  
The Tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds

314-15. *blasts From hell came sanctified like airs from heaven* Cf *Hamlet*, I IV 41

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell

318-19 [341-2] *who throned The human Understanding paramount*  
For this Chaumette, 'the glowing patriarch of irreligious belief', was chiefly responsible. On Nov 10, 1793 'Chaumette opened the Cathedral of Notre Dame to the religion of Reason. The Convention stood aloof, in cold disdain. But an actress, who played the leading part, and was variously described as the Goddess of Reason or the Goddess of Liberty, and who possibly did not know herself which she was, came down from her throne in the church, proceeded to the Assembly, and was admitted to a seat beside the President, who gave her what was known as a friendly accolade, amid loud applause. After that invasion, the hesitating deputies yielded, and about half of them attended the goddess back to her place under the Gothic towers. Chaumette decidedly triumphed. He had already forbidden religious service outside the buildings. He had now turned out the clergy whom the state had appointed, and had filled their place with a Parisian actress' Acton *Lectures on the French Revolution*, p 178

330-81 [356-415]. *Domestic carnage etc* The Reign of Terror may be dated from September 25, when Robespierre obtained a unanimous vote of confidence against the Dantonists. The 'Reign' was inaugurated by the execution of the Girondist leaders in October and November, and lasted till the fall of Robespierre on July 26, 1794.

339 [365]. *light* obviously the correct reading, for which 'like' is a copyist's error. If the 'desires of innocent little ones' were 'like', there would be no reason to apologize for the comparison, it is only apologized for because they were 'light', whereas those of the Jacobins were 'heinous'.

346-7 [374-5] *the faster In the depth Of those* The reading of D here is covered by the overlapping of the paper on which D<sup>2</sup> is written. The words 'Amid the depth', moreover, are cut through in D<sup>2</sup>, so that less than half of them is left. Hence E, in copying from D<sup>2</sup>, was at a loss, and seeing neither 'Appalled, astounded' in D which was covered up, nor 'Amid the depth' in D<sup>2</sup> which was cut through, left l 346 blank after 'faster', and began l 347 with 'By'. The editor of 1850 must have consulted C or D.

353 [381]. *The illustrious wife of Roland* Madame Roland, a leading Girondist, was guillotined on Nov 8, 1793. Her last words, as she looked on the statue of Liberty, were 'O Liberté, que de crimes l'on commet en ton nom'.



372-81 [400-15]. For this passage D<sup>2</sup> reads  
 Of those atrocities, the hours of rest  
 For me came seldom charged with natural sleep,  
 Such ghastly visions clung to me of strife  
 And persecution—strugglings of false mirth  
 And levity in dungeons where the dust  
 Was laid with tears, such hauntings of distress  
 And anguish fugitive in woods, in caves  
 Concealed, of scaffolds, implements of death  
 And long orations which in dreams I pleaded  
 Before unjust tribunals, with a voice  
 Labouring, a brain confounded, and a sense  
 Of blank desertion, treacherous cowardise  
 In the last place of refuge, my own soul

[407]. *fond* a printer's error for 'forced', the reading of both D and E But in E it might be misread 'fond'

[421] *call* E's error for 'care', but in D the top of both the 'r' and the 'e' is joined on to the bottom of letters in the previous line, so that the word could easily be mistaken for 'call' Hence the error in E and 1850 Note the theological turn given to this passage in revision, in place of the natural religion of the original reading, also the manner in which the confidence of the next paragraph is toned down, and the weak change of 'As were a joy to think of' to

To which the silver wands of saints in heaven

Might point with rapturous joy [484-5]

456 [498]. *the Town of Arras* Wordsworth passed through Arras on July 16, 1790 on his tour with Robert Jones, en route from Calais to Switzerland For his impressions of the state of France at that time v VI 352-425 and *Sonnet* 'Jones' as from Calais southward you and I' 1-8 Robespierre was born at Arras in 1758, and came to Paris as a deputy where he sat in the first legislative Assembly It was by his motion that all those who sat in the first Assembly were excluded from the second He became the chief speaker in the Jacobin clubs, and a leading spirit in dictating their policy He was elected President of the Committee of Public Safety in 1793 But though Chaumette carried on his anti-religious policy in the days of Robespierre's supremacy, Robespierre was never, as Wordsworth seems to imply, an atheist, but like his master Rousseau, a worshipper of the Supreme Being 'He denounced Chaumette's irreligious masquerades, and declared that the Convention never intended to proscribe the Catholic worship.' In March 1792 he had proposed a resolution that the belief in Providence and a future life is a necessary condition of Jacobinism, and in November argued that 'the essential principles of politics might be found in the sublime teaching of Christ' and on May 7, 1794, brought forward his famous motion that the Convention acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being' (Acton, *op cit*, pp 285-6)

On June 8 he headed the Procession at the Feast of the Supreme Being

458 [502] *gathered crew* a Miltonic phrase Cf *Paradise Lost*, vi 370

463 [507]. *As Lear reproach'd the winds* *King Lear*, III. ii 1-24,  
15 22-32

469. *this foul Tribe of Moloch* This description of Robespierre and his crew has an added significance when we realize that Wordsworth had in mind *Paradise Lost*, i 392-5

Moloch, horrid king besmear'd with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,  
Though for the noise of Drums and Timbrels loud  
Their childrens cries unheard

The reminiscence of Milton is made clearer in the reading of 468-70 in A<sup>2</sup> (inadvertently omitted from the *app crit*)

Than that which told me that this horrid crew  
Of Moloch, with their Regent, lay in dust

471 [513]. *The day* Robespierre was guillotined July 28, 1794 Hence Knight states that Wordsworth 'must have made this journey across the Ulverston sands in the first week of August' But it was certainly not before the third week On Saturday August 16 the first (inaccurate) account of Robespierre's fall appeared in *The Times*, announcing that he had been murdered in the Convention with poniards On the 18th there was a definite statement of his execution and a full report of the events which occurred on July 27, on the 19th, reports from Paris of what had taken place down to August 1, when all was quiet again, and a definite statement that on the 28th, at night, Robespierre had been guillotined

473. *From a small Village* probably Rampside, a village in Low Furness, Lancashire, opposite Peel Castle, where Wordsworth spent four weeks with his cousin Mrs Barker Cf *Elegiac stanzas suggested by a picture of Peele Castle*, 1805

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!

Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee.

Hutchinson (*Oxf W*, p xxvi) has thought that Wordsworth's visit to Rampside was in the long vacation of 1778 or 1779, but 1794 is much more likely There is no other 'village of far-secluded privacy' at which Wordsworth is known to have stayed at this time, to which he could have returned from this walk over Leven Sands moreover the description of the fulgent spectacle

Which neither changed, nor stirr'd, nor passed away (488)  
recalls significantly the language in which he describes his impression of Peel Castle as seen from Rampside

480-7. *In one inseparable glory clad etc* These lines ring with Miltonic echoes 'Ethereal substance', *Paradise Lost*, vi 330, 'in consistory', *Paradise Regained*, i 42, 'burning seraphs', *At a Solemn*

*Musie*, l 10 ('Where the bright Seraphim in burning row') 'the empyrean', *passim*. 'Fulgent' (487) is also a Miltonic word

493 [534] *An honor'd Teacher of my youth* In the churchyard of Cartmel Priory the following epitaph can still be read 'In memory of the Rev William Taylor, A M, son of John Taylor of Outerthwaite who was for some years a Fellow of Emmanuel College Cambridge, Master of the Free School at Hawkshead He departed this life June the 12th, 1786, aged 32 years 2 months and 13 days

His merits, stranger, seek not to disclose,  
Or draw his Frailties from their dread abode,  
There they alike in trembling Hope repose  
The bosom of his Father and his God'

It was thus 'full eight years' in 1794 from the time when Wordsworth, then a schoolboy, took leave of Taylor on his death-bed Cf *Address to the scholars of the village school of—, Matthew, The two April Mornings,* and *The Fountain*, all of which, as Wordsworth says, are 'composite' pictures, but owed much to his memory of Taylor, though the school-master delineated in these poems is an old man

515. *my earliest songs* 'The first verses that I wrote were a task imposed by my master, the subject, "The Summer Vacation", and of my own accord I added others upon "Return to School" There was nothing remarkable in either poem, but I was called upon, among other scholars, to write verses upon the completion of the second centenary from the foundation of the school, in 1585, by Archbishop Sandys The verses are much admired, far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style This exercise, however, put it into my head to compose verses from the impulse of my own mind, and I wrote, while yet a schoolboy, a long poem running upon my own adventures, and the scenery of the country in which I was brought up The only part of it which has been preserved is the conclusion of it' *Memours*, i. 10-13 (*q v* for the lines imitative of Pope; for the others, *v p* 564).

519 [555]. *rocky Island* known as Chapel Island from the remains of a small oratory, still extant in Wordsworth's time, built by the monks of Furness

560-7 [596-603]. Cf II 108-44, and notes

575-583 [XI 8-14]. The faulty punctuation of this passage in 1850, which has been noticed and corrected by several editors, is explained by a study of the development of the text. C, in omitting 580-1, forgot to change the comma after 'confidence' into a semicolon, and E omitted even the comma after 'seen'. So that 1850 had to reconstruct the punctuation for itself In this, as often, it was not successful.

599-605. *never dreamt*. . *Call'd to* a passage deleted from A, and not appearing in later texts, probably because of its awkwardness of expression. The meaning is 'I never dreamt that men inspired by the spirit of the early Revolutionists, instead of realizing the significance

of their achievement and the greatness of their mission, could suffer a change of heart and a fall from their ideal'

612 [XI 33] *an interregnum's space* i.e. after the fall of Robespierre

626. *conceited* · an obsolete form of the verb 'conceive' used also by Wordsworth in his adaptation of *Troilus and Cressida* (1801), 104-5,

All which he of himself conceived wholly

Out of his weakness and his melancholy

The whole sentence 'if the stream forests' was altered, doubtless, because of its perversion of an incident in the story of the deluge. The appearance of the green branch would naturally suggest to the plain man, and not only 'to gravest heads', that the tree from which it came was *not* dead, but alive

646-57 [XI. 62-76]. *Our Shepherds etc* Cf Coleridge, *The Friend* *Essay on Party Spirit* 'In order to oppose Jacobinism they imitated it in its worst features in personal slander, in illegal violence, and even in the thirst for blood' Early in 1793 the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and the law-courts filled with government prosecutions of those who argued for political reform, or seemed in any way to favour a policy sympathetic with France. Muir, Palmer, and others were tried for treason and sent to Botany Bay, and in the next year (i.e. soon after the fall of Robespierre—which Wordsworth has just recounted) the government made an effort to get Hardy, the founder of the Corresponding Society, and the organizer of political movement among the working classes, condemned to death as a traitor. He was defended by Erskine, and London, though anti-Jacobin as a whole, rejoiced at his acquittal. It is to the government attack on Hardy (acquitted Nov. 5), Horne Tooke, and Thelwall that Wordsworth specially alludes here. With this passage should be compared his remarks in his *Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff, Apology for the French Revolution*, 1793 'At this moment have we not daily the strongest proofs of the success with which, in what you call the best of monarchical governments, the popular mind may be debauched? Left to the quiet exercise of their own judgments, do you think the people would have thought it necessary to set fire to the house of the philosophic Priestley, and to hunt down his life like that of a traitor or a parricide?'

The A version of this passage brings a much stronger indictment against the character and motives of the government than do the later texts, in which its action is not denounced as impiety, and underhand perfidy, with the express design of undermining liberty, but is attributed, probably with more justice, merely to weakness and timidity.

658-757 [XI. 74-172]. Wordsworth now reverts from describing the conduct of the English government in 1793-4, to recount his own relation to public events from the time of his arrival in France (Nov. 1791) till his return to England. He is therefore traversing again the ground covered by Books IX and X 1-227.

690-728 [XI 105-44] First published in *The Friend*, October 26, 1809, then in the 1815 and subsequent editions of the *Poems*. The text of *The Friend* shows already those changes towards the final version which are found in A<sup>2</sup> C. In 1815 other changes appear in ll 700, 713, 715, 721. This does not prove that C as a whole was copied before 1815, for this passage might well have been revised with a view to its immediate publication and the corrections not inserted in a full copy of *The Prelude* till later. Coleridge was at Glastonbury when he wrote *The Friend*, and some of the changes may have been his suggestion.

704-5. In B, l 704 is deleted, and in its place is written

The budding rose (as could not but be felt

Among the bowers of Paradise itself)

The budding rose etc

This is deleted and the original reading replaced in pencil

758-80 [XI 173-94] Another statement of Wordsworth's feelings after the declaration of war in February 1793, and thus a restatement of ll 228-307

775 [XI 189] *wild theories were afloat* In February 1793 William Godwin's *Enquiry concerning Political Justice* was published, and there can be no doubt that in this passage Wordsworth is referring to its early influence upon him. For a full and connected statement of Godwin's theories, v Legouis (*op cit*), Leslie Stephen, *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, and Balfour, *Shelley, Godwin, and their Circle*, it is enough for the present purpose to recall that he was a necessitarian, that he denied the doctrine of innate ideas and insisted that sense-impressions and experience can be the only source of knowledge, that he exalted reason at the expense of the passions, and had boundless faith in the perfectibility of man when his passions had become subordinate to his reason, that he exalted the individual at the expense of the collective reason and hence rejected Rousseau's 'general will', and denied the right of government or society to coerce the individual either in action or opinion. Lastly that his writing was inspired with a genuine passion for justice and a noble humanitarianism. When Wordsworth says, in the A text, that he 'lent but a careless ear' to the 'subtleties' of Godwinism, he must be understood to mean that at first he accepted such of Godwin's creed as did not militate against his faith in the Revolution, but that he did not realize as yet its fuller implications. Thus at this time, if we may judge from *Guilt and Sorrow*, conceived on Salisbury Plain in August 1793, and finished before the end of 1794, he only accepted Godwin's necessitarianism (the crimes of the murderer being due to his circumstances), and hence his attack on criminal law and especially on capital punishment, his sympathy with the outcasts of society, who are what society has made them, his protest against wealth and property, and his hatred of war, and exposure of the calamities of war as they affect individuals.

During the next year (1794) the influence of the Revolution waned

before his growing tendency to accept the fuller implications of Godwin's individualism. The fall of Robespierre at the end of July reawakened his faith in the immediate future, but when Frenchmen 'changed a war of self defence to one of conquest' he became for the time a whole-hearted Godwinian. The question arises, when was that time, and how long did his subjection to Godwinism last?

Some critics have given the date 1798 to Wordsworth's recognition of the French as 'oppressors'. In this they are misled by the statement found in the second paragraph of the pamphlet on the *Convention of Cintra* (1809) to the effect that 'only after the subjugation of Switzerland and not till then' had 'the body of the people who had sympathized with the Revolution begun to regard the war against France as both just and necessary'. The subjugation of Switzerland was, indeed, the event which arrested the popular imagination, but it was significant of a change in French policy which had been noted by Wordsworth, and had brought about his second moral crisis, some years before. To accept 1798 as the date of Wordsworth's renunciation of France would be to falsify the whole chronology of *Prelude* X [XI], and that view is, indeed, falsified by all we know of Wordsworth's life and poetry in the Alfoxden days. He was doubtless deeply stirred by the subjugation of Switzerland, but politics were clearly not his prime interest at that time, and his moral crisis was over.

The date most usually accepted (Knight, Worsfold, Moore Smith) is 1796, when Napoleon undertook his first campaign in Italy, and Garrod has placed it slightly earlier, i.e. after the Directory (Oct 25, 1795). But even this is too late to fit in with my interpretation of his changing states of mind as recorded in *The Prelude*, and it seems to me more likely that Wordsworth is referring to the close of 1794 and early months of 1795. The change in the policy of the French was in reality dictated by necessity rather than by the definite renunciation of an ideal. After the fall of Robespierre the Thermidorians, with a treasury drained dry, had to choose between disbanding their starving army (with the imminent danger that it would refuse to be disbanded and that its generals would come to Paris and effect another Revolution) and sending it beyond the frontiers to feed upon other nations. They chose what was obviously to them the lesser of two evils, but to Wordsworth, to whom the Revolution was the ideal of universal freedom and brotherhood, this was the renunciation of their faith. In the reports of the progress of the French armies which appeared in the English papers of this period Wordsworth found plenty of evidence of French aggression. In September and October 1794 France had successes in Spain and Italy, and still more in Holland, where they demanded 10 millions of Antwerp and took hostages to ensure its receipt, in Germany they were fighting for possession of all country west of the Rhine, and this they had obtained by January 16 following. The conquests of France, it is reported in *The Times* of February 18,

'though they increase the glory of the Republic, are considered in Paris only as means of spreading ruin in foreign countries' 'For eight months', said Hauffman in the National Convention of February 24, 'our armies have subsisted on the produce of the conquered countries' 'Let the public wealth of Holland', said Cretier two days later, 'be carried into France It may be injustice, but any other policy is folly.'

There was plenty in all this to convince Wordsworth that the French 'had become oppressors in their turn' In the last months of 1794 he was at Penrith at the bedside of his friend Ransley Calvert In January Calvert died, leaving him the legacy which freed him from all immediate financial anxiety Forthwith he hurried to London to be able to watch the progress of events at closer quarters, and here he stayed till he went to Bristol early in September, and then with Dorothy proceeded to Racedown, Dorsetshire His change from faith in the practical issue of the Revolution to abstract Godwinism, I incline to date some time in the spring of that year, 1795, when he gives up his faith in the 'general will' and becomes for the time a pure individualist But in my view his complete subservience to Godwin satisfied him for a much shorter period than is usually supposed, and indeed was passed by the time that, in September, he went to Racedown At that time 'he had yielded up moral questions in despair'—a state from which he was rescued partly by Dorothy and partly by Coleridge 'about that time first known to me' (X 906 N B—W W and S T C, met in September 1795). The period of moral despair is often confused with that of complete Godwinism But Godwin, with his sublime optimism, was very far from giving up any question in despair Despair came to Wordsworth from that scepticism and disillusionment which was the inevitable result of his discovery that Godwinism did not satisfy his nature. His cure from this state was slow and gradual, and cannot be said to have been completed till the summer of 1797. During that period, while he had given up Godwinism, or at least found it unsatisfying to his whole nature, he could yet find no faith with which to replace it. Hence I take the view supported by Hale White and Legouis, but denied by Garrod, that *The Borderers*, written in 1795-6, though unquestionably Godwinian in plot, is written rather as an exposure than an exposition of Godwinism This is clear also from the essay, still in MS., which W. wrote as preface to *The Borderers* The essay was obviously written early (according to the I F. note, while he was actually writing the play), for it is prefixed to a much corrected and obviously early draft. 'The general moral', says W in that essay, 'is obvious—to show the dangerous use which may be made of reason when a man has committed a great crime,' i. e. that reason when it sins against the emotions is a dangerous guide. Garrod asserts that both Oswald and Marmaduke fail because they do not trust their intellects enough, i. e. are not good Godwinians But W's meaning surely is that they failed because they declined to listen to the call of the emotions which,

on Godwinian principles, they rejected as unreasonable. Certainly Coleridge would not have admired *The Borderers* so immoderately if he had regarded it as Godwinian, for though he went through a period of modified Godwinism himself, and addressed a *Sonnet* to Godwin in the *Morning Post* of Jan. 10, 1795, he was exposing the fallacies of Godwin before the end of the year.

820-30. *How glorious independent intellect* Cf the words put into the mouth of the Godwinian Oswald, addressing his dupe Marmaduke after Herbert has been left to starve on the moor

You have obeyed the only law that sense  
Submits to recognize, the immediate law  
From the clear light of circumstances, flashed

Upon an independent Intellect (*Borderers*, 1493-6)

Legouis points out that ll 822-30 are an exact poetical version of a saying of Godwin 'The true dignity of human reason is, as much as we are able to go beyond them (i.e. general rules), to have our faculties in act upon every occasion that occurs, and to conduct ourselves accordingly' *Enquiry concerning Political Justice* (2nd ed. 1. 347) Cf also *ib.* 1. 398 'He who regards all things past present and to come as links of an indissoluble chain, will, as often as he recollects this comprehensive view, be superior to the tumult of passion, and will reflect upon the moral concerns of mankind with the same clearness of perception, the same unalterable firmness of judgement, and the same tranquillity as we are accustomed to do upon the truths of geometry' The fact that Wordsworth soon found himself obliged to turn from the moral concerns of mankind and give them up in despair in favour of geometry shows that he was no longer a whole-hearted Godwinian.

838-9 [XI 253-4]. *And spread abroad the wings of Liberty etc* A reminiscence of Spenser's *Munopotmos, or, The tale of the Butterflie*, 209-11.

What more felicitie can fall to creature,  
Then to enjoy delight with libertie,  
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature'

In *The Beggars* (composed 1802) Wordsworth draws upon this same stanza of *Munopotmos* for the phrase 'a weed of glorious feature'.

849. D retains this line, though it should have been deleted with 842-8

850-6 [XI 259-65], *Enough no doubt . part* Cf 646-57 and note

863 [XI 272]. *my mind* altered doubtless to avoid the jingle of sound; though 'mine', with 'minds' in previous line, is hardly an improvement

869-70. *Having two natures in me, joy'the one  
The other melancholy*

It is interesting to notice that in the A text Wordsworth refers to an element in his character which was doubtless in part responsible for the hold which Godwin had upon him,—his addiction to melancholy



'Now it is a question', writes Mark Rutherford (*Godwin and Wordsworth in More Pages from a Journal*, p 209), 'whether Wordsworth's temporary subjugation by *Political Justice* was due to pure intellectual conviction. I think not. Coleridge noticed that Wordsworth suffered much from hypochondria. He complains that during the Scotch tour in 1803 "Wordsworth's hypochondriacal feelings keep him silent and self-centred". He again says to Richard Sharp, in 1804, that Wordsworth "has occasional fits of hypochondriacal uncomfortableness, from which, more or less, he has never been wholly free from his very childhood", and that he "has a hypochondriacal graft in his nature". Wordsworth himself speaks of times when

tears and fancies thick upon me came,

Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not nor could name

During 1793, 1794 and part of 1795 this tendency to hypochondria must have been greatly encouraged. His hopes in the Revolution had begun to fail, but the declaration of war against France made him wretched. He wandered about from place to place, unable to conjecture what his future would be. "I have been doing nothing," he tells Matthews, "and still continue to do nothing. What is to become of me I know not."

.. Hypochondriacal misery is apt to take an intellectual shape. The most hopeless metaphysics or theology which we happen to encounter fastens on us, and we mistake for an unbiased conviction the form which the disease assumes. The *Political Justice* found in Wordsworth the aptest soil for germination, it rooted and grew rapidly. [It] was falsified in him by Racedown, by better health, by the society of his beloved sister, and finally by the friendship with Coleridge. Certain beliefs, at any rate with men of Wordsworth's stamp, are sickness, and with the restoration of vitality and the influx of joy they disappear.

XI [287]. *felt, betrayed*. This is probably what Wordsworth meant, 'felt betrayed' (E<sup>3</sup>) being a copyist's error.

[XI 331-8]. *Whether in matters various, properties  
Inherent, or from*

The passage should read, as a glance at the facsimile page of MS E will show, 'matter's various properties'. There is no manuscript authority for the comma after 'various'. The passage had evidently puzzled Cartier, for he has written in the margin of E, 'Qy, is this sense?'. It did not occur to him, as it did to Mr. Gamod, who emended the passage correctly without reference to the MS, that 'matters' should be 'matter's'. One should add that the possessive apostrophe is omitted from several other places in E.

905-6. *then it was That Thou, most precious Friend* omitted doubtless, from later texts because the influence of Coleridge succeeded and did not precede that of Dorothy.

909 [XI 335]. *the beloved Woman* v note to VI 213-18

918 [XI 344]. *Than as a clouded, not a waning moon*. The 'and' in E, in place of 'not', is an error. When [345] was added, [343] was

omitted, and 'Than' [344] changed to 'Both' when [343] was restored, the 'not' of [344] should also have been restored

933 [XI 359] *not up* There is no manuscript authority for 'seal up all', the reading of 1850

933-4 [XI 359-60]. *A Pope Is summoned in to crown an Emperor* on Dec 2, 1804, a ceremony to which Pope Pius VII had been summoned. But when the Pope was about to crown him, Napoleon took the crown from the altar, and put it on his own head himself.

950-1 [XI 378-9]. *Syracuse, The City of Timoleon* Coleridge was in Sicily from early in August to the beginning of November 1804 (v *Introduction*, pp xxxvi, xl)

Some time after the murder of Dion in 353 B C (cf IX 413 ff, note) Dionysius the younger again obtained possession of Syracuse, but in 343 B C was driven out by Timoleon, who came from Corinth at the request of the Greek cities in Sicily, to repel the Carthaginians from the island. Timoleon took Syracuse and 'at the suite of the citizens, made counsel halls, and places of justice to be built there and did by this means establish a free state and popular government, and did suppress all tyrannical power'. He then defeated a large force of the Carthaginians and drove them from the island, establishing democracies in the different cities. He died in 337 B C. 'Thus did Timoleon roote out all tyrants out of *Sicilie* and made an end of all warres there. And whereas he found the whole Ile, wild, savage, and hated of the naturall country men and inhabitants of the same for the extreme calamities and miseries they suffered, he brought it to be so civill, and so much desired of all straungers, that they came far and neare to dwell there, where the naturall inhabitants of the country selfe before, were glad to fly and forsake it. For *Agrigentum* and *Gela*, two great cities, did witness this whom *Timoleon* did not only assure of peace and safety to live there, but willingly did helpe them besides, with all other things necessaarie, to his uttermost meane and ability, for which they loved and honoured him as their father and founder. And this his good love and favour was common also to all other people of *Sicilie* whatso ever'. Plutarch *Life of Timoleon*, trans. by North

969-70 [XI 394-5]. *One great Society alone on earth,*

*The noble Living and the noble Dead*

Cf *Convention of Contra* (1809), (Grosart, i 170) 'There is a spiritual community binding together the living and the dead, the good, the brave and the wise, of all ages. We would not be rejected from that community, and therefore do we hope'

986 *This heavy time of change* *Lycidas*, 37 'But O the heavy change now thou art gone'. The phrase was clearly put into Wordsworth's mind by his previous use of 'thou art gone' in l 981, *supra*.

998. *carrying a heart more ripe* i.e. more ripe than Wordsworth's was when he visited the Alps in 1790

1003-4 [XI 419-20]. *O Flowery Vale Of Enna*! Cf *Paradise Lost*,  
IV 268-71

that faire field

Of Enna, where Proserpin, gathring flours

Herself a fairer floure, by gloomie Dis

Was gatherd

1013 [XI 434]. *Empedocles* the philosopher of Agrigentum (fl  
c 444 B C), who according to tradition threw himself into the burning  
crater of Etna that he might be deemed a god Cf Matthew Arnold  
*Empedocles on Etna*

1014 [XI 435] *Archimedes* of Syracuse, born 287 B C, the most  
famous of ancient mathematicians He constructed engines of war for  
Hiero, when defending Syracuse against Marcellus, and is said to have  
been killed by the Roman soldiers in 212 B C, when intent on a mathe-  
matical problem

1023 [XI 444]. *Divine Comates* Theocritus, *Idyll*, VII 78 (note in  
1850) 'And he shall sing how, once upon a time, the great chest  
poisoned the living goatherd by his lord's infatuate and evil will, and  
how the blunt faced bees, as they came up from the meadow to the  
fragrant cedar chest, fed him with food of tender flowers, because the  
muse still dripped sweet nectar on his lips O blessed Comates, surely  
these things befell thee, and thou wast enclosed within the chest, and  
feeding on the honeycomb through the springtime didst serve out thy  
bondage' *Idyll*, VII 78-83, trans by Lang.

1039 [XI 470]. *a captive pining for his home* The reading of A<sup>2</sup> C,  
which adds to these words 'in querulous lassitude',—a vivid descrip-  
tion of Coleridge's habitual frame of mind, was quite rightly never  
incorporated in the text

On a sheet at the end of Book X in A, is a passage which, if not  
intended for incorporation in the poem, was evidently a reflection upon  
Coleridge's visit to Sicily.

Time who makes war on temples till they fall

Towers till they waste away, though Nature love

Their mouldering runs, cannot treat with words

Like an omnipotent—though Babylon

Be dust, and Agrigentum wrapt in weeds

Homer survives for everlasting praise

Plato for converse on the soil which now

Thy footsteps tread, the soil which once he trod.

## BOOK XI [XII]

Z, the earliest authority for most of this book, proves that originally  
the book began at l. 42, ('This History, my Friend, etc.'), for ll. 1-42  
are stitched on the front. It is headed 'Book 12th', which suggests  
that Books X and XI were originally divided as in 1850, and not run  
into one Book as in A. Z however runs together Books XI and XII

[XII and XIII] so that the number of Books would still be thirteen, and not fourteen

15-22. *And you, ye Groves done for me* In an early draft of *Nutting*, of which at least two copies are extant (these must date from the summer of 1798, for the revised *Nutting* was sent to Coleridge in October of that year) are found three passages afterwards used for *The Prelude*, of which this is one. It is thus introduced

Ye gentle Stewards of a Poet's time  
 Ye Powers, without whose aid the idle man  
 Would waste full half of the long summer's day,  
 Ye who, by virtue of its dome of leaves  
 And its cool umbrage (*pathways*), make the forenoon walk  
 When July suns are blazing to his verse  
 Propitious, as a range o'er moonlight cliffs  
 Above the breathing sea—And ye no less,  
 Ye too, who with most necessary care  
 Within the concentration of your groves  
 Restore the springs of his exhausted frame  
 And ye whose gentle ministry it is

*etc.* as in *Prelude*, but 'these' for 'your' (16) and 'to tell the world' for 'that I might tell' (21)

24-5. *when I was dead To deeper hope etc* The time referred to is clearly the spring of 1796 at Racedown, when Wordsworth, dissatisfied with Godwinism, yet having found no theory of life to take its place, had 'given up moral questions in despair'. These lines, fuller in A than in 1850, explain how it was that though he was 'dead to deeper hope' he could yet at times be cheerful, as both his own letters and Dorothy's written in the early Racedown days prove him to have been. They are thus a complete answer to Harper's scepticism as to his mental depression at this time (v *Harper*, 1 289-90)

59-60. *The man to come parted as by a gulph  
 From him who had been*

Of. Godwin, *Political Justice*, 1st ed 11 494 'Nothing can be more unreasonable than to argue from men as we now find them, to men as they may hereafter be made'. The whole passage down to l 137 sums up the influence upon Wordsworth of his Godwinian hopes that the world would start afresh on the basis of pure Reason. 'A bigot to a new idolatry', he does not seem to realize that the 'mysteries of passion' (84), so strongly rooted in his own nature, are the true bond of brotherhood to the human race. Hence he gives up first history and then poetry, and even Nature becomes less deeply valuable to him (99-120)

64. *Patriot, Lover* significantly changed later to 'warrior, patriot'. When Wordsworth first wrote the lines he would not allow the warrior, as distinct from the patriot, to be one of 'the great family'

121-37. An interesting passage on the dangers of the analytic or

scientific reason, though Wordsworth at the same time recognizes its value as a stage in mental development. Its result is presumption (152), superficiality (159), and a lack of penetrative imagination. Cf. *The Tables Turned*, 26-8.

171-99 [XII 127-51] The attitude to Nature described in these lines is that which he first experienced on his visit to Tintern in 1793. On his return to England Man had absorbed his whole interest, but after the war with France had brought about his first moral crisis (i.e. in Aug. 1793) he made a sudden return to Nature—

more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads than one  
Who sought the thing he loved  
  the sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion, the tall rock  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite, a feeling and a love  
That had no need of a remoter charm  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye

It is a new thing, and typical of his psychological state at this time that he should come to Nature fleeing from something that he dreads, i.e. in reaction from his moral sufferings. He now finds distraction in purely sensuous pleasure, from which moral feeling and all his deeper 'inner faculties' are excluded. This attitude to Nature seems to have been dominant with him until, gradually, his cure was effected.

191. *from rock to rock*. Cf. *To the Daisy*

In youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulent

199 [XII. 151]. *I knew a maid*. Stated by Knight, Moore Smith, and Worsfold, on no evidence, to be Mary Hutchinson, but the reference is clearly to Dorothy.

204 [XII. 155]. *barren intermeddling subtleties* of *The Tables Turned*, 26-8. Our meddling intellect

Misshapes the beauteous forms of things --  
We murder to dissect

214-21. *For she was Nature's mate etc.* These lines are the crystallization of an idea treated at length in the following rough draft, which is an 'overflow' from *Nothing*, and was written in the summer of 1798. It is carefully copied by the poet, but almost without punctuation. I have added stops, and printed in italics lines which are deleted in the MS.

I would not strike a flower  
As many a man would strike his horse, at least,  
If, from the wantonness in which we play

- With things we love, or from a freak of power  
 Or from involuntary act of hand  
 Or foot unruly from excess of life,  
 It chanc'd that I ungently used a tuft  
 Of meadow lilies, or had snapp'd the stem  
 Of foxglove bending o'er his native rill,  
 I should be loth to pass along my way  
 With unrepov'd indifference,—I would stop  
 Self-question'd, asking wherefore that was done  
 And ye who, judging rashly, deem that such  
 Are idle sympathies, the toys of one  
 More curious than need is, say, have ye not  
 Your gardens with their individual flowers  
 Which ye would spring to rescue from the hand  
 Of any rude destroyer *with the same*  
*Instinctive eagerness as if a child,*  
 Your own, *were sleeping near a lion's mouth* ?  
 Ye have my wishes for a recompense  
 The best which your devotion can bestow,  
 But some there are, and such as I have known  
 Far happier, chiefly one beloved maid,  
 For she is Nature's inmate, and her heart  
 Is everywhere, even the unnoticed heath  
 That o'er the mountains spreads its prodigal bells  
 Lives in her love, friends also more than one  
 Are hers who feed among the woods and hills  
 A kindred joy And blessed are your days  
 That such delights are yours For though we prize,  
 And by a [ ] law, the things  
 Our hands have form'd, and though, as I believe,  
 The love of order is a Sentiment  
 Inherent in the mind, yet does it seem  
 That each access of strength this passion gains  
 From human labours, by a course direct  
 Or sinuous, is productive evermore  
 Of littleness and pride  
 Then is he wise  
 Who with unwear'd diligence repairs  
 To Nature as to an unerring rule  
 And measure of ennobling principles  
 Eternal and unchang'd,—correcting thus  
 Deformities that steal by easy steps  
 Into our heart, and raising up his thoughts  
 From that abasement into which perforce  
 The mind must sink that hangs on its own works  
 With an exclusive dotage And the man

- Who has been taught this lesson will so feel  
 50 Its wholesome influence, with such silent growth  
 Of tenderness and gratitude will bless  
 His teacher, that even meanest objects,  
 Despis'd or loath'd or dreaded as a part  
 Of this great whole, insensibly will cleave  
 55 To his affection, that at length, by power  
 Of such communion, he will cease to look  
 Upon the earth as on some charter'd ground,  
 A spot where children unprov'd may act  
 Their wanton pranks, but it will be to him  
 60 A temple, made for reverence and love.  
 And thus by salutary awe controul'd,  
*E'en like a man still present with a judge*  
*Unwarp'd, unbias'd*, while he regulates  
 His notions of the beautiful and grand,  
 65 In him will admiration be no weak  
 Fantastic quality that doth betray  
 Its owner, but a firm support, a source  
 Perennial of new faculties and powers,  
 His pleasures will be pure, his frame of Heart  
 70 Sound, and a strengthening judgment will sustain  
 Affections ever strengthening For can he  
 Who thus respects a mute insensate form,  
 Whose feelings do not need the gross appeal  
 Of tears and of articulate sounds, can he  
 75 Be wanting in his duties to mankind  
 Or slight the pleadings of a human heart?  
*Hence too will he another habit gain*  
*Of precious tendency, for tutor'd thus*  
*He needs must carry into moral things*  
 80 *A like forbearance never will he touch*  
*The ark in madness, tempering thought with fear*  
*And love with contemplation.* Need I add  
 That while he fosters such regard for things  
 In which he finds no traces of himself,  
 85 By this pure intercourse those bastard loves,  
 Those low and fickle yearnings of the heart,  
 The wayward brood of vanity, must die  
 Within him, and benevolence be spread  
 Like the sun's light upon the open sea?

235. *As my soul bade me*. Notice Wordsworth's earlier insistence on natural emotion prompted by sensation only—'I felt and nothing else' (238) rather than, as later, on external sanction—'as piety ordained' [185], supported by reflection—'I felt, observed, and pondered', [188]. The change in the text really obscures his meaning

262-3 [XII 212-13]. *Or aught of heavier and more deadly weight*

*In trivial occupations etc*

cf. *Sonnet* 'I am not one who much or oft delight', and the lines which, in W, follow XII 165 (*infra*, p. 606, notes)

279-316. Mr. Gordon Wordsworth has identified the scene of this episode as the Cowdrake Quarry on the Edenhall side of the Penrith Beacon. Here in 1766 Thomas Parker, a butcher from Langwathby, was murdered by one Thomas Nicholson. Nicholson was executed at Carlisle on August 31, and his body afterwards hung in chains on a spot close to the scene of his crime. On the turf below the gibbet were cut the letters T P M (Thomas Parker murdered). 'The initials were thus those of the murdered man and not, as Wordsworth states, of the criminal. The story must have been known to the child, hence his terror. His visit to the spot must have taken place either when on a visit to his grandparents, or in 1776-7, when, with Mary Hutchinson, he was attending Dame Birkett's infant school at Penrith.

283. *honest James* not to be confounded with that James, one of his grandfather's servants, whose insolence was so galling to the Wordsworth children (v. Dorothy's letter to Jane Pollard, quoted in Harper, i. 76-7).

323 [XII 266]. *The spirit of pleasure and youth's golden gleam*. This line is repeated from VI 245, where he recounts this same visit to the Border Beacon, near Penrith. (For the difficulty in dating this visit v. note to vi 216-17). Hence the 'two dear ones to my soul so dear', words which he omits from 1850. The reading of A<sup>2</sup> C, 'with the maid To whom were breathed my first fond vows', is important, as it suggests that Mary Hutchinson was in fact the poet's first love, forgotten for the time in his passion for Annette. If so she was, possibly, the inspiration of the 'Lucy' poems also.

326-43 [XII 269-36]. A statement of the central point of Wordsworth's creed, that poetry is 'emotion recollected in tranquillity', drawing its inspiration and its material from the great moments of the past, especially from the scenes of childhood and early youth, when feeling is strongest. Hence, perhaps, the falling off in the inspiration of his later poetic life, which he might be said to prophesy in ll 338-9. Lines 333-4 owe something to Coleridge, *Ode to Dejection*, 47-8.

O Lady 'we receive but what we give,

And in our life alone does Nature live

It will be noted that ll 316-45 were not in MS V (1799), but were added when this episode was transferred from Book I to its present place in the poem. For the idea expressed in the whole passage cf. *The Waggoner*, iv 197-217, but especially the reference (210-12) to

a shy spirit in my heart,

That comes and goes—will sometimes leap

From hiding-places ten years deep

345 [XII 287]. *One Christmas-time*. December 1783, at which time



there would be three boys at school. William and his brothers Richard and John Christopher did not go to Hawkshead till two years later Wordsworth seems to have been in some doubt as to the number of horses sent, but two is probably correct. The scene of the look out crag has been a matter of much discussion, and three out of four of Knight's conjectures are based on the false assumption that the horses were coming from Penrith, whereas they were coming from Cockermouth. Hence their route would run either over the Wrynose Pass, or, *via* Grasmere and Keswick—in neither case through Ambleside, as Knight imagines. Knight's fourth suggestion—by Randy Pike—is just possible, but far more likely is Mr Gordon Wordsworth's—a short half mile north of Borwick Lodge, on the ridge that overlooks the road to Skelwith and the now little used track to Oxenfell.

345-89 [XII 287-335] Garrod (pp 207-9) suggests that this passage has an added pathos as written in 1805, after Wordsworth had received news of the death of his brother John. But as it is found in MS V, it must be the work of 1798-9.

367 [XII 308]. *two brothers* altered to 'three' in D text. Wordsworth could hardly have been mistaken, when he wrote, as to the number of his brothers, it is more likely that Christopher was considered too young to 'follow' his father's body to the grave.

382 [323]. *Advanced in such indisputable shapes* an echo of Hamlet. 'Thou canst in such a questionable shape', i.e. a shape that can be questioned. But it is the mist, and not its shape, that cannot be disputed with.

## BOOK XII (XIII)

31-2 [27-8]. *But lifts the Being into magnanimity*. Notice the significant change in the text, not introduced before 1832.

47-52. *seeing little worthy or sublime . beauteous world* another passage found in the early draft of *Nutting* (v. note to XI 15). These lines are found near the beginning of the MSS, and are thus introduced.

Well ' blessed be the powers

That teach philosophy and good desires

In this their still Lyceum, hand of mine

Wrought not this rum—I am guiltless here—

For, seeing little worthy or sublime

*etc.* as A text, but with 'I was early taught' for 'early tutor'd me' (49)

66-8.

*I sought*

*For good in the familiar face of life*

*And built thereon my hopes of good to come*

a contrast, deliberately stated, with his faith when as a Godwinian he had hope to see,

I mean that future times would surely see,

The man to come parted as by a gulph

From him who had been. (XI. 57-60)

The 'individual man', in whom he is now interested, is 'no composition of the thought, Abstraction, image, shadow' (i.e. the ideal man of Godwin's *Political Justice*). The lines that follow (97-218) describe the frame of mind in which, as a revulsion from Godwinism, Wordsworth set himself to compose the more homely of the *Lyrical Ballads*. The attribution of 'genuine knowledge' to the rustic in 1799 (altered later to the less debatable 'genuine virtue') was a definite defiance of Godwin. 'Godwin', says Legouis (*ib.*, p. 307) 'had taught him to believe that virtue was dependent on the intelligence, which can itself be exercised only on knowledge already acquired. He had said that "in order to choose the greatest possible good" one "must be deeply acquainted with the nature of man, its general features and varieties"' (*Pol. Just.*, 1st ed., p. 232-3). He had asserted that "virtue cannot exist in an eminent degree, unaccompanied by an extensive survey of causes and their consequences" (*ib.*, p. 232). He had sneered at Tertullian for saying "that the most ignorant peasant under the Christian dispensation possessed more real knowledge than the wisest of ancient philosophers", and had shown the absurdity of pretending that "an honest ploughman could be as virtuous as Cato" (*ib.*, p. 254)'

149-50. *one bare steep Beyond the limits which my feet had trod* i.e. the road to the village of Isel over the Hay or Watch Hill, which can be seen from the garden and the back of the house at Cockermouth where Wordsworth passed the first years of his life

185-204. A passage found in J, and therefore written before 1802, probably in 1800.

223-77. This passage was first printed as the conclusion of the Appendix to *Poems 1835 (Of legislation for the Poor, the Working Classes, and the Clergy)*

231-97. The whole of this passage should be compared with the lines written in 1798 and afterwards printed as the *Prospectus to The Excursion*, and also with the *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*, 1802, especially with that part in which Wordsworth defends his choice of subject. 'Low and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language, because in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated, because the manners of rural life germinate from these elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable, and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature.' Cf. also the passage which follows, on the language of men of humble and rustic life, with li 253-64

357-65. *who for my delight Hast said . . . reflected*: 'I was in my twenty-fourth year, when I had the happiness of knowing Mr. Wordsworth personally, and while memory lasts, I shall hardly forget the sudden effect produced on my mind, by his recitation of a manuscript poem, which still remains unpublished,<sup>1</sup> but of which the stanza, and tone of style, were the same as those of the *Female Vagrant*, as originally printed in the first volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*. There was here no mark of strained thought, or forced diction, no crowd or turbulence of imagery; and as the poet hath himself well described in his lines "on revisiting the Wye", manly reflection, and human associations had given both variety, and an additional interest to natural objects, which in the passion and appetite of the first love they had seemed to him neither to need or permit. . . . It was not however the freedom from false taste, whether as to common defects, or to those more properly his own, which made so unusual an impression on my feelings immediately, and subsequently on my judgment. It was the union of deep feeling with profound thought; the fine balance of truth in observing, with the imaginative faculty in modifying the objects observed: and above all the original gift of spreading the tone, the atmosphere, and with it the depth and height of the ideal world around forms, incidents and situations, of which, for the common view, custom had bedimmed all the lustre, had dried up the sparkle and the dew drops.' Coleridge: *Biographia Literaria*, ch. 4. Professor Garrod and Mr. Nowell Smith have independently suggested that in this passage Wordsworth 'in effect quotes and versifies from the *Biographia Literaria*' (published 1817). But the reading of A (1805-6) proves that the borrowing, if any, was the other way. More probably, both Wordsworth in this passage and Coleridge *op. cit.* are recalling an actual conversation which remained an ineffaceable memory with both.

365-7. *Call we this . . . friendship*: it is noticeable that in the A text Wordsworth makes no mention of himself and Coleridge being 'as strangers' when *Guilt and Sorrow* was read; nor indeed were they. It is clear that in later versions Wordsworth is confusing and combining the impression made on Coleridge by *Guilt and Sorrow* with that of *Descriptive Sketches* some time earlier. Cf. ch. 4, *Biog. Lit.* 'During

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<sup>1</sup> *Guilt and Sorrow* was published complete, but doubtless much altered, in 1842. What was read to Coleridge in 1796 must have included the stanzas withheld till then. Hence the confusion of his statement, which suggests that what he heard was not *The Female Vagrant*, but a different poem.

the last year of my residence at Cambridge, I became acquainted with Mr Wordsworth's first publication entitled *Descriptive Sketches*, and seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced'

369-79. This passage in its original form expresses a vital element in Wordsworth's thought, and puts into intellectual terms a part of his own deepest experience. The growth of his mind was bound up with a process of continual action and interaction between his own inner life and the world without

my mind hath look'd  
Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven  
As her prime Teacher, intercourse with man  
Establish'd by the sovereign Intellect  
Who through that bodily image hath diffus'd  
A soul divine which we participate,  
A deathless spirit (V 11-17)

Herc he differed from Coleridge, who held that  
we receive but what we give

And in our life alone doth Nature live  
To Wordsworth, as to Coleridge, the poetic mind was creative, but unlike Coleridge, he held that it was stimulated and worked upon by the creative power of Nature, since Nature was possessed by that same divine being, which ran through all things, of whose presence he was conscious in his 'own interior life'. Hence the poet is a *sensitive* being, a *creative* soul (XI 257). The first version of this passage simply asserts that the source of our inner life, 'that whence our dignity originates', is an active power which maintains a continual interaction between the mind and the objects of its vision, and is itself 'the excellence, pure spirit, and best power' of both. The later version substitutes for this 'power' a system of 'fixed laws', and makes the 'spirit' into a 'function', thus covering up the true significance of the passage in its relation with his earlier Pantheism

## BOOK XIII (XIV)

2. *with a youthful friend* Robert Jones (v VI 339 and note) This excursion was in the summer of 1793, after the visit to Salisbury Plain (XII. 312-53) and Tintern Abbey (XI 186-95, *Lines composed above Tintern Abbey*, 67-83)

5-8. A has two other readings (omitted from the *apparatus criticus*).

- (1) Having reached  
A cottage seated near the mountain's base  
In a green hollow, at the silent door  
We knocked and to fulfill our purpose, roused  
From sleep the shepherd who by ancient right

- (ii)                      Soon was reached  
 A ragged cottage at the Mountain's base  
 Where knocking at the silent door, we roused  
 From sleep the shepherd, who by antient right.

[63-76]. A leaf tacked on to the end of A contains what appears to be the first draft of the reading of D<sup>2</sup> E. After 'When into air . . . Mind' [70] as D<sup>2</sup> E, it goes on:

Through her own world, for depth for height, for width  
 And for the fellowship of silent light  
 With speaking darkness—opening her embrace  
 A mind that feeds upon infinity  
 Sustained by more than perishable power  
 In sense subservient to ideal form.

[71-2]. *that broods Over the dark abyss*: Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 21.

71. *underpresence*: Note the significance of Wordsworth's use of nouns compounded with the prefix 'under'. Here, 'underpresence' and 'underconsciousness' (A<sup>2</sup>, B<sup>2</sup>,—neither of them in the *Oxford Dictionary*), 'underpowers' (I. 163; *Oxf. Dict.* gives no other ex.), 'undersoul' (III. 540; *Oxf. Dict.*, no ex. before 1868), 'undercountenance' (VI. 236; not in *Oxf. Dict.*), 'underthirst' (VI. 489 [558]); not in *Oxf. Dict.*). He needed these words to express his profound consciousness of that mysterious life which lies deep down below our ordinary, everyday experience, and whence we draw our power—that one interior life:

In which all beings live with God, themselves  
 Aro God, existing in the mighty whole (II. 220-37 and *note*.)

The relation of this conception to the subconscious or subliminal self of the modern psychologist is obvious.

81-3. The reading of A<sup>2</sup> is a correction of:

Doth make one object with a subtle reach  
 And comprehensive sway impress its virtue  
 Upon all others till the whole reflect  
 Upon all others and their several frames  
 Pervade, to such an eminent degree  
 That even the grossest minds etc.

95. After 'Trafficking with immeasurable thoughts' W goes on: <sup>1</sup>

Of tracing this analogy betwixt  
 The mind of man and nature, doth the scene  
 Which from the side of Snowdon I beheld  
 Rise up before me, follow'd too in turn  
 By sundry others, whence I will select

5

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To this one scene which I from Snowdon's breast  
 Beheld might more be added to set forth  
 The manner in which oftener Nature works  
 Herself upon the outward face of things  
 As if with an imaginative power. (*alternative lines on another page of W.*)

A portion, living pictures to embody  
This pleasing argument

- It was a day
- Upon the edge of Autumn, fierce with storm,  
The wind blew through the hills of Coniston  
10 Compress'd as in a tunnel, from the lake  
Bodies of foam took flight, and the whole vale  
Was wrought into commotion high and low—  
Mist flying up and down, bewilder'd showers,  
Ten thousand thousand waves, mountains and crags,  
15 And darkness, and the sun's tumultuous light  
Green leaves were rent in handfuls from the trees,  
The mountains all seem'd silent, din so near  
Pealed in the traveller's ear, the clouds [ ' ]  
The horse and rider stagger'd in the blast,  
20 And he who look'd upon the stormy lake  
Had fear for boat or vessel where none was  
Meanwhile, by what strange chance I cannot tell,  
What combination of the wind and clouds,  
A large unmutate(d) rainbow stood  
25 Immoveable in heav'n, kept standing there  
With a colossal stride bridging the vale,  
The substance thin as dreams, lovelier than day,—  
Amid the deafening uproar stood unmov'd,  
Sustain'd itself through many minutes space,  
30 As if it were pinn'd down by adamant  
One evening, walking in the public way,  
A Peasant of the valley where I dwelt  
Being my chance Companion, he stopp'd short  
And pointed to an object full in view  
35 At a small distance 'Twas a horse, that stood  
Alone upon a little breast of ground  
With a clear silver moonlight sky behind  
With one leg from the ground the creature stood  
Insensible and still,—breath, motion gone,  
40 Hairs, colour, all but shape and substance gone,  
Mane, ears, and tail, as lifeless as the trunk  
That had no stir of breath, we paused awhile

7-30 No punctuation in W, except after 'tunnel' (10), 'darkness' (15), and 'adamant' (30)

13 W<sup>2</sup>: A roaring wind mist and bewilder'd showers W

17 The mountains all W<sup>2</sup> All distant things W

18 W<sup>2</sup>: Block'd up the listener's ear W

26 W<sup>2</sup>: With stride colossal bridging the whole vale W

35-47 No punctuation in W except commas after 'still' (39) and 'breath' (42)

38 leg] written 'left' 40 Hairs For this rather unusual plural cf. *Sonnet*, 'Brook' whose society' etc l 10

- In pleasure of the sight, and left him there  
 With all his functions silently sealed up,  
 45 Like an amphibious work of Nature's hand,  
 A Borderer dwelling betwixt life and death,  
 A living Statue or a statued Life  
 To these appearances which Nature thrust  
 Upon our notice, her own naked work  
 50 Self wrought, unaided by the human mind,  
 Add others more imperious, those I mean  
 Which on our sight she forces, calling man  
 To give new grandeur to her ministry,  
 Man suffering or enjoying Meanest minds  
 55 Want not these monuments, though overlook'd  
 And little prized, and books are full of them,—  
 Such power,—to pass at once from daily life  
 And our inevitable sympathy  
 With passions mingled up before our eyes,—  
 60 Such presence is acknowledg'd, when we trace  
 The history of Columbus, think of him  
 And of his followers when, in unknown seas  
 Far travell'd, first they saw the needle take  
 Another course, and faltering in its office  
 65 Turn from the Pole. Such object doth present,

48-104 No punctuation in W except after 'enjoying' (54) 'priz'd', 'them' (56) 'course' (64) 'more' (70) 'eye' (81) 'Africa' (82) 'us' (89) 'on' (95) 'calm', 'at length' (101) 'bow' (103) 'purpose' (108) and 'length' (111).  
 51 more imperious W<sup>2</sup> still more obvious W 52 calling W<sup>2</sup> taking W.  
 55-6 though . priz'd W<sup>2</sup> if they would look Back on the past W.  
 60-4 Such power was with Columbus and his crew  
 When first far travell'd into unknown seas

They saw the needle faltering in its office W,  
 followed by short and partly illegible version of 65-79 W<sup>2</sup> as text. The story of Columbus would be familiar to Wordsworth from many Collections of travels. He certainly knew *The Life and Actions of C. Columbus* by his son Ferdinand Columbus, where he read 'He also perceived, that at night the compass vary'd a whole point to the NW, and at break of day it came right with the Star. These things confounded the Pilots, till he told them the cause of it was the compass the star took about the Pole, which was some satisfaction to them, for this variation made them apprehend some danger in such an unknown distance from Home and such strange Regions.'

65-79 Wordsworth owes this story to the *Report of the Voyage 1583* by Sir Humphrey Gilbert . . . written by Edward Haie and preserved in Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations* etc. The pertinent passages are as follows. The vehement persuasion and intreatie of his friends could nothing avail, to divert him from a wilfull resolution of going through in his Frigate. But when he was intreated by the Captain Master and other his well willers of the Hinde, not to venture in the Frigate, this was his answer: I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils. So we committed him to God's protection and set him aboard his Pinnesse, we being more than 300 leagues onward of our way home . . .

Munday the ninth of September, in the afternoone the Frigate was neere cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered and giving

- To those who read the story at their ease,  
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert, that bold voyager,  
 When after one disastrous wreck he took  
 His station in the pinnace, for the sake  
 70 Of Honour and his Crew's encouragement,  
 And they who followed in the second ship,  
 The larger Brigantine which he had left,  
 Beheld him while amid the storm he sate  
 Upon the open deck of his small bark  
 75 In calmness, with a book upon his knee—  
 To use the language of the Chronicle,  
 'A soldier of Christ Jesus undismay'd,'—  
 The ship and he a moment afterwards  
 Engulphed and seen no more Like spectacle  
 80 Doth that Land Traveller, living yet, appear  
 To the mind's eye, when, from the Moors escap'd,  
 Alone, and in the heart of Africa,  
 And having sunk to earth, worn out with pain  
 And weariness that took at length away  
 85 The sense of Life, he found when he awaked  
 His horse in quiet standing at his side,

fourth signes of joy, the General sitting abaft with a booke in his hand, cried out unto us in the Hind (so oft as we did approch within hearing) We are as neere to heaven by sea as by land Reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a souldier, resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testifie he was The same Monday night, about twelve of the clocke, or not long after, the Frigat being ahead of us in the Golden Hinde, suddenly her lights were out, wherof as it were in a moment, we lost the sight, and withall our watch cryed, the Generall was cast away, which was too true For in that moment, the Frigat was devoured and swallowed up in the Sea

79-88 *Land Traveller living yet* Mungo Park (1771-1805), who made the first of his famous journeys to the river Niger in West Africa in 1795, and published his account of it in 1799 'A little before sunset, having reached the top of a gentle rising, I climbed a high tree, from the topmost branches of which I cast a melancholy look over the barren wilderness Descending from the tree, I found my horse devouring the stubble and brushwood with great avidity, and as I was now too faint to attempt walking, and my horse too much fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should ever have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle and let him shift for himself, in doing which I was suddenly affected with sickness and giddiness, and falling upon the sand felt as if the hour of death was fast approaching

'Here then (thought I), after a short ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation, here must the short span of my life come to an end'

I cast (as I believed) a last look on the surrounding scene, and whilst I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world with all its enjoyments seemed to vanish from my recollection Nature however at length resumed its functions, and on recovering my senses I found myself stretched upon the sand with the bridle still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees I now summoned all my resolution, and determined to make another effort to prolong my existence' *Travels in the Interior of Africa* by Mungo Park ed 1878, p 163



His aim within the bidle, and the Sun  
 Setting upon the desert Kindled power  
 Is with us, in the suffering of that time  
 50 When, flying in his Nicobar canoe  
 With three Malayan helpers, Dampier saw  
 Well in those portents of the broken wheel  
 Girding the sun, and afterwards the sea  
 Roaring, and whitening at the night's approach.  
 95 And danger coming on, not in a shape  
 Which in the heat and mettle of the blood  
 He oft had welcom'd, but deliberate  
 With dead and leisurely solemnity  
 Bitter repentance for his roving life

88-114 On May 15, 1688, Dampier left Nicobar for Achun in a Nicobar canoe, accompanied by three Englishmen, four (not three) Malaysians and one Portuguese half-caste. The following extracts from Dampier's account of the Voyage show Wordsworth's fidelity, often verbal, to the source upon which he was drawing.

'We then had also a very ill Presage, by a great Circle about the Sun (five or six times the Diameter of it) which seldom appears, but Storms of Wind and much Rain ensue. We commonly take great notice of these . . . observing if there be any breach in the Circle, and in what quarter the breach is, for from thence we commonly find the greatest stress of Wind will come . . . The evening of this day was very dismal. The Sea was already roaring in a white Foam about us, a dark Night coming on, and no Land in sight to shelter us, and our little Ark in danger to be swallowed by every Wave and what was worst of all, none of us thought ourselves prepared for another World. I had been in many imminent Dangers before now, . . . but the worst of them all was but a Playgame in comparison with this. Other Dangers came not upon me with such a leisurely and dreadful Solemnity. A sudden Skirmish or Engagement, or so, was nothing when one's blood was up. . . I must confess that my courage failed me here, and I made very sad reflections on my former Life, and looked back with Horror and Detestation on Actions which I before detested, but now I trembled at the remembrance of. I had long before this repented me of that roving Course of Life, but never with such concern as now. I did also call to mind the many miraculous acts of God's Providence towards me in the whole Course of my Life, of which kind I believe few men have met with the like. For all these I returned Thanks in a peculiar manner, and this once more asked God's Assistance and composed my mind as well as I could in the Hopes of it. . .

At 10 o'clock it began to thunder, lighten and rain. The Wind at first blew harder than before, but within half an hour it abated and became more moderate and the Sea also assuaged of its Fury, and then by a lighted Match, of which we kept a Piece burning on purpose, we looked at our Compass, to see how we steered, and found our Course to be still East . . .

At 2 o'clock we had another Gust of Wind with much Thunder, Lightning, and Rain: which lasted until Day and obliged us to put before the Wind again steering thus for several Hours. It was very dark, and the hard Rain soaked us so thoroughly that we had not one dry Thread about us. . . In this wet starveling Plight we spent the tedious Night. Never did poor Mariners on a Lee Shore more earnestly long for the dawning Light than we did now. At length the Day appeared, but with such dark black Clouds near the Horizon, that the first Glimpse of the Dawn appeared 30 or 40 Degrees high, which was dreadful enough for it is a common Saying among Seamen, and true, as I have experienced, that a *high Dawn* will have *high Winds*, and a *low Dawn* small winds.'

100. Siezed then upon the venturous mariner,  
 Made calm, at length, by prayer and trust in God  
 Meanwhile the bark went forward like an arrow  
 Shot from a bow, the wind for many hours  
 Her steersman But a slackening of the storm  
 105. Encouraged them at length to cast a look  
 Upon the compass by a lighted match  
 Made visible, which they in their distress  
 Kept burning for the purpose Thus they fared  
 Sitting all night upon the lap of death  
 In wet and starveling plight, wishing for dawn,—  
 A dawn that came at length, with gloomy clouds  
 Covering the horizon, the first (glassy hue ?)  
 Far from the ocean's edge, high up in heaven,  
 High dawn prognosticating winds as high

98-9. *they build up greatest things From least suggestions* These words recall the first of Wordsworth's printed attempts to define the imagination 'the faculty which produces impressive effects out of simple elements' (note to 'The Thorn', *Lyn Ball*, 1800)

101-2. *They need not extraordinary calls*

*To rouse them*

of *Preface*, 1802 'the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants, and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know . that one being is elevated above another in proportion as he possesses this capability' In the passage found in MS Y (v p 556) Wordsworth makes this same distinction between those who need 'vivid images and strong sensations' to rouse them, and those who find all they need in the life that lies at their door

Cf also note to IV. 345

113 [120]. *whether discursive or intuitive* Cf Milton, *P L*, v 486-8  
 Fancie and understanding, whence the soul  
 Reason receives, and reason is her being  
 Discursive or intuitive

141 [160]. *a universe of death* a Miltonic phrase Cf *P L*, ii 622-4  
 A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good  
 Where all life dies, death lives

151. *All truth and beauty, from pervading love* In later versions than A and B Wordsworth omits the statement that love is the source of all truth and beauty

161-5 [181-7]. *there is higher love* etc. The change in the text here, with the introduction of a definitely Christian interpretation of the

102-3 W<sup>a</sup> shot forward like an arrow

For many hours abandoned to the wind W

112 covering W<sup>a</sup> Blackening W The words 'glassy hue' are almost illegible, and I may have misread them

character of that 'higher love' is noteworthy, as is the change in the next line of 'intellectual' into 'spiritual'. Wordsworth would not, in 1804-5, have denied that the love was spiritual, but he prefers to emphasize his belief that it is essentially a part of the natural equipment of man as man, and does not depend, as in the later text, upon a definitely Christian faith and attitude to religion. The religion of the original version of *The Prelude* is the religion of the *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*, and not the religion of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*. Cf. Aubrey de Vere, *Recollections of Wordsworth* (Grosart, III 491): 'It has been observed that the Religion of Wordsworth's poetry, at least of his earlier poetry, is not as distinctly "Revealed Religion" as might have been expected from this poet's well-known adherence to what he has called emphatically "The Lord and mighty paramount of Truths"'. He once remarked to me himself on this circumstance, and explained it by stating that when in youth his imagination was shaping for itself the channel in which it was to flow, his religious convictions were less definite and less strong than they had become on more mature thought, and that when his poetic mind and manner had once been formed, he feared that he might, in attempting to modify them, have become constrained'.

It will be noted that the 1850 text of [185-7] has no manuscript authority, but is a compromise between E and E<sup>2</sup>. Apparently the editor did not understand, or approve of, the word 'mutual' as applied to the 'tribute'.

165-6. Between these lines, after one line which is quite illegible, MS. W goes on:

The unremitting warfare from the first  
 Waged with this faculty,—its various foes  
 Which for the most continue to increase  
 With growing life and burthens which it brings  
 5 Of petty duties and degrading cares—  
 Labour and penury, disease and grief,  
 Which to one object chain the impoverished mind  
 Enfeebled, and devouring vexing strife  
 At home, and want of pleasure and repose,  
 10 And all that cuts away the genial spirits,  
 May be fit matter for another song.  
 Nor less the misery brought into the world  
 By the perversion of the power misplaced  
 And misemployed, [ ]  
 15 Blinding (?) [ ] ambition obvious  
 And all the superstitions of this life  
 A mournful catalogue. Then gladly too<sup>1</sup>

Here W goes on to XI. 176 *q.v.*

<sup>1</sup> W has only two stops in this passage, a comma after 'disease' (6), where it is not needed, and a full stop after 'catalogue'. In l. 7 'object' is written 'objects', in l. 8 'devouring' may be 'disturbing',—it is almost illegible.

183 [204]. *The feeling of life endless, the great thought* Notice the very significant change of this line, coming in as late as D<sup>2</sup>, to 'Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought' It denotes a definite renunciation of that trust in the natural human feelings as the guide to truth which was characteristic of the earlier Wordsworth

212 [233]. *Elsewhere* Cf note to VI 216-17

[230]. *Of humble cares and delicate desires* Cf *The Sparrow's Nest* (a poem paying a tribute to Dorothy), l 18 'And humble cares and delicate fears'.

212-24 [239-44]. The punctuation of 1850, as Mr Nowell Smith pointed out, is obviously incorrect The MSS explain how it arose D enclosed ll 222-3 in brackets, and D<sup>2</sup> in changing the words found in A and D, to those of 1850, after replacing 'Even' by 'Still' forgot to remove the bracket before it Then, noticing a bracket after the deleted line (The period reach'd) moved it up to follow 'youth'

225-6 [245-6]. *that beauty, which, as Milton sings, Hath terror in it* of *Paradise Lost*, ix 489-91

Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,  
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love  
And beautie

[266-75] It is significant that in the early text these lines are not found Nor should they be For in *The Prelude*, written to recount the growth of his mind up to the year 1798, when he conceived his powers and his knowledge equal to the task 'of building up a work that should endure' (ll 274-8), Mary Hutchinson has properly no important place His escape from the slough of despond was due, as far as it was due to external influence, to Dorothy and to Coleridge When Wordsworth completed the original *Prelude* he realized this, and wishing to pay a tribute to his wife wrote a separate poem for the purpose, i.e. 'She was a phantom of delight' (1804) Later, when he decided to place her by the side of Dorothy and Coleridge in this passage, he drew largely upon that lyric It is worth noting that the first version, written into A, with its 'appetition to adorn ("adore" is probably a slip of the pen) a moment' and in 270 'And yet a spirit still', is even closer to the lyric than is the final version

[272-5]. As Mr Nowell Smith pointed out, the punctuation of these lines in the 1850 text makes nonsense of them The MSS have no commas after either 'Shines' or 'And' The error was corrected in the edition of 1857

247-69 [255-301]. *Coleridge, with this my argument, of thee*  
*Shall I be silent?*

It is curious that whilst this passage pays a beautiful tribute to Wordsworth's love for his friend, so little acknowledgement is made of his incalculable intellectual debt to him Yet it was through Coleridge that he came first to understand himself and his poetic aims, and he readily admits elsewhere how much he owed to Coleridge's inspired conversation Thus he writes to Sir George Beaumont (Aug 1, 1805)

of *The Recluse* 'Should Coleridge return, so that I might have some conversation with him on the subject, I should go on swimmingly' And years later he said of Coleridge 'He was most wonderful in the power he possessed of throwing out in profusion grand central truths from which might be evolved the most comprehensive systems' In later texts Wordsworth did something to correct this deficiency, but even so it is hardly a complete expression of his debt

350 [355]. *the name of Calvert* Rainsley Calvert, brother of William Calvert with whom Wordsworth stayed in the Isle of Wight in the summer of 1793 The Calverts were sons of the steward of the Duke of Norfolk, who owned a large estate at Greystoke, four miles from Penrith (Harper, 1 248) Rainsley was consumptive and Wordsworth proposed in October 1794 to accompany him to Lisbon on a voyage of health, and when this plan fell through, attended him through his last illness He died in January 1795 and left Wordsworth £900 This legacy, by freeing him from financial anxiety, enabled him definitely to devote his life to poetry v also *Sonnet. To the Memory of Rainsley Calvert*

393. *Quantock's grassy hills* Wordsworth was at Alfoxden from July 1797 to September 1798, Coleridge was living three miles off at Nether Stowey, the Quantock hills rise behind both places Both *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* were written in the late autumn of 1797 (*The Ancient Mariner* in Nov.), the summer therefore which Wordsworth here recalls was that of 1798 *The Thorn* and *The Idiot Boy* were both written in 1798 (*The Thorn* on March 19).

416. *a private grief*: the loss of his brother John Cf *Elegiac Verses, In Memory of my Brother, John Wordsworth, Commander of the E I Company's Ship, The Earl of Abagavenny, in which he perished by calamitous shipwreck, February 6th, 1805. Elegiac Stanzas, suggested by a picture of Peele Castle etc.* were inspired by this same loss, and in drawing his portrait of the *Happy Warrior* Wordsworth had in mind, he tells us (I F. note to the poem), many elements in his brother's character. There is every evidence in the letters and elsewhere that Wordsworth was passionately devoted to his brother, and the shock of his loss seems to have made a turning-point in the poet's thought The beginning of the change from the naturalism and sensationalism of his early poetry to a more definitely orthodox attitude dates from this time.

444. *By reason and by truth*: notice the significant alteration of the early text to 'By reason, blest by faith'.

## ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA

p xix D My statement that the bulk of the alterations found in D were made in 1839, and not in 1832, is proved to be incorrect by a letter written by Dora Wordsworth to Miss Kinnaird, dated Feb 17, 1832

'Father is particularly well and busier than 1,000 bees Mother and he work like slaves from morning to night—an arduous work—correcting a long Poem written 30 years back and which is not to be published during his life—The Growth of his own Mind—the ante Chapel as he calls it to the Recluse. His eyes keep quite well tho' in spite of us he often and often pores over his MSS by candlelight, but we cannot be sufficiently thankful that his mind has been so much occupied during Aunt W's illness, had it not been so he would have been almost as ill as she'

and on Oct 15, 1832, Dora reports her father as 'still correcting the old poem'

The alterations inserted in D must therefore be divided between the years 1832 and 1839

p xxii *The description of the contents (line 11 ff) of MS V should run as follows* I 271-441, 490-503, 435-509, 535-70, 510-24, V 450-72, XI 258-316, 345-89, I 571-663, II 55-144, followed by the lines on which VIII [458-75] are based, and then by the remainder of Book II (Between Books I and II, ll 525-33 and an alternative to 520-3 have been inserted later in the poet's writing) That page of the MS which contains ll 435-41, 490-503 ought to have been crossed through when the copyist began again at 435, but it was left undeleted

p xxii, ll 3, 4 *the earliest extant draft of The Prelude* This statement is now proved to be incorrect When Mr Gordon Wordsworth handed over to me the manuscripts of *The Prelude* he was not aware that the last twenty pages of the notebook in which Dorothy Wordsworth wrote a part of her diary (February 14-May 2, 1802) contained the earliest extant drafts of some of those passages in the poem, chiefly in Book I, which deal with the poet's experiences as a child This manuscript, to which I have given the title JJ, must clearly take precedence of V, it has V's readings wherever V differs from the 1805-6 text, and it often records a still earlier stage of composition, in some places obviously the poet's first tentative efforts to give expression to his thought It is, therefore, of great importance in a study of the text of the poem

It seems quite certain that all the entries in the notebook, except the Journal, date from the Goslar period After two pages of pencil scribbles and two blank pages, follow an account, in Wordsworth's hand, of his visit to Klopstock, then Dorothy's narrative of the journey from Hamburg to Goslar, and some pages devoted to very elementary German exercises and grammar, and then the Journal, which occupies the larger part of the book, after this follow a fragment of a moral essay exposing the weakness of 'systems' such as Godwin's or Paley's, more German exercises, and lastly these fragments of verse In writing them Wordsworth began on the last page of the notebook and apparently worked backwards towards the middle, and, so read, they suggest a somewhat different order of composition from the order in which the passages were finally arranged Thus we have I 271-304, 333-50, 431-41, 490-501, 311-32, 576-608, 372-427 (between two drafts of this passage comes a draft of V 389-423), 352-71, 659-63, XII 47-52

The following are the variants found in JJ

276 That flow'd along To intertwine JJ

278-9 Giving ceaseless music to the (*deleted*) Near my sweet birth place to  
the night & day Give ceaseless music didst thou beauteous vale *corr* to

Near my sweet birth place didst thou beauteous vale

Give ceaseless music to the night & day

283 Among And JJ

284 foretaste knowledge JJ

285 Hills & groves woodland h(hills ') JJ

After 285 JJ has

Was it for this & now I speak of things

Complacent fashioned fondly to adorn

The time of unrememberable being

286-93 *not in JJ, which reads*

Was it for this that I a four years child

Beneath thy scars & in thy silent pools *corr* to

A naked boy among thy, &c

297-9 Over the sandy plains (*corr* fields) & dashed the flowers

Of yellow grunsel or when the hill tops

The woods & all the distant (*corr* glowing) mountain [ ]

301-3 *not in JJ*

305-10 *not in JJ*

311 For this when on the withered mountain slope JJ

313 'twas my joy did I love JJ.

314 wander range through, JJ. wander *added as alternative*

318-26 I was a fell destroyer Gentle powers,

Who give us happiness & call it peace

When running (*deleted*) scudding on from &c

My anxious visitation hurrying on

Still hurrying hurrying onward how my heart

Panted, among the lonely [ ? ] & the crags

That looked upon me how my bosom beat

With { expectation.

hope & fear And sometimes strong desire

Resistless overcame me & the bird JJ

333 Nor less For this JJ *corr*

336 plunderer rover JJ

338-40 JJ as V

342-3 by knots of grass And have hung alone By JJ.

345 blast. wind (*corr* ) JJ

346 Shouldering. Against (*corr* ) JJ

347 ridge. edge (*del* ) cliff (*corr* ) ridge JJ.

351-71 JJ has two drafts of this passage, the first runs

Yes there are genu which when they would form

A favoured spirit open out the clouds

As with the touch of lightning, seeking him

With gentle visitation—others use

Less [?] interference ministry

Of grosser kind & of their school was (I)

Though (?) haply aiming at the self same end

And made me love them

*The second draft is an earlier version of V, but with soul for mind in first line, in fourth & fifth from his very dawn of infancy do omitted, & in place of quiet powers*

communed, has & with such  
Though rarely in my wanderings I have held  
Communion with alternative  
I have held  
Communion with them in my boyish days  
Though rarely

(This second draft is the only one of the fragments in JJ that is in Dorothy Wordsworth's writing)

376-82 *not in JJ*

387 Even Just JJ

396 now, as suited one as beseeemd a man JJ

397 skill speed JJ

398 craggy shaggy JJ

401 lustily twenty times JJ

405 craggy rocky JJ

406 horizon, a huge Cliff horizon & between

The summit & the stars a huge high cliff JJ  
414-27 Back to the willow tree the mooring place  
Of my small bark Unusual was the Power  
Of that strange spectacle for many days  
There was a darkness in my thoughts no stir  
Of usual objects images of trees

*altered to*

Of my small pinnacle A most unusual power  
Had that strange sight for many days my biam  
Worked &c as 1806, but with vacancy as alternative to  
solitude (421) and my mind for the mind (426)

428-34 Ah not in vain ye beings of the hills  
And ye that walk the woods & open heaths  
By moon or starlight thus from my first dawn  
Of childhood did ye love to interweave  
The passions JJ

442-89 *not in JJ*

490-2 JJ as V, but 490 { Ah not in vain  
Ye powers of earth } ye spirits of the springs,

495-6 Thus by the agency of boyish sports

Upon the caves the trees the woods the hills JJ

501-70 Not uselessly Bothno Main *not in JJ*

571-93 Nor while thou(gh) doubting yet not lost, I tread

The mazes of this argument & paint, &c, as version quoted in notes on  
1805-6, p 508, but

593 steady clouds cloudless moon *corr to* clouds of heaven *At the side  
of this passage JJ has*

How while I saw where'er the [ ? ]  
Of passion drove me at this thoughtless time  
An unknown power would open out the clouds  
As with the touch of lightning seeking me



With gentle visitation (v *note on* 351-71)  
for often times

In that tempestuous season I have felt  
Even in that [ ] & tempestuous time

594 Westmoreland Westmorland JJ

597 huts hut JJ

599 fancies such as these images like this JJ

602 No body of associated forms JJ

603 bringing bearing JJ

607 *Not in JJ* 608 *is followed in JJ by*

Nor unsubservient even to noblest ends  
Are these primordial feelings how serene  
How calm those seen amid the swell  
Of human passion even yet I feel  
Their tranquillizing power

609-58 *not in JJ*

659-63 Those beauteous colours of my early years  
Which make the starting place of being fair  
And worthy of the goal to which she tends  
Those hours that cannot die those (cor) and lovely forms  
And sweet sensations which throw back our life  
And make our infancy a visible scene  
On which the sun is shining  
Those recollect(ed) hours that have the charm  
Of visionary things—  
Islands in the unnavigable depth  
Of our departed time JJ

V 389-413 This, the first extant version of the famous passage beginning 'There was a boy', is especially interesting for two reasons (1) the mention of Esthwaite, where the poet was at school, (2) the use of the first personal pronoun in place of the third, indicating that he was himself the boy who 'blew mimic hootings to the silent owls', in later versions the boy was a school friend who died young. The following are the variants

389 Cliffs rocks JJ

390-1 And islands of Winander & ye green  
Peninsulas of Esthwaite many a time  
when the stars began

395 And through his fingers woven in one close knot

(396-7 *not in JJ*)

398 Blew Blow JJ

399 That they might And bid them JJ

401 his call, with quivering peals my call with tremulous sobs JJ

403 concourse wild a wild scene JJ

405 his my JJ

406 sometimes often (sometimes *in pencil above*) he I JJ

407 gentle sudden (gentle *in pencil above*)

408 his my JJ Has carried would carry JJ

410 his my JJ

The remaining passage consists of the first thirteen lines of the 'overflow'

from *Notting*, quoted in my note to *Prelude*, XI 214-21, followed by a draft of XII, 47-52 and a few other lines

'Overflow' 2 would JJ, *corr* to will

4 power JJ, *corr* to thought

6 from with J.P.

7 It e'er should chance that I ungently used

A tuft of [ ] or snapped the stem

10 way road JJ

*After 12 the fragment runs straight on (v XII 47)*

•For seeing little worthy or sublime

In what we blazon with the pompous names

Of power and action I was early taught

To love those unassuming things that hold

A silent station in this beauteous world

The little lot of life { let such things live  
but more than all

The things that live in passion

*With a finer pen was added later*

Then dearest Maiden on whose life I [?]

My [?] do not deem that these

Are idle sympathies

On the last page of the notebook are some fragmentary jottings

A gentleness a mild creative breeze

A vital breeze that passes gently on

O'er things which it has made & soon becomes

A tempest a redundant energy

That [sweeps the waters & the mountains [ ] ?]

Creating not but as it may

Disturbing things created (cf *Prelude*, I 42-7)

a storm not terrible but strong

With lights & shades & with a rushing power

With loveliness & power (cf I 47-8)

trances of thought

And mountings of the mind compared to which

The wind that drives along the autumn leaf

Is meekness (cf I 210)

what there is

Of subtler feeling of remembered joy

Of soul & spirit in departed sound

That can not be remembered

a plain of leaves

Whose matted surface spreads for many leagues

A level prospect such as shepherds view

From some high promontory when the sea

Flames, & the sun is setting (cf III. 546-8)

On the inside of the cover, and repeated on another page, is the line

The mountains & the fluctuating hills

p xxiii 13 lines from bottom for 90 read 92

p xliii note lines 10 and 9 from bottom should be punctuated

That patience which, admitting no neglect,

By slow creation doth impart to speech

p 33 *The app crit* to l 570 after *fireside should run*  
*In V, after l 570, comes the line*

Not with less willing heart would I rehearse  
 followed by 510-24, and then by *Bl V* 450-72, *XL* 358-316, 345-89

I 276-363 For textual variations found in *JJ v supra* 7

II 263-4, *The gravitation and the filial bond &c* In an article on Wordsworth's reading of Addison (*Rev of Engl Stud*, April 1927) Mr T E Casson compares this passage with *Spectator*, No 571 'Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them' Cf also *Spectator*, No 120

III 546-9 *Even as a shepherd on a promontory* Mr Oswald Doughty compares Thomson, *The Castle of Indolence*, i xxx

V 389-413 For textual variations found in *JJ v supra*

V 560 *A tract of the same isthmus* Mr Doughty compares Pope, *Essay on Man*, ii 3, 'Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state'

VI 216-45 (supplementary note) The natural interpretation of this passage is that Wordsworth visited Brougham Castle and the Border Beacon with his sister and Mary Hutchinson in his second Long Vacation, i e in 1789 But Dorothy had left Penrith in the previous November to take up her abode with her uncle at Forncett in Norfolk, and there is no evidence, other than this passage, that she revisited the North till 1794 Travelling in those days was costly, and the Wordsworths were in straitened circumstances, moreover it is difficult to believe that if she made this journey, so adventurous for a girl of 17, and so momentous in her association with her brother, she would make no subsequent allusion to it It is true that no letters of hers written in 1789 are extant, but we know that she had not written to Jane Pollard for more than six months before January 1790, hence, when she wrote, she could hardly have passed over so great an event without notice if it had occurred Indeed, such evidence as can be gathered from subsequent letters tells clearly against her having made the journey

(1) On January 25, 1790, she writes that she had started a village school at Forncett six months before, i e July-August But if she had been in the North that summer it is highly improbable that she would have returned so soon, before the middle of her brother's Long Vacation

(2) On March 30, 1790, she writes that she has not seen William 'since my aunt was with us', i e at Forncett This visit of the aunt, and therefore of William, cannot have been in the Christmas vacation, because in January 1790 her aunt was complaining of Dorothy's long silence, which she could not have done had she just seen her It must, therefore, have been either at the beginning or the end of the previous Long Vacation, and probably at the beginning, because if it had come at the end (i e in October) there would certainly have been some mention of it in the letter of the following January, which recounts her chief doings since she wrote last

(3) In February 1793 Dorothy writes that she had been separated from her brother Christopher 'nearly five years last Christmas', i e she had not seen him since he returned to school in the August of 1788. But it is hard to believe that if she had been at Penrith in 1789 she would not have seen him during his summer holidays

My conclusion, therefore, in which Mr Gordon Wordsworth concurs, is that Dorothy did not leave Forncett in 1789, and that in this passage Words

worth is blending in one picture events which took place during three years. It is clear from (2) *supra* that he *did* see Dorothy during this Vacation of 1789, but at Forncett and not at Penrith. It is clear also that he visited Brougham Castle and the Beacon with her in the summers of 1787 and 1788, and that on some of these visits Mary Hutchinson was their companion. It is probable that he took walks with Mary Hutchinson in 1789, for she did not leave Penrith till that year. And this might explain why, on his revision of the poem, he removed from the passage where he recalls once more his visits to the Beacon (XI 316-23) all allusion to Dorothy's being his companion.

VI 548 \*Υαερον ἀδιον ἄσω \*Υαερον is S T C's miswriting for \*Υατερον

VI 566 *note*, p 542 For *Sonnet xxiii* read *Sonnet xxxiii*

VII 280 [260] *Add* 'And', the reading of 1850, is obviously incorrect. In D the word is so indistinctly written that E took it for 'And', hence the error in 1850.

VII 321 [297] (supplementary note) The play was produced at Sadler's Wells (v note to 288) on April 25, 1803, and was described by its author, Charles Dibdin the younger, the manager of the theatre, as an operatic piece in rhyme. It was entitled *Edward and Susan or the Beauty of Buttermere*. It ran till the end of May and was revived towards the end of June. Mary Lamb wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth in the following July 'We went last week with Southey and Rickman and his sister to Sadler's Wells, the lowest and most London like of our amusements. The entertainments were Goody Two Shoes, Jack the Giant Killer, and *Mary of Buttermere*! Poor Mary was very happily married at the end of the piece, to a sailor, her former sweetheart. We had a prodigious fine view of her father's house in the vale of Buttermere—mountains very like large haycocks, and a lake like nothing at all. If you had been with us, would you have laughed the whole time like Charles and Miss Rickman, or gone to sleep as Southey and Rickman did?' (Lucas, *Life of Charles Lamb*, i 241).

X 775 *note on* p 586, ll 11, *from bottom essay, still in MS, which W wrote as Preface to 'The Borderers'*

This essay has since been printed, with a commentary, in *The Nineteenth Century and After* for November 1926 (vol c, p 723).

XII 47-52 For textual variations found in JJ v *supra*

XIII 283 *for here, read hers,*

p 590, line 2 *from bottom, for X and XI read [X] and [XI]*

## ADDITIONAL NOTE

I 1-54 [1-45] Garrod (pp 186-90) has pointed out that these lines are a record of Wordsworth's feelings in Sept 1795, when, after the distraction of eight months' residence in London, he was about to enter upon a life of freedom, and was on his way from Bristol to Racedown, where he was to take up his abode with his sister Dorothy. Thus, though the city he is actually leaving is Bristol, 'the prison where he hath been long immured' (8), 'the vast city where I long had pined' [7] is London. But the whole passage cannot, as Garrod further states, have been actually written in 1795 in the form in which it appears in the A text. For l 20, and the first draft of ll 40-8, are found jotted down in a note book among other passages which were

written in Germany during the winter of 1798-9 (cf p 608 E) The most probable explanation of the difficulty is that ll 1-54 are a development, written in 1799 when he was completing Bk I, of lines which he improvised (or 'sang Aloud, in Dythyrambic fervour, deep But short liv'd uproar', VII 6) as he walked from Bristol to Racedown It is possible that ll 1-19 are an almost verbal reproduction of this 'short liv'd uproar', the rest being a development of its spirit Hence, perhaps, the alteration of ll 58-9, which are not literally true of the whole passage, though they may be true of a part of it, to the text of 1850 In the opening lines of Bk VII (written in 1804) which speak of 'five years' (corrected to 'six' in 1850 text) as having passed since he poured out his 'glad preamble', Wordsworth is obviously confusing the date of his escape from the City with the date at which he actually began to compose *The Prelude*. For a similar confusion and blending of separate occasions into one, cf note to VI 216-45

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